Volume Forty-Five, Number Six, June 1968

Commentary

Israel Among the Nations: Reflections on Jewish Statehood by J. L. Talmon

The Betrayal of the American City *David Danzig & John Feild*

The Year 2000 and All That *Robert A. Nisbet*

Baldwin: The Prophet As Artist *John Thompson*

TV Specials *Neil Compton*

Kit Carson in Peru *Paul Cowan*

Election '68

In Praise of Populism *Paul Goodman*

Books in Review

Stephen Spender *David Daiches* *Peter Shaw*
Arthur A. Cohen *Peter Caws*

Published by The American Jewish Committee, *One Dollar*

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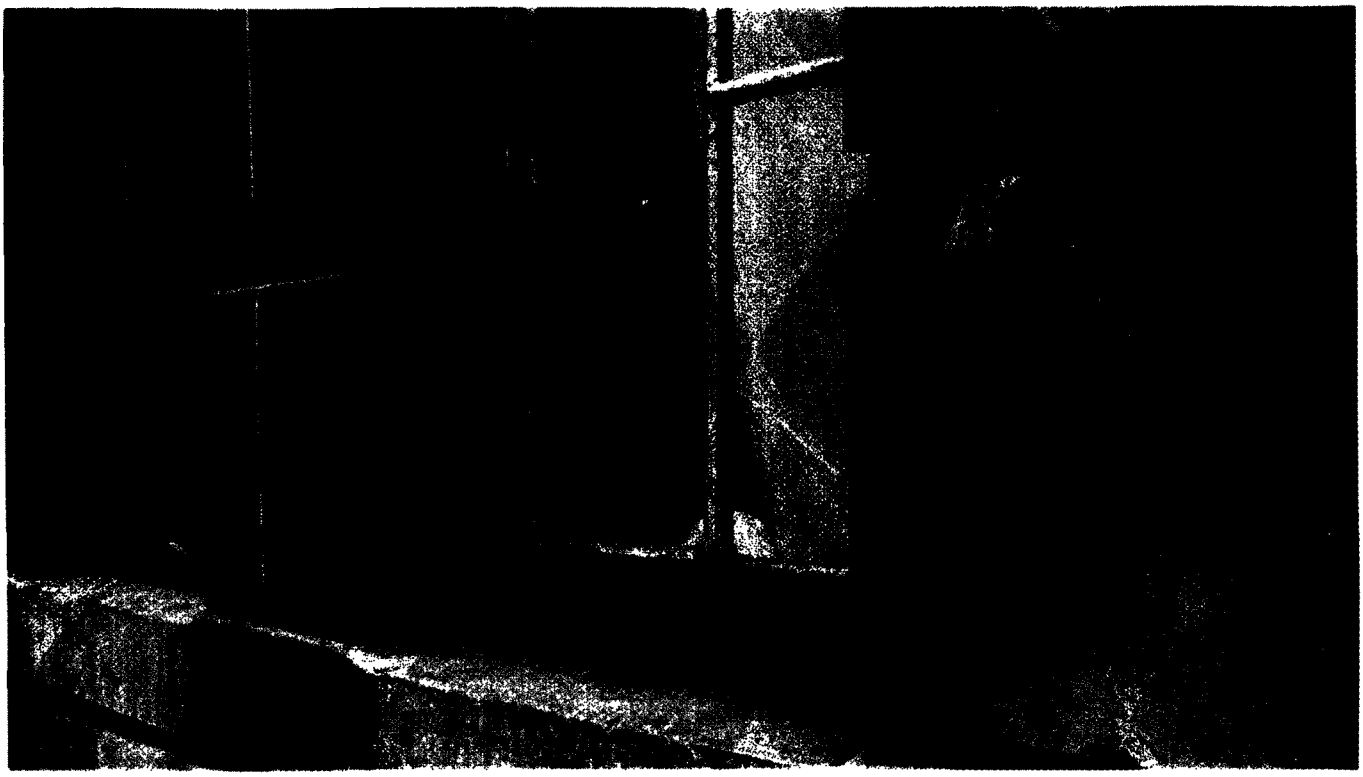
**A slum is like . . . "a quagmire, a big quicksand.
Just like you step in something,
you just sink and you can't get out of it . . .
I mean you can live here for millions and millions of years
and you will see the same place, same time, and same situation.
It's just like time stops here."**

A quote from a resident of a Gary, Indiana, slum,
before the United States Commission on Civil Rights.



What's it like to live in a slum?

You have to feel it. And smell it. And taste it. You have to choke on the physical and moral sickness of it. Living in a slum just might be man's most degrading experience.

And, whether you know it or not, slums affect you Because slums have no boundaries. Right now, in every major city in America, the slum is spilling over its tenement walls. And slowly, but visibly, the sickness of these slums is becoming the sickness of our cities.

Look at the figures. One third of this country's jobless are concentrated in our cities' slums. 47% of these families are on welfare. Is it any wonder then that so much crime and disease is bred there?

The future of our cities depends in large part on what we do today about our slums. It's a job that must rest primarily with government. But it's a job that also needs the help of business and labor and private citizens . . . inside and outside the slum. White and Negro alike. For the job will take years and cost billions. But concerted action—now—can be effective. For the very cities that are suffering most have at their command human and economic resources unequalled anywhere else in the world.

It's everyone's problem. That's why we ask everyone to act directly and vigorously in this crisis. Help is needed to build and improve housing, to create job-training centers, to re-evaluate hiring practices, to participate in community programs of health and education.

That's why we ask private citizens to voice their convictions in an effort to alleviate these problems.

As businessmen, we are dismayed at the economic consequences should we fail to heed this call to action. As men, we are appalled at the prospect of greater personal tragedy.

What about you? Whether you are moved to act out of compassion or self-interest, do act. For whoever you are, whatever you do, you, in your own way, can help. And you can begin today.

For suggestions about kinds of constructive action you, your business, religious, social, or civic organization can take, send for the free booklet, "Whose Crisis? . . . Yours."

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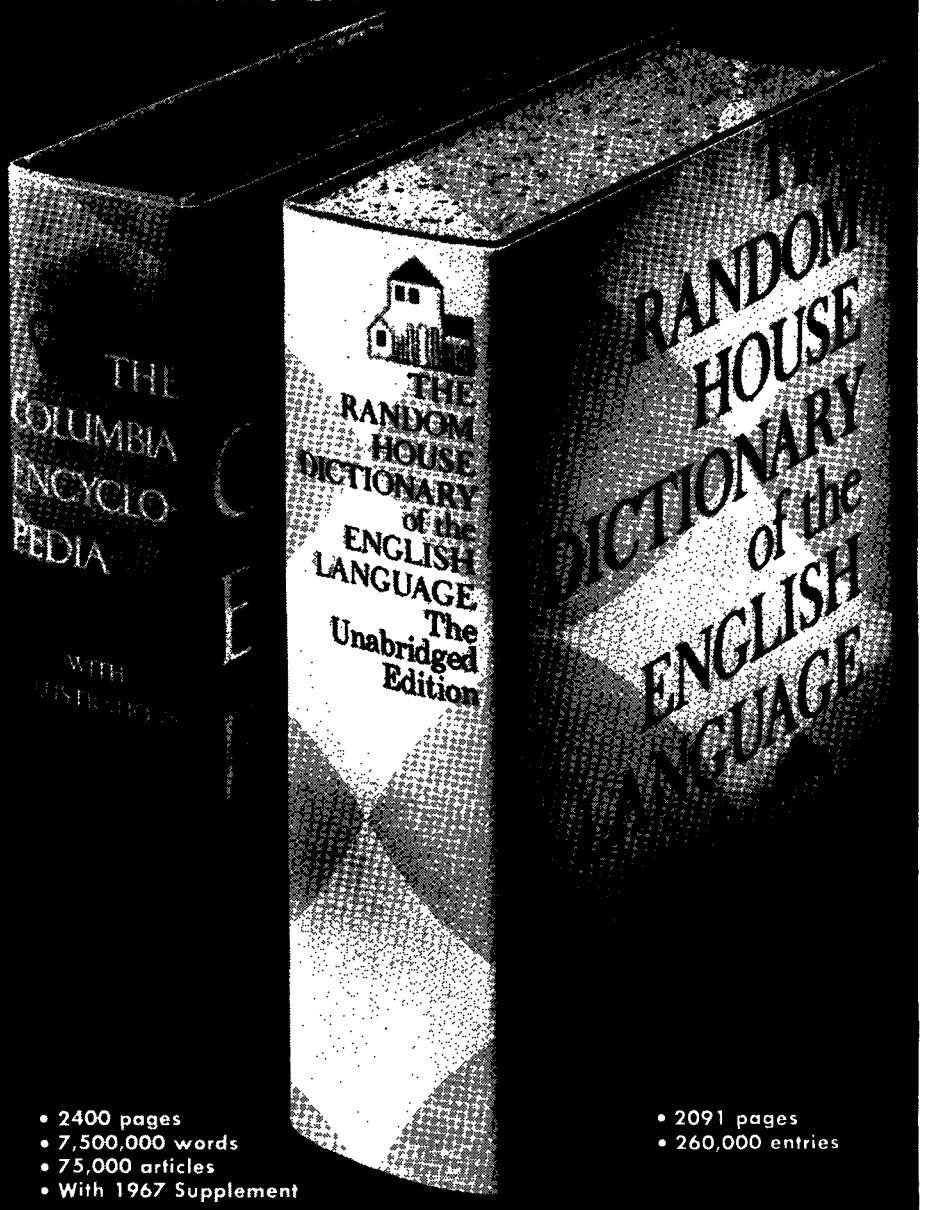
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Commentary

VOLUME 45 NUMBER 6 JUNE 1968

Election '68

25 In Praise of Populism *Paul Goodman*

32 Israel Among the Nations: A Historian's Reflections *J. L. Talmon*

52 The Betrayal of the American City *David Danzig & John Feild*

60 The Year 2000 and All That *Robert A. Nisbet*

Observations

67 Baldwin: The Prophet As Artist *John Thompson*

69 TV Specials *Neil Compton*

71 Kit Carson in Peru *Paul Cowan*

4 Letters from Readers

Books in Review

77 A Sense of the Present, by William Phillips *Stephen Spender*

79 Elder and Younger Brothers, by A. Roy Eckardt *Arthur A. Cohen*

84 Stop-Time, by Frank Conroy *Peter Shaw*

88 The Double Helix, by James D. Watson *Peter Caws*

93 Gleanings: Essays in Jewish History, Letters, and Art, by Cecil Roth *David Daiches*

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Letters from Readers

Foreign Affairs

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I thought George Kateb's article on George Kennan's *Memoirs* the fairest and most discriminating of any of the reviews thus far, and this is to thank you for us and for him ["George F. Kennan: the Heart of a Diplomat," January]. We think it one of the most searching and sensitive books ever to appear under our imprint.

EDWARD WEEKS
The Atlantic Monthly Press
Boston, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

George Kateb's essay on George Kennan is . . . perceptive and probably accurate in portraying Mr. Kennan as more emotional, perhaps, and in his anti-Communism more "evangelical," than his self-professed realism should properly allow. But contrary to the author's conclusions, Mr. Kennan's personal limitations do not necessarily invalidate realism as a policy.

Professor Kateb distorts the differences between realists and moralists by asking "What would this country become if its leaders and led were exclusively 'realists'?" Ignoring the likelihood of such a radical departure from our moralistic tradition, Professor Kateb then proceeds to disparage realism by equating it with Mr. Kennan's particular shortcomings: "It is sickening to think that all our power and energy would be spent without an accompaniment of generosity, sympathy, remorse, some measure of trust, some degree of optimism regarding the human nature of our adversaries as well as our allies." We are apparently being asked to believe that realists lack compassion for their fellow man. I believe this to be a dangerously misleading line of reasoning and a most ungenerous one.

The realists are in disagreement with the moralists over such fundamental issues as peace, democracy, or the hope for human betterment and understanding. What they find particularly futile is the pursuit of these ultimate goals to the detriment of realistic considerations of the national interest. It has been the almost persistent pursuit of such millenarian goals that has bedeviled United States foreign policy in the past and that plagues it today. It was not realism that prompted us to make World War I a "war to make the world safe for democracy," or that induced a quiescent American public to believe that we would "liberate" Eastern Europe from the Red yoke; nor was it a realistic consideration of events in Southeast Asia that caused successive administrations since 1950 to support first the French colonialists, then Diem, and thereafter a succession of military oligarchs. And while Professor Kateb may well be correct in asserting that only "moral outrage" will get us out of Vietnam, it is probably equally true that it was this very sentiment that got us in in the first place.

C. T. MCGUIRE
Department of History
San Jose City College
San Jose, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Kateb's exegesis of George Kennan's work was not only illuminating but also served to shed light on the motive forces behind America's foreign policy. The flavor of Kennan's subtle and supple mind was very skillfully evoked. . . . The essay was trenchant and useful and might be examined with profit by anyone who claims a serious interest in America's relations with the rest of the world and the factors operating to shape these relations. . . .

You are to be congratulated for the continued excellence of your magazine. . . .

VICTOR CHARLES
Brooklyn, New York

Sephardim in Israel

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

With reference to the correspondence between Michael Selzer and Robert Alter published in your January issue ["Letters from Readers"], we are surprised that Mr. Alter saw fit to thrust the name of our Council into a controversy in which we have no part whatsoever. It is true that Mr. Selzer worked as our Public Relations officer for a period of time, but we find it quite superfluous to add that neither his utterances nor his activities necessarily coincide with ours, since he left us in 1966.

We consider it completely gra-

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tuitous on Mr. Alter's part to label our Council "a special-interest group organized on a racist bias," and to call our vision of Israeli politics and culture "frequently paranoid."

For your readers' information, this Council is the democratically elected representative body of the Sephardi-Oriental Jews in Jerusalem. Established in 1267, it has continued to function uninterruptedly since then, that is to say, long before Mr. Alter was born.

Members of this Council include Knesset members, municipal councilors, academicians, independent businessmen, and rabbis—headed by the Chief Rabbi of Jerusalem. All Israeli political parties are represented. None of us needs a certificate of good conduct from Mr. Alter, all of us having made our sacrifices and shared the good and bad of the Yishuv and of Israel as Jews, Israelis, and Zionists.

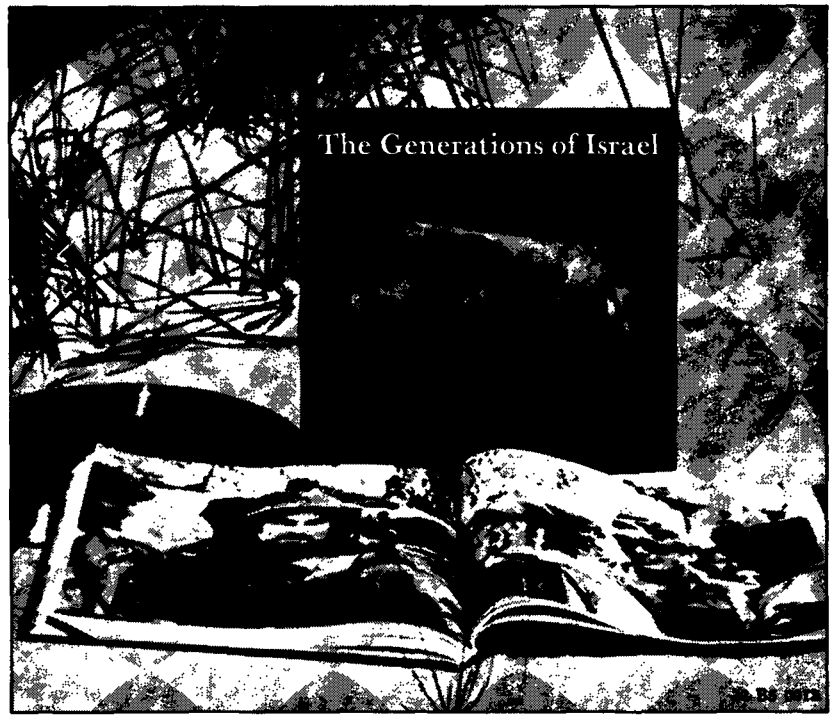
As such and not merely as Sephardim, we are combating every trend to create distinctions among Jews who have joined us in populating this country since its independence. Mr. Alter admits . . . that "many Israelis of European origin do regrettably assume an intrinsic superiority to people from the Arab world . . . ." But isn't he himself contaminated with that same "superiority" which translates itself very often into terms of . . . discrimination, *de facto* if not *de jure*, against the Sephardim and Oriental Jews of Israel?

To describe our Council as "racist," as Mr. Alter does, is nothing less than to approve of the "superiority" feelings he says he regrets, which are in fact creating a schism between Jews in Israel more dangerous than all other obstacles in the path of our nation . . . .

Members of our Council are individually satisfied, they do not feel persecuted, and therefore are not paranoiac. But fearing the danger of the existence of "two Israels," we shall continue to combat any feeling of superiority which one sector of this country may harbor against the other, to the detriment of the unity and even the very existence of Israel.

ELIE ELIACHAR
President
Council of the Sephardic Community
Jerusalem, Israel

ISRAEL: 1880-1968. Read and hear it as it happened.



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My name is Israel. I am 20.

Good people died that I might be born in a land called home.

I have heard the stories and seen the graves.

But now we are here, and the land is ours. Not all milk and honey, but ours.

We share a name, the land and I—Israel. And we share a birthday.

Twenty years. For me, a long time. For my people, who waited thousands of years, almost nothing.

But we have made something of that nothing.

Now the hills of rock are hills of trees. Fifty million trees, Jerusalem pines, planted one at a time.

Cities thrive where nothing thrived.

Orange trees bloom where nothing bloomed.

An almost dead language is alive again. We read the Dead Sea Scrolls as easily as you read this magazine.

We mine copper where King Solomon mined copper.

We make fresh water from the sea, and we share what we have learned with other nations.

We build airports and schools in Asia, sell baby chickens and farm equipment in Europe, and exchange our students with even younger countries in Africa.

How do we go to so many places?

Easy. We have our own airline.

El Al Israel Airlines.

You don't know what El Al means? It means "to the skies" in that almost dead language.

It also means that our jets are welcome in 17 different nations.

Yes, we have everything now: Universities, symphony orchestras, great museums, politicians, dropouts, traffic jams, a little air pollution—everything.

We are of this century, with all of the strengths and weaknesses and problems of people everywhere.

We will survive.

Because, above all, we are here. Alive. In a land called home.

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MR. ALTER writes:

"Racist" was indeed ungenerous of me, and I retract it now. I did not mean to suggest that the Council of the Sephardic Community is directly responsible for Michael Selzer's present views or that the members of the Council are not loyal Israelis. I would repeat, however, that though the Council has real grievances to air, its published statements often reflect a conspiratorial theory of Israeli society that does not jibe with the facts, and so it seems to me that there is at least some connection between Mr. Selzer's present activities as an anti-Zionist propagandist and his previous work in "public relations" for the Sephardic Council.

Author's Response

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his review of *The Accused*, ["Stories about Terrible Things," December 1967] John Thompson has so misinterpreted the basic language of my novel and done so in such pointlessly abusive language ("nonsense," "piously stupid," "weird and unrewarding," "displacement of ordinary sense," etc.) that a reply becomes obligatory.

Of far greater importance to me than Mr. Thompson's choice of vocabulary and the doubt that it casts on the validity of everything he says is that his gross misinterpretation of the thesis of my novel be immediately corrected. The difficulty involved in framing a coherent reply to Mr. Thompson's review is that he is not, in fact, reviewing *The Accused* at all but, it would seem, simply using it as a springboard for yet another attack on . . . Hannah Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem* . . . which Mr. Thompson contends at the outset of his review, all the characters in *The Accused* "seem to have been reading. . . ."

Mr. Thompson falls into the conceptual error of mistaking criticism of the professed moral predicates of the war-crimes trials for an apology for the acts of those who were tried, and an attempt to shift the blame for those acts from the perpetrators to the victims themselves. It is not the practical outcome of the trials which *The Accused* calls into question, but rather the deluding and highly dangerous concepts which served to rationalize them, both legally and morally. What Breitkopf, Zerlinski, Abramowitz, and the other characters in *The Accused* are saying, each in his own way, is that we cannot afford to rest comfortably on the assumption that the Nazis were a unique species with a super-capacity for evil. Indeed, they were men like ourselves and committed acts which, I am afraid, almost all of us, given the proper circumstances, might be capable of committing.

Contrary to Mr. Thompson's assertion, there is no argument in *The Accused* that the war crimes trials were a "lie" or a "fraud" in the implied sense that a miscarriage of justice was committed; rather, the book attempts to show that the trials were a blind, perhaps even deliberate, perversion of the Montesquian concepts of natural law, designed to serve specific, immediate, and political ends. We cannot afford to consider the Nazi era a time apart, wholly aberrant and atypical. Such an attitude serves only to blind us to the contradictions inherent in our own acts today, as the recourse to the "Nuremburg" doctrine by those dissenting from participation in the current Vietnam conflict so poignantly illustrates. That the ultimate underlining of this point comes in a scene in which it is the Jewish survivors themselves whose individual, pitiable guilts are revealed (a scene which apparently nettles Mr. Thompson . . .) does no more than show, as Rabbi Zimmerman clearly states, "that there is good in this world and also evil, which is something any fool knows."

Yet should it have been necessary in order to avoid Mr. Thompson's accusation, to have included within this necessarily circumscribed scene references to the myriad other instances of man's capacity for unbelievable evil and self-deception? Need I have recapitulated the actual horrors perpetrated by the Nazis themselves in order to have escaped the accusation of excusing them? Need I have echoed Kazantzakis, Werfel, Sholokhov, or perhaps George Steiner's recent and pointed reminder of the refusal of the Allied governments to attempt the bombing of even the rail lines leading into the death camps much less the ovens themselves? I think not.

It is perhaps the fact that the most persistent advocate of the principal thesis of *The Accused* is Breitkopf, the ex-SS man, that has also contributed to this misunderstanding. But, in the last analysis, neither Breitkopf nor any of the

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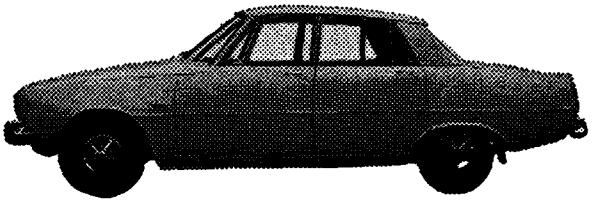

A car for imperfect people.

You weren't born with wheels, were you?

It is not our place to question whether nature ever intended people to go hurtling along a crowded highway astride a ton or two of steel at speeds that would give nosebleeds to a gazelle. We can't help noticing, however, that people are rather imperfectly designed for that sort of activity.

Among other imperfections, people are extremely fragile. They are also fallible. Occasionally foolhardy. And, at all times prone to fatigue.

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other characters in the book tell us, as Mr. Thompson would have it, (1) that we are *all* guilty, (2) that we "are all guilty *except possibly the Germans*" and certainly not (3) that we are all guilty and "*most of all the Jews.*" What *The Accused* does say, completely contrary to Mr. Thompson's interpretation, is that within us all, whatever our race, religion, or political persuasion, lie the seeds of that precise evil which, fertilized by the circumstances of the Nazi period, flourished so horribly. The true character of man would seem by now to be painfully self-evident. What is not nearly so evident, unfortunately, is any apparent ability on the part of men to recognize what they are and to seek some meaningful control over the inevitable results of these painful truths.

Nowhere in *The Accused* are we told "I can't tell the guards from the prisoners"; rather, the book tries to say that none of us can dare rest comfortably in the assumption that we ourselves may not some day *become* the guards or, at the very least, their accomplices. . . .

Finally, let me refer to an interesting article by Ernst van den Haag in which he discusses Pamela Hansford Johnson's book *On Iniquity*, which deals with the infamous "Moorland" murders in England in 1966. There, commenting on the question of insanity, (read here equally well "aberration" or "crime against natural law") Mr. van den Haag states:

> Many American judges and psychiatrists are convinced that people are born good and that wicked acts are sufficient proof that the perpetrators were sick . . . therefore, the perpetrators of outrageous acts are made sick by definition. Thus a factual category is transformed into a (rather dubious) moral category unfalsifiable by evidence yet withdrawn from philosophical scrutiny by being disguised as a scientific (clinical) finding.

It seems to me worthwhile to contemplate whether or not this is not precisely what the war-crimes trials did and even more worthwhile to contemplate the already observable results of such dubiously valid assumptions. This . . . is what *The Accused* is all about.

JERROLD L. MORGULAS
New York City

MR. THOMPSON writes:

I cannot agree with Mr. Morgulas that the terms "nonsense," "piously stupid," "weird and unrewarding," and "displacement of ordinary sense" are pointlessly abusive. These words were intended to convey my impression that *The Accused* is a bad book. To me, they still hold that meaning, as I see them again, and therefore they do not seem pointless.

As for Mr. Morgulas's assertion that there are differences between his book and Hannah Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, I agree with the assertion and regret that Mr. Morgulas found himself unable to undertake an explanation of it. I stated the difference to be that his book presented "distorted echoes" of Miss Arendt's, "as if in some cruel parody."

I am glad that Mr. Morgulas has taken this opportunity to reply to

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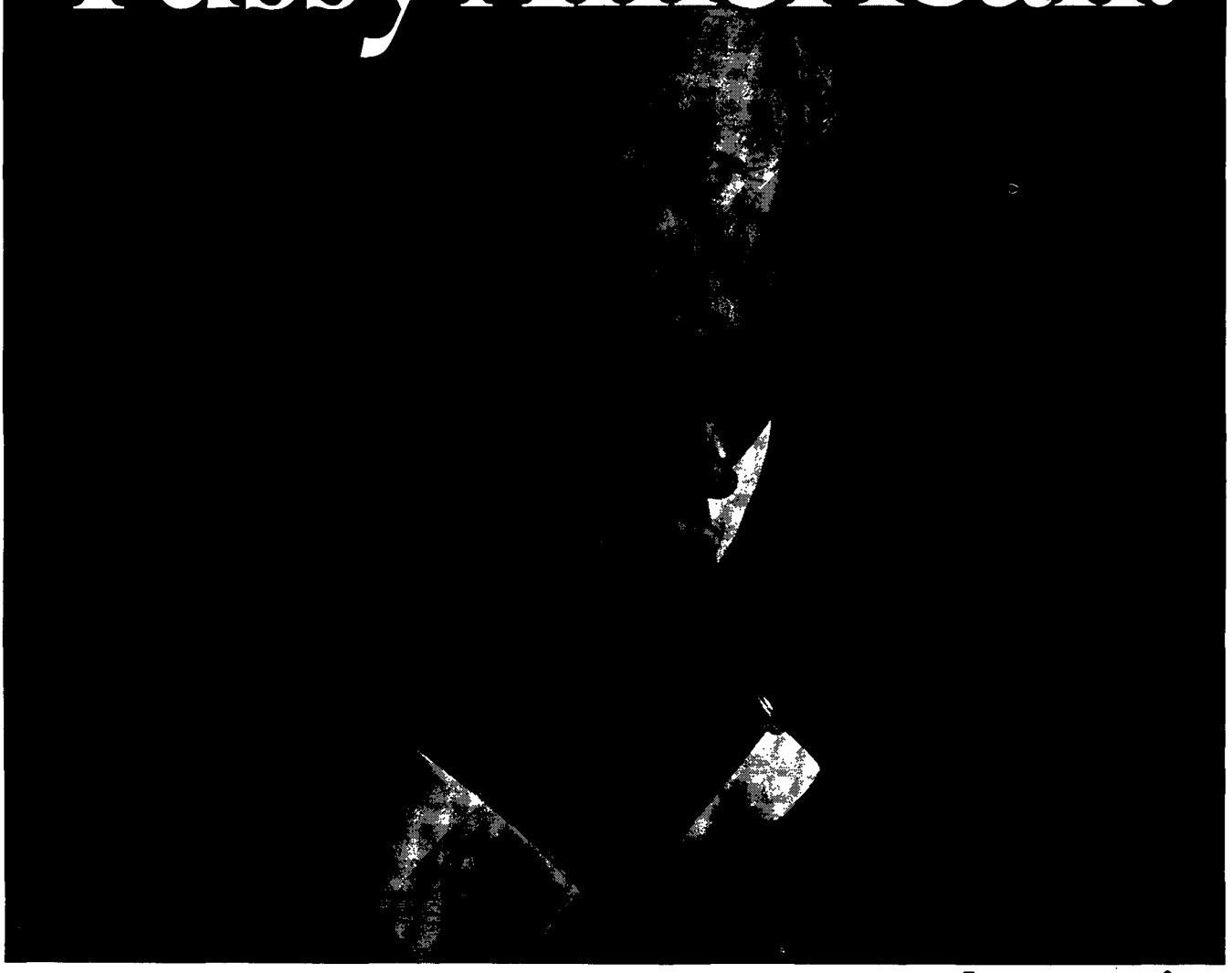

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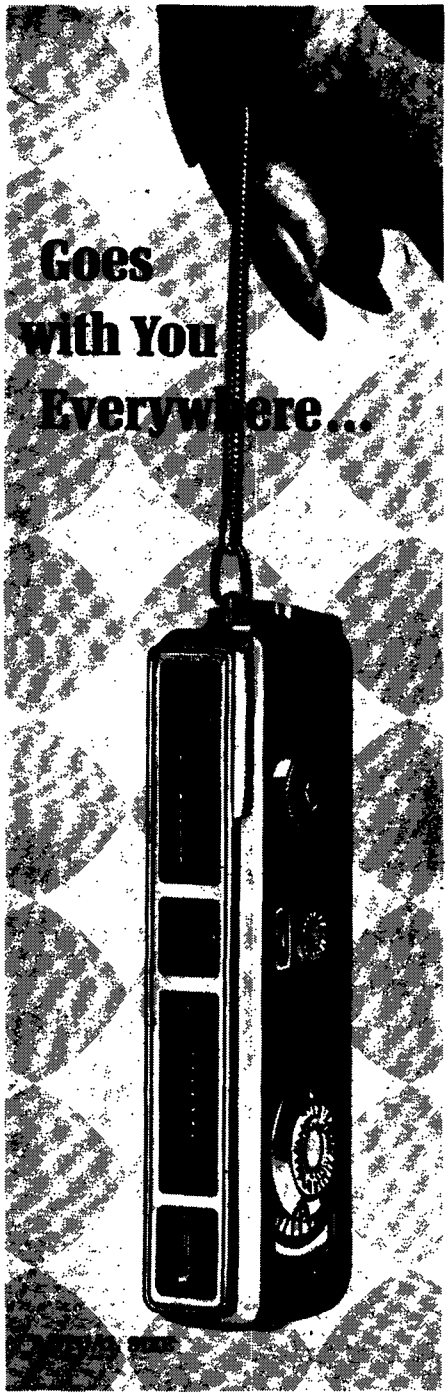

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my unfavorable review of his book. As I said in that review, the story was so confusing that I thought it possible I was wrong when I concluded it must be "piously stupid and cruel." Perhaps, with Mr. Morgulas's letter to aid them, readers may find the book more valuable than I did. I regret to say that I cannot understand the arguments Mr. Morgulas presents here. I have read several times his quotation from Ernst van den Haag and the sentence of comment addressed to me concerning it, and I would not know how to agree or to disagree with that collection of words. If Mr. van den Haag's words have any relevance to Mr. Morgulas's position at all—which I rather doubt—they would seem to attack, rather than to support it.

The Presidency

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

While I share Marcus Cunliffe's uneasiness about the Johnson administration ["A Defective Institution?" February] I do not share his view on how the Presidency, admittedly a defective and far from perfect institution, should be improved.

Decentralization of the federal government and a weakened Presidency is not the answer, assuming that one favors major government support of social welfare and active intervention in the economy. Particularly since the Depression, Congress has been considerably less enthusiastic about these activities than the President.

The President, most eloquently John F. Kennedy, has had to rally public support to extricate his programs from Congress. A President who did not possess all the current majesty and symbolism of office would be in a weak position to appeal for popular support for his congressionally impeded programs.

(Capt.) STEPHEN L. COHEN, USAF
United States Air Force
APO, New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Marcus Cunliffe's article on the Presidency is very useful, but it overlooks one aspect of our national political situation which is most serious—our lack of a sufficient corps of competent and responsible citizens.

No democracy can confidently face the crises ahead, in our kind of world, without sufficient voters who are competent to analyze the problems of their communities . . . from the smallest local group to the world community. . . . No manner of institutions or personalities can substitute for voters for very long in a democracy.

Those of us who oppose our tragic policy in Vietnam must never commit the error of "blaming Johnson" for that sad war. In like manner we must not assume that congressmen who turn their backs on Great Society programs are ignoring what they think their voters want. Their experience tells them that what they are doing is smart politics. And "throwing the rascals out" will do little good for social progress unless we can build a new type of responsible voter. . . .

TUCKER P. SMITH
Perry, Missouri

MR. CUNLIFFE writes:

I agree that recent Congresses have sometimes impeded the executive branch over welfare legislation. My article took note of congressional inadequacies. I still maintain that (a) Congress has a constitutional responsibility to play a prominent, indeed a major role, in formulating as well as sanctioning legislation; (b) a too-dominant executive branch leads to a deterioration of the legislature: there is a cause-and-effect relation; (c) an improved system of federal government ought to aim at greater harmony between the executive and the legislature.

Franklin D. Roosevelt well understood this, at least in the critical month of March 1933. My point is admirably developed in an exchange of that date published in Max Freedman's *Roosevelt and Frankfurter: Their Correspondence, 1928-1945* (1967), between Felix Frankfurter and Walter Lippmann. Lippmann had expressed impatience at congressional indecision and stupidity. Frankfurter, with F.D.R.'s approval, answered him:

> Of course there are times for summary action and the pace for devising policies is properly more rapid at one time than at another. But all this is a very different thing from educating the public into the psychology of dictatorship. I know your phrase has been concentration of authority, but the result is the same. We have not, and ought not to have, government by Presidential decree. . . . And I strongly deplore the current tendency to assume that power as such generates wisdom and that the deliberative processes are drags upon wise action.

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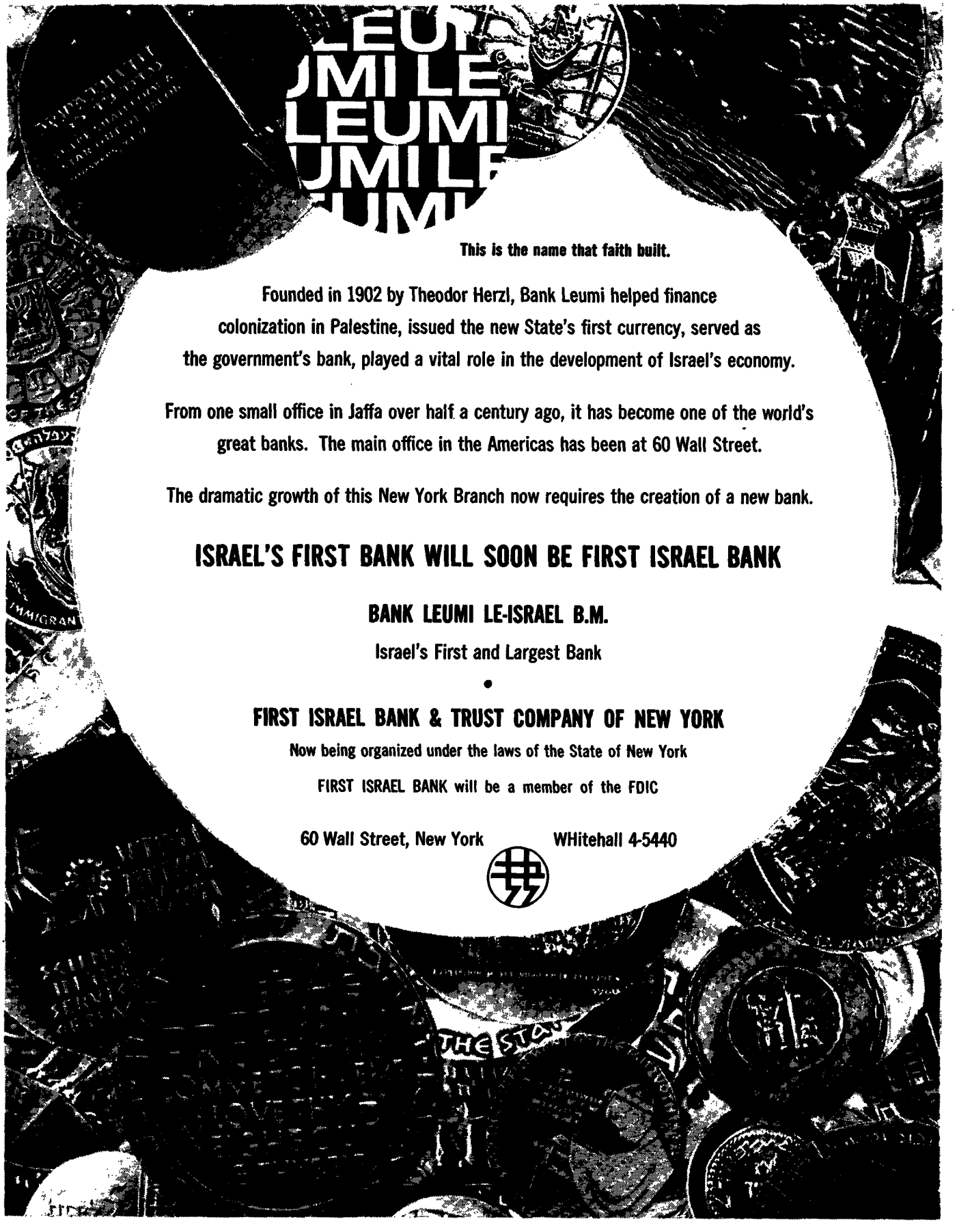

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Frankfurter and F.D.R. had a tactical no less than an ethical concern. They wanted to ensure that the President would not at some later stage be left to bear the whole burden of blame for policies that had misfired—which a proportion of policies are bound to do. Tactically and ethically, I think they were right.

On McCarthy

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his reflections upon Senator Eugene J. McCarthy's book, *The Limits of Power*, Andrew Hacker allows himself much loose argument on the way to some obvious and harmless conclusions about current politics ["The McCarthy Candidacy," February]. But his comments about the capacity of the United States for the exercise of imperial power are both absurd and mischievous.

He writes that we have more than sixteen million young men of military age whom we can equip with more firepower than is possessed by any other nation: "Other imperial regimes, in recent times and in the past, have policed or occupied large chunks of the world with armies a fraction of the size of the one we could muster. . . . In these terms, our power is not at all limited." What is missing, Hacker asserts, is the will of Americans to support and exercise such power.

What is missing, however, is the world of the past which was reducible to imperial control. That was a world in which the Christian West was expansionist, pugnacious, and violently active on continents where the inhabitants were passive and simply acted upon. No amount of American "will" can bring that world back to life.

One hopes that Hacker's conclusion will not be taken seriously: "Thus to say that our power is 'limited' is really to admit that the citizens of America are unwilling to devote more than a minor fraction of their population or their prosperity to the enterprise of empire." Professors of government should not encourage Americans to believe that we can establish pro-American, anti-Communist regimes anywhere and everywhere in the world if we but screw up our will to do so. Where a Batista or a Diem is unable to maintain such governmental control for us, the job cannot be done.

GLENN W. PRICE
Department of History
Sonoma State College
Rohnert Park, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Andrew Hacker's article on Senator Eugene McCarthy is, by far, the best piece on the Senator that I have thus far read. Congratulations to Mr. Hacker.

[L. Cpl.] F. DE BACA
Camp Pendleton, California

MR. HACKER writes:

Professor Price believes that even if we had what I termed the "will" to act, we would not be able to make much military headway in parts of the world hostile to us. However, as he seems to agree with me that our nation is no longer so inspirited, speculations over what would result if we were are probably rather irrelevant. As an isolationist of the old Borah-Wheeler-LaFollette school of Republicans, I am actually heartened over our diminishing temperament for imperial adventures.

Indochina

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Frances FitzGerald in her excellent review of Bernard Fall's last book [March] makes the following statement: "Taking Vietnamese independence as a moral axiom, Roosevelt in 1945-6 first left the French resistance forces in Indochina defenseless, to be slaughtered by the retreating Japanese armies and then . . . abandoned the embryonic nationalist army to be slaughtered by the returning French armies. For seven years afterwards, the United States diplomatically forgot about Indochina; finally in 1953, on the eve of a Vietminh victory, the Eisenhower administration decided to intervene in the Indochina war—on the side of the French."

This is rather alarmingly bad history. President Roosevelt died in April 1945. President Truman, who had been kept informed about nothing by his predecessor, but who nevertheless did his homework exceedingly well, could not get around to Indochina until it was too late because the French, with British connivance, and the Na-

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tionalist Chinese had already occupied what was later to become Vietnam.

American interest in Indochina was not aroused until early spring 1950 when France requested urgent American military aid on the plea that without it the Vietminh would take over the whole country. President Truman agreed and, ironically, on July 4, 1950 a Joint State-Defense Military Assistance Mission left Washington to organize and make recommendations on the nature and size of military aid programs for Southeast Asia, Indochina being the principal one. I was the Chief of that mission. Between then and Dien Bien Phu, American military aid amounted to roughly one billion dollars. After a few weeks in Indochina, I came to the conclusion that the whole idea was a tragic mistake. Nothing that has happened since then has caused me to change that opinion.

JOHN F. MELBY
Department of Political Studies
University of Guelph
Guelph, Ontario

Our Schools

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Peter Schrag, professional critic of public schools, schoolteachers, and school administrators, is usually not hesitant in pressing attacks on American public schools for their apparent failure to educate the children of the poor minorities. In his recent article ["Why Our Schools Have Failed," March], however, he appears to be taking a second and perhaps even a third look at the current range of criticism previously accepted by him and by others in and out of educational circles as the gospel truth.

In showing awareness that the Coleman Report contains many weaknesses; that the Stodolski-Lesser research study, in fact, raises doubts about Coleman's major conclusions; that the very early years of childhood are of crucial importance; that there is no general agreement about the meaning of equality in education; that highly skillful teaching will produce diversity instead of equality; that matching teaching strategy to strengths of particular children will, in fact, widen the gap between the high and low achievers; and that perhaps we have to recognize the principle of pluralism in an educational context, Mr. Schrag may be signaling that the educational pendulum has swung all the way back again. He even suggests that while the school is being "blamed for obvious failures, it may actually be doing better than it ever did before."

Is it possible that the violent attacks of the past few years regarding the schools' failure have been somewhat overdone?

SOL DISNER
Region Assistant
Detroit Public Schools
Detroit, Michigan

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Certainly there are many things wrong with our schools, but Peter Schrag is unjustified in claiming that the Negro has failed to escape the ghetto because "teachers and administrators . . . still don't know how to teach. Negro schools are bad because all schools are bad. We simply don't know very much about how children learn."

To blame educators in this way is to hold them culpable for the discrimination and segregation that have prevailed in this country since the Civil War. Does Mr. Schrag believe that there is some undiscovered educational method that will motivate a child to learn and keep him in school when this same child has been the victim of all the economic, social, and psychological blights of the Negro ghetto? Educators know that there is a high correlation between motivation and scholastic success. Teachers cannot motivate what Mr. Schrag calls a "sense of motion and relevancy" when the average Negro isn't going anywhere.

It is one thing to tell a person he is equal and another to make

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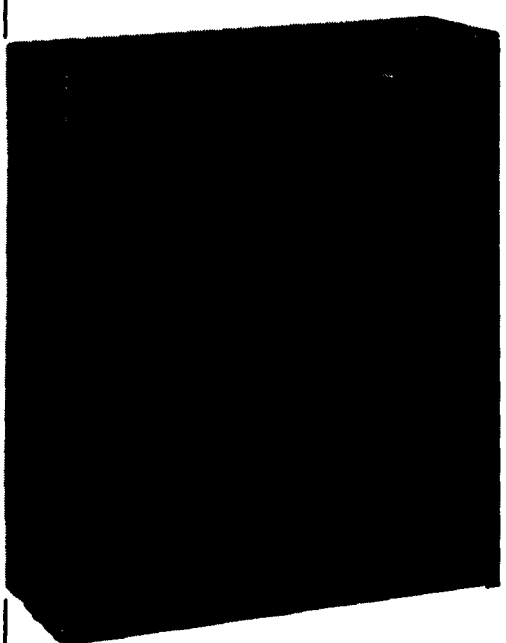

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him believe it, when all around him is testimony to the contrary. . . . If our industries and unions rise above the tokenism of today, the Negro will not only become a respected executive or craftsman, he will become an entrepreneur. The ferment in the ghetto and the hope and motivation that comes with seeing many others "making it" already has brought improvement to Negro schools in many areas.

Mr. Schrag also indicts the public schools because they are "not an instrument of pluralism, but of conformity." . . . Even in a truly democratic society, though, this would probably be the case. But conformity neither negates nor mandates pluralism. If our schools have failed as abysmally as we are told they have, then our society has also failed. Neither is true, for both our schools and our democracy can take credit for the fact that there is a civil-rights movement. It is to be hoped that our schools will strive to improve teaching methods, and our democracy will strive to become more democratic. But our schools will never make society change; it just isn't that simple. In fact, it must happen the other way around.

BERNARD I. UNGER
New City, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . As a teacher in New York City, I must take exception to several of Mr. Schrag's statements.

First, to say that teachers "are not professionals but petty civil servants" is to deny to all teachers who do an excellent job their self-esteem. I'm sure some teachers have no right to be called professionals just as some writers have no right to be called journalists, but I doubt that Mr. Schrag could determine what quality teaching is. Nevertheless, it must be stated clearly and unequivocally that such quality teaching does exist and will continue to exist. On the basis of what criteria does Mr. Schrag come to such rash . . . conclusions as the statement that teachers "deny their [children's] own instincts and honesty"? . . .

Secondly, I wonder with whom Mr. Schrag spoke regarding the use of the new "Deweyan" curriculum in the public schools. I doubt that it could have been a teacher, for he would probably then have discovered that most students are . . . acutely uninterested in their local problems as viewed from the classroom. . . .

What irks me as a teacher are these constant chroniclers of doom, these writers who see no good (except in parentheses) in the educational system, notwithstanding the fact that they have had experience of perhaps six out of the nine hundred schools in the city. What makes them the experts, the educators, the reformers? . . .

JEROME PITKOWSKY
Bronx, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Peter Schrag's article has a timely application to a problem now current in the schools of East Los Angeles. As a student at Hamilton High, an academic school in a middle-class neighborhood, I have frequently been troubled by the protests coming from the Mexican-American students. Their problems, similar to those of the Negroes, must be overcome. It is imperative that the suggestions made in the Coleman Report be followed. Integration is a necessity, along with pre-school training, improved school equipment, and more competent guidance programs. . . . It is a crime that the educational system in the U.S. is so set up as to deprive capable students belonging to minority groups of the education . . . they deserve.

SHARON KAPLAN
Los Angeles, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Peter Schrag is perfectly right in saying that we do not need "another set of statistics to prove that American Negro children—and many others—are being miseducated. . . ." It must be obvious by now to all who have looked from a vantage point outside the confines of the professional educational establishment that the schools in our society are a failure. . . . Sensitive teachers in the middle-class schools that we hold up as models for the system as a whole have long said that schools are a refuge for those who can find no other status-granting work. The schools are the only professionally staffed institutions in our society where the work of the individual practitioner is not held up for judgment by his peers. Only the children know what is going on behind those closed doors, and no one listens to them. . . .

The function of the schools as organizations for the socializing of *teachers* must be changed if schools are ever to have a greater impact on children. . . . No teacher with five continuous hours of handling thirty to forty children at

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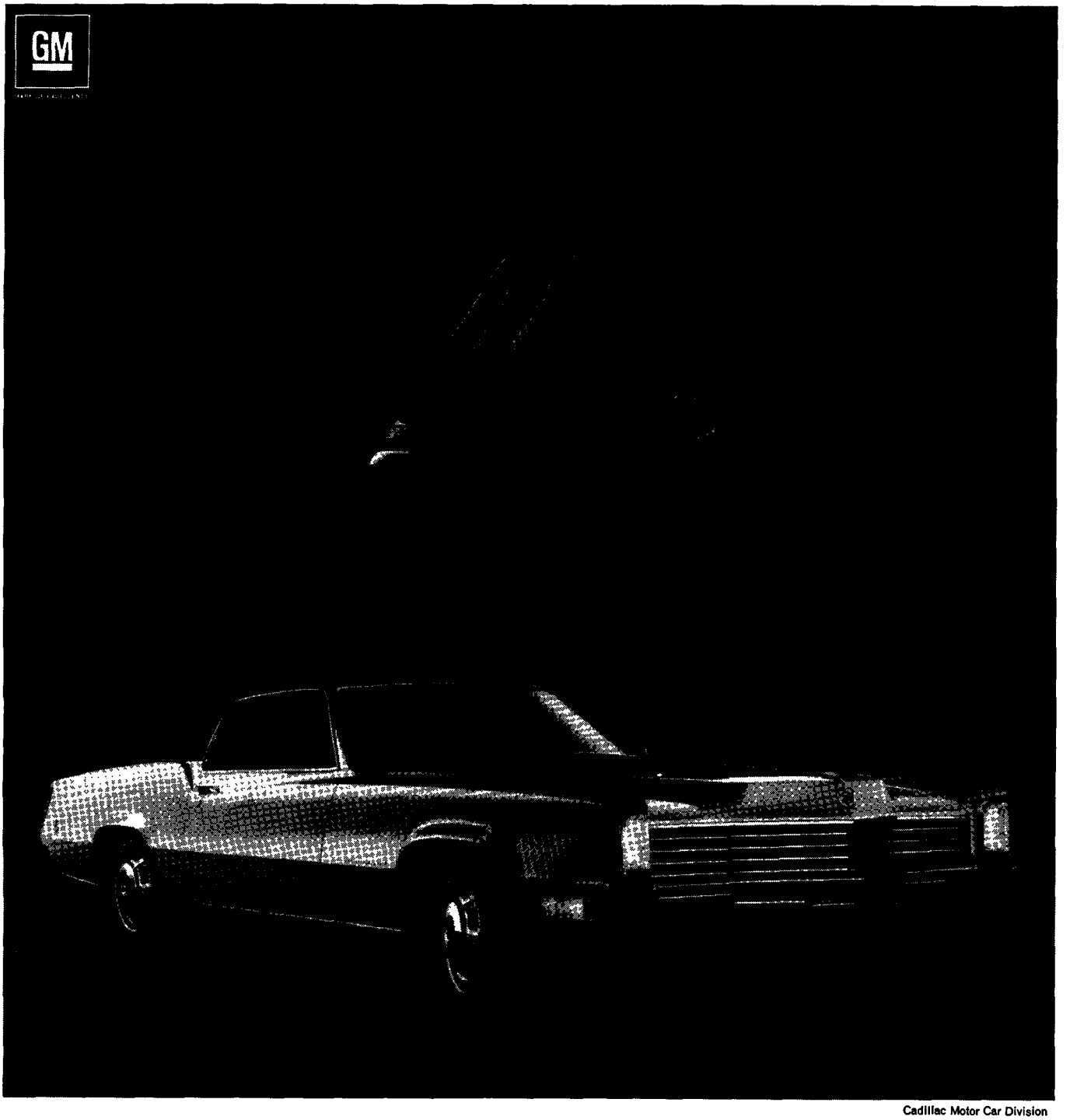

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one time has much energy left for discussion and talk. . . . If it is to become possible for teachers to teach each other, they must have time; time is expensive.

". . . The Coleman report," Schrag writes, "seems to indicate that schools make relatively little difference, . . . and that money spent in improving them is likely, at best, to yield marginal results." Can it not be argued that we have never spent money in sufficient amounts to make a real difference? At the Symposium on Operational Analysis of Education, held in Washington recently, one speaker suggested that we have not invested enough in our schools to make their impact great enough to overcome the impact of the home environment. The same speaker suggested that five times the amount currently spent on education might be necessary to create this impact. A little arithmetic demonstrates the plausibility of such an estimate. Halving the ratio of students to teachers alone would result in a cost increase of about 300 per cent, since the smaller the classes, the larger the space and supporting staff required per student.

Schrag is pessimistic about the possibilities for equality, even given the money, on grounds that the middle class will always find ways to make sure they give their children more. It may well be that a classless society (or a totally middle-class one) is a fantasy of 19th-century ideologists, but that is not the point. Current patterns make it very difficult for any individual without a middle-class background to benefit from school. . . . Why not try spending the money? Why not at least once try to put enough money into one school or system of schools to run it properly—not a school system composed of elite teachers and fancy programs, but one in which teachers have enough time to be more humane and to grow and learn? Coleman has given us a hint as to where the problems lie. Unless we try to make school an experience worth becoming involved in, we may never know whether or not he is right.

W. Robin Upton
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Dual Citizenship

To the Editor of Commentary:

In your April issue Amos Elon describes Harold R. Isaacs's *Americans in Israel* as a "richly documented" and "detached" book. This is an astonishing characterization of a study which makes no pretense of serious, let alone rich, documentation, and which in a number of important particulars suggests something far less than what generally passes for detachment.

Mr. Isaacs himself advises the reader that his study consists essentially, if not exclusively, of a series of interviews with "about fifty American settlers" out of the estimated ten thousand now living in the country. He adds, moreover, that when he does venture larger statements, these are based not on any mathematically reliable data but on his own "perceptions, judgments, and interpretations." I have no quarrel with this subjective and impressionistic approach, but to speak of it as either detached or richly documented is patently absurd.

Unhappily, Mr. Isaacs too frequently forgets—and Mr. Elon neglects to recognize—the severe limitations of this methodology.

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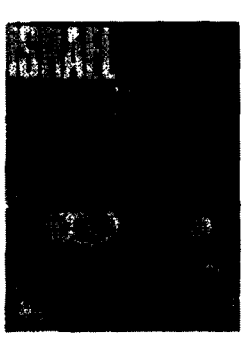

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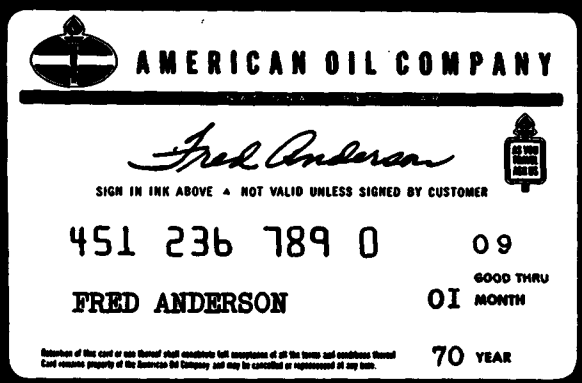

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In his introductory chapter, for example, Isaacs seems to know precisely why American Jews go to Israel—to "belong," to become "insiders . . . to solve in the most explicitly political way the problems of marginality and outsiderness which dominated the Jewish experience for so long." But several chapters later he frankly admits that "many of these reasons remained elusive, and the feeling underlying them even more so . . . ." Elsewhere he declares without qualification of any kind that when Jews fail to participate "in the public affairs of the country, they create an anomaly which may be somewhat less painful than avoiding military service but it is nevertheless considerably less than comfortable." This may be true, but how can Mr. Isaacs be so certain? Especially when in the very next breath he adds, "So it, too, becomes a 'private' matter about which people prefer not to talk." To have obtained so much information from people whose reasons and feelings remained elusive and who guarded their privacy behind a wall of silence must surely be accounted a remarkable exercise of the interviewer's art.

Mr. Isaacs engages in other even more questionable practices. Aware, no doubt, of the sparsity of his sampling, he attempts to compensate by inflating the significance of the most trivial evidence or by dwelling at inordinate length on the most extreme case. I cite only two examples. A European psychiatrist tells him that his American patients are "alienated people." This sounds authoritative—until one learns that the patients amount to "only two or three." And there is a vivid sketch of a sadly troubled American, so obviously neurotic, if not psychotic, that one can only wonder how anybody even remotely interested in an approximately fair sampling could devote two and a half pages of a very brief book to this melancholy and certainly atypical woman.

Mr. Isaacs's perceptions, judgments, and interpretations are equally suspect, particularly so when he seeks to substantiate his case for "Zionist anti-Semitism" by describing a young Israeli dance troupe he saw entertaining at a tourist hotel. Their version of a Hasidic dance was, according to Mr. Isaacs, "calculated to win—and it did win—uncomfortably derisive laughter from an audience made up largely of visiting Americans." This description of what I take to be the Hebrew University Folk Dance Group is ludicrous . . . . Having been present in the company of a number of American friends at two different performances of the group, I can testify that the only laughter I heard was the laughter of delight. Yet it is on similar perceptions and interpretations that Mr. Isaacs bases at least a few of his larger statements . . . .

Far more serious, however, is the implicit charge that Americans are less than absolutely ideal in their commitment to the State of Israel. This is . . . a vicious half-truth. American settlers in Israel are unique in two respects—they have not enjoyed the benefit of dual citizenship and they come to Israel not under the compulsion of persecution but of their own free will from a comparatively affluent society. Granting the failures of the maladjusted . . . I can think of no other group in Israel, except for the early settlers, more committed to a selfless ideal of service. What is genuinely amazing is not that so many return to America but that so many take roots in Israel in spite of the numerous economic obstacles and the almost constant threat of annihilation. It is this ineluctable fact that neither Mr. Isaacs nor Mr. Elon can perceive or explain.

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Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I was horrified to discover that someone on your staff (on page 16 of the current number [April]) shares the absurd error of *Time* that *kudos* is a plural. There is no such word as *kudo*. *Kudos* in Greek means *glory, renown*. It is not applicable to an award or a compliment, and it has no plural.

EDMUND WILSON

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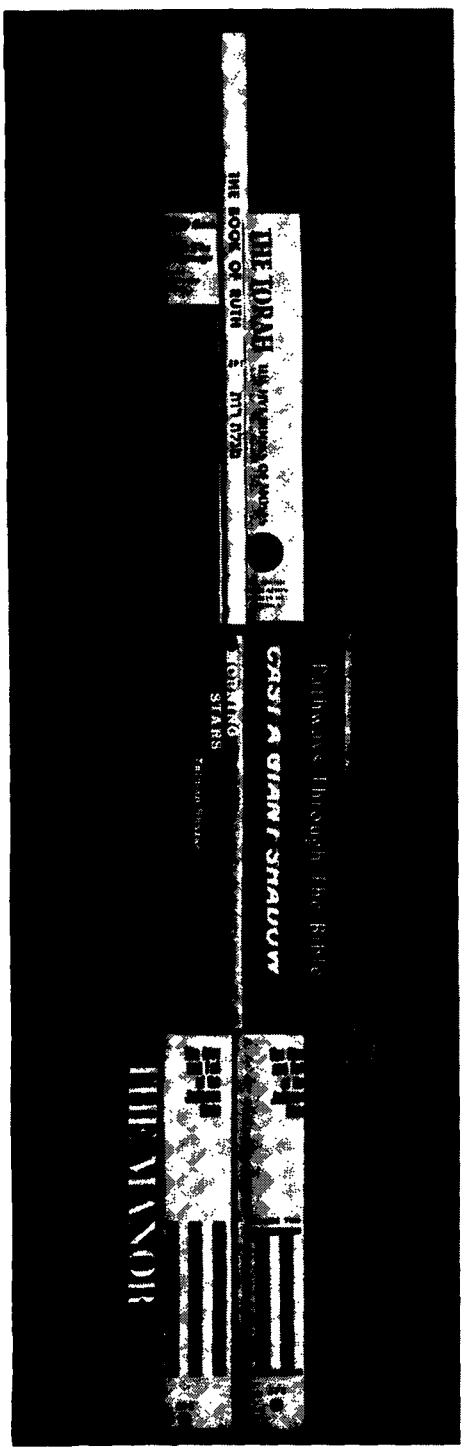

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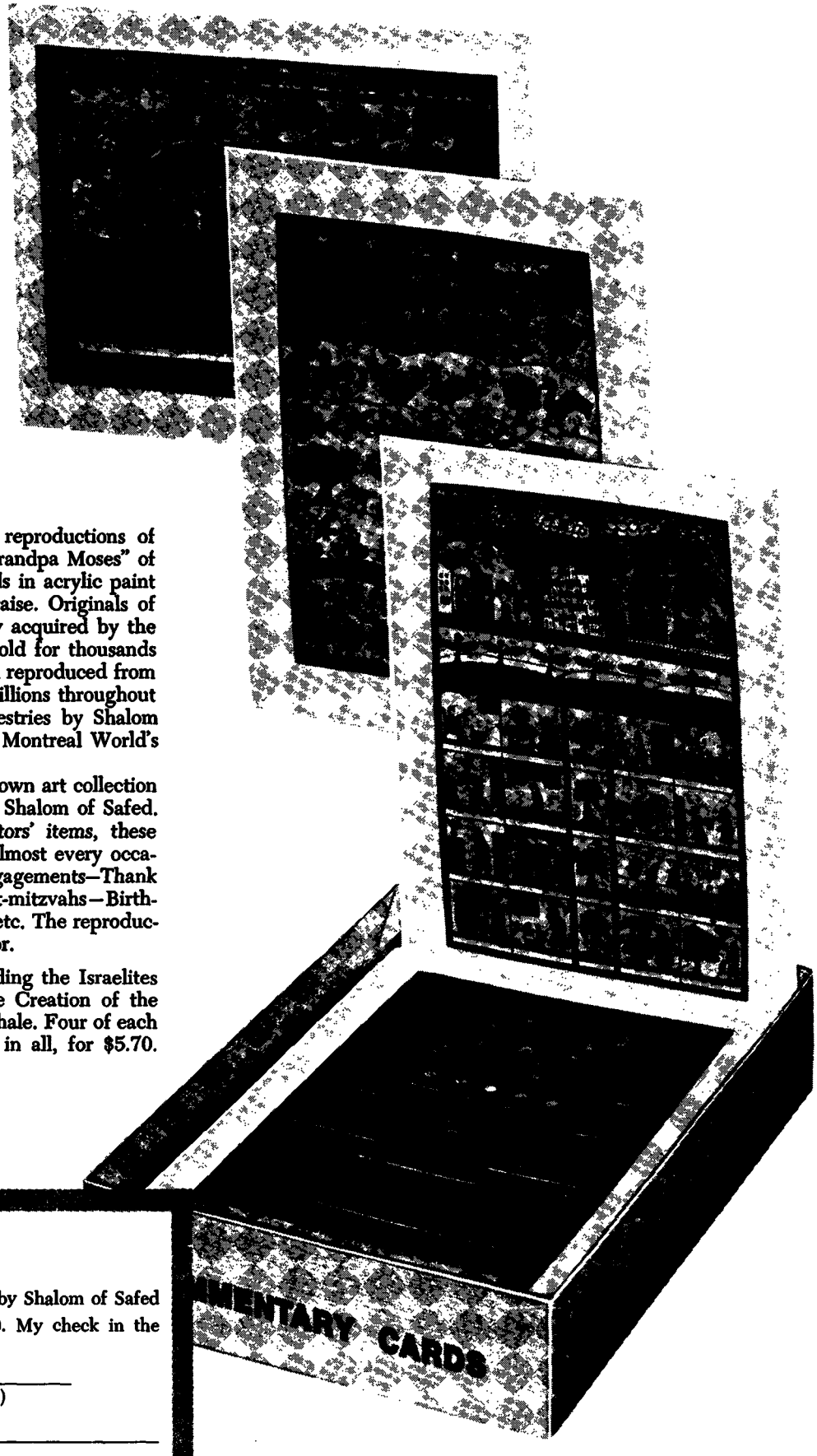

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In Praise of Populism

Paul Goodman

This essay by PAUL GOODMAN *is the fourth in a series dealing with the issues posed for the liberal voter by the 1968 Presidential election. Previous contributors to this series—which will run through October and continue to offer a variety of viewpoints—have been Theodore Draper, Michael Harrington, and Daniel P. Moynihan.* PAUL GOODMAN *is the noted author and social critic. His books include* Growing Up Absurd, The Empire City, The Community of Scholars, *and, more recently,* Like a Conquered Province.

THE WORLD is increasingly confronted with half a dozen social-political horrors, more or less related, that might doom mankind or at least civilization. The stockpiling of nuclear and biochemical weapons. Ecological catastrophes deriving from the abuse of technology. Excessive urbanization on all continents. The deepening poverty of two-thirds of mankind, aggravated by the "help" of the affluent powers. Perhaps overpopulation, though I am dubious about this until more obvious social and political abuses are remedied.

Nevertheless, in recent years there is one horror, the degeneration of the advanced countries toward the condition described in *1984,* that has everywhere begun to diminish; and conceivably this might alleviate the other disastrous policies and tendencies. There has been a worldwide resurgence of grass-roots populism, which defies central authority, bureaucracy, social engineering, technocracy, mandarinism, and imperialism. It is occurring in Fascist, corporate liberal, and Communist countries, and has transcended ideological, class, or racial definition. It is pervasive among the young, whether students, ghetto-dwellers, guerrilla fighters, or Red Guards; but it extends also to intellectuals and professionals, solid citizens and housewives. Like any grass-roots movement it has local and particular demands: against censorship, administrative tyranny in universities, high-handed physical planning, fixed prices of consumers' goods, military draft, overcentralized economic planning, bureaucratic social services, etc., etc. The occasions for protest may be grand or trivial, but what is striking, and constitutes a movement, is the epidemic conviction that effective action is possible, where it had seemed that nothing could be done. And as in any populism, there are experiments at running things in a different way on a more human scale.

Once it has started, such a movement may lose every campaign but it is irreversible and must grow, since people gain initiative by exercising it and thus become more confident. It develops its own culture, and begins to find itself as an international. It can be crushed only by overwhelming repressive force, and this is not in the offing, for the central powers are in fact morally bankrupt. Indeed, the essential idea of this resurgent populism, in my opinion, is that the powers-that-be in the world are incompetent, their authority is irrational, they cannot cope with modern conditions, and they are producing ultimate horrors. It does not follow, of course, that populist actions are themselves wise, undemagogic, or peaceful; but at least they weaken the concentration of power and cannot do as much widespread damage.

Present-day populism is a developing worldwide social revolution that will, if it has a chance, take a couple of decades to mature. One way it can be interrupted is by a panic reflex of the central powers, especially nuclear war. Another way, unfortunately characteristic of populist movements, is by counter-revolution spawned by the movement itself (this is called "taking power"), as Leninism interrupted the Russian social revolution in 1917. Counter-revolutions of this kind are likely to occur if the reactionary powers are stupidly intransigent to change, if they crack down, invade, and so forth. A steady development of populism would consist in *piecemeal* campaigns, extending initiative and decision-making in various overcentralized areas and functions, and correcting intolerable background conditions till they become tolerable. In my view, freedom and decency are sufficient goals for politics; and the piecemeal approach is the only safe and relevant way to transform our vastly complicated societies. Besides, an aggressive populism, that exerts its power and makes decisions, including mistakes, on problems where it is directly concerned, is the only means of educating vigilant citizens.

To sum up, in 1958 when I wrote *Growing Up Absurd,* it seemed to me that we were doomed to a brainwashed and anomic society, with no future for the young. Now it looks brighter.

IT IS IN this context of reviving worldwide populism that I regard the already satisfactory American campaign of '68. If now the nominations and election themselves move us further toward freedom and decency, it is up to us to continue popular pressure on the new officials to change the deep structural defects in our society and economy. If the formal democratic process fails us, so much the worse for the formal democratic process; the populists will continue otherwise. Too many people, and especially the white and black young, are too much in motion to be sold

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out or "co-opted" by electoral machinery and campaign promises. Too much has happened on campuses and streets and in courts and jails for us to repeat the treacherous campaign of 1964, and the illegitimacy, as I see it, of the past four years. Also, the abiding underlying tyranny has been named—the military-industrial, the hidden government of CIA and FBI, the perverted universities, the rubber-stamp Congress, the brutal police, etc.—and there have developed a myriad of techniques, and of technicians, to challenge all this if government does not come across.

Meanwhile, it is touching to see the wistful and cagey hope of Americans that perhaps the American democratic process still has some life in it, as it has shown life in crises of the past. This process, in its extreme definition from Jefferson to William James, is a kind of slowed-down populist revolution without *too* much violence. Usually, in the nature of the case, the massive general will accepts the official government as sovereign; but in critical periods, sovereignty reverts to the people. First are heard a few voices in the wilderness crying out a new truth. If protected by civil liberties—so Spinoza and Milton assured us—feeble truth grows in power, for evidence cumulatively sustains it. Then there are other thoughtful people who take up the unpopular cause, and there are very many citizens "humbly petitioning"—we do it by ads in the *Times*, and find one another. These numbers swell to become an impressive and demanding crowd. Emboldened, many begin to deny the legitimacy of the official position, pointing out that it does not represent the "general will"; they are willing to defy the law and go to jail to prove they are in earnest. Usually there are fringes and flare-ups of violence, mutinies of despair at being disregarded. Then suddenly, through the courts, or by forming a new party, or by a change in the constituency of an old party, the new truth bids for the government by constitutional means and takes over. Actions that were called "illegal" prove to be legal after all, and former mutineers are honored as courageous and foresighted citizens.

This idyllic scenario is not a bad description of actual critical periods in American history, e.g., abolitionism, the agrarian-progressive movement, the suffragette movement, the labor movement, the recent civil-rights movement. Of course, ossification soon sets in. As soon as the victory is won, the aroused public goes back to sleep and the surviving forces of reaction importantly nullify the advances. But there *has* been a revival of freedom and conditions *are* more tolerable. Other methods do not guarantee as much.

THE CANDIDACY of Eugene McCarthy has been so far—I am writing in the last week of April—a textbook illustration of American populism responding to the crisis of our imperialist adventurism, hidden militarist government, and the specific horror of the Vietnam war. The extent of his progress would be inconceivable if it had not been for the previous para-institutional stages; and even the connecting link—the teach-ins, student draft resistance, and the response to these by the mass of students—is obvious. McCarthy's plain and very professorial personality is laughably appropriate to this new kind of populist constituency: this year there are six million students in two thousand colleges that may have little academic meaning but are nevertheless substantial villages or small cities, the precincts of the illegal and legal Vietnam protest. Communities of youth on this scale are a social phenomenon unique in history; they are a contradiction bred by social engineering itself in affluent societies. I do not know McCarthy, but he seems to be sophisticatedly intelligent for an American public figure, telling jokes on a level that can communicate to the B+ grade average of the student movement that has provided his canvassers. Inevitably, however, this manner and type of intelligence are disadvantages to him among the other great populist constituency, the blacks and Spanish-Americans, who do not speak this language and expect instead to hear, from a white man, the old-fashioned populism of Humphrey and Johnson, the ward-

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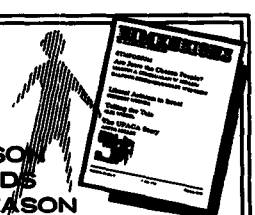

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heeler promises of Kennedy, or the paternalism of Rockefeller. (But the blacks' own leaders, in my opinion, no matter what their ideological and rhetorical style, have been intellectually head and shoulders above most white politicians. Consider King, Rustin, Evers, Parris, Bond, Wilkins, Farmer, Malcolm X, Carmichael. Oppressed people simply cannot afford second-rate front figures. Their leaders must lead.)

McCarthy's organization seems to be entirely manufactured from below; but I know from experience in Berkeley and in the draft-resistance what a powerful machine kids can put together. What is more significant, however, is that the "program" also seems to be made up as he goes along, by pressure from below. Here is an anecdote. Last week I was at a Reform Democratic McCarthy club on New York's West Side, to make a pitch for draft-resistance. (Let me hasten to say that, as an anarchist, I don't belong to party clubs, and I won't vote for McCarthy unless he credibly promises total nuclear disarmament, which he won't.) It came out that McCarthy had just asked for the resignation of Rusk and had made the idiotic suggestion, obviously off the cuff, that he be replaced by the hawkish William Bundy. I proposed that the club call him to task; since they did the legwork, they ought to have a say in the policy. They took it under advisement. But by the next day the Leader had changed his substitute Secretary of State to Mansfield; apparently he had immediately gotten the lumps in his own headquarters.

McCarthy's speech on the military-industrial is remarkably adequate; it could have been thought up by Seymour Melman, Carl Oglesby, or myself (and probably was). He touches all the bases: the CIA, the fallacy of nation-building, the overseas sale of arms, the "commitments," the air-bases, the penetration of the military establishment into the economy, the Research and Development, the perversion of the universities, and the military takeover of the State Department and of policy-making. I would suggest, in the same speech, that he propose to internationalize space exploration and to put the Peace Corps under the auspices of the United Nations.

He proposes to get rid of J. Edgar Hoover on good populist grounds: the FBI has become "a kind of fief." (I am surprised at how little public clamor this heresy has caused.) Same with Lewis Hershey and Selective Service.

His promise of amnesty to the draft-dodgers and Dr. Spock is the only honorable position; Kennedy's welshing on this is scandalous. It is impossible to call the Vietnam war immoral, unjust, and impolitic as these two men have, and not to condone the actions of those who refuse to fight it. Since there is no empirical evidence that specific civil disobedience leads to general lawlessness, the only reason to punish Vietnam war-resisters would be to continue drafting for the Vietnam war. That "Law and Order" must be preserved in every situation is a divine right theory that does not square with American history and is, in fact, unworkable.

McCarthy's Vietnam position itself is unsatisfactory to the radical students, genre of SDS, because he is not for the immediate victory of the NLF. But I wonder whether these students are seriously thinking of the Vietnamese. Certainly the vast majority of the Vietnamese need and want peace more than anything else, and they would rather have the NLF than the continued presence of the Americans. Yet the evidence is, also, that the radical Buddhists represent a strong and perhaps majority sentiment. Peasants on good soil want their land in fee simple; it makes no sense to get rid of plantation-owners and substitute taxation and conscription by the State. If the NLF had allied with the Buddhists, the coalition might have gotten us out a few years ago. And aggressive non-violence, though costly, might have been far less disastrous to their country than the tactics that have been employed. We, of course, must get out because we do evil there; by his attitude toward the military-industrial and the CIA I believe that McCarthy really intends this. In my opinion, our best program—which McCarthy certainly could not campaign on—would be: (1) to transport Thieu and Ky and a few thousand of their followers to Texas; (2) to offer a big indemnity, perhaps the cost of one year of the war, to any popular government that the Vietnamese can establish; and (3) to get on with the business of honest foreign aid in Southeast Asia, tailored to local needs and independent politics. Another suggestion, which perhaps McCarthy can use, is to buy better relations with Cuba, as Franklin Roosevelt did with Mexico. Of course, this would involve confessing that we maltreated Cuba for sixty years, and are continuing in the rest of Latin America.

In McCarthy's speech on education there is, among the usual gobbledygook, one surprising glimmer of sense, when he hazards that formal schooling may not be the best answer for very many of the young; perhaps we ought to underwrite alternative paths of growing up. This is breathtakingly counter to the universal American delusion, white and black; it just happens to be true, as every adolescent knows. (I am told that McCarthy's educational advice comes from Christopher Jencks of the Institute for Policy Studies.)

He comes on poorly with regard to the cities, not only the racial questions but the fiscal, physical, and ecological ones. He seems not to know them or feel them. This is partly, I think, because of the besetting sin of the white middle class, which is not "racist" or even unsympathetic, but rather unacquainted and tepid. In McCarthy's case, we seem also to sense the Achilles' heel of traditional Mid-Western populism—it is cold to the cities even when they have become the overwhelming fact, just as in 1890 the agrarians failed to unite with the labor movement and regarded immigrants as aliens. In his speeches, the Senator claims that it is bad political science to put together a coalition of special interest groups, and to single out the blacks and Spanish-Americans for special attention. I think he is right in the first proposition, wrong in the second. He does not understand at all the need of dispossessed people to regain identity. In a pluralistic commonweal, such as we

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hope for, the whole can flourish only if every group is flourishing; and it is therefore the political *duty* of a disadvantaged group to throw its weight around, as the blacks have been doing, to claim special attention and get compensatory treatment. In populist theory, they must be respected because they will to be.

Since I have the occasion, let me say something else about our racial crisis and the democratic process. We have developed in the ghetto communities a gross example of what Oscar Lewis calls the special "culture of poverty," ingrown and no longer assimilable by ordinary means. If somehow by the historical process that is occurring—riots, burning, extreme separatist ideology, threats of insurrection—blacks can overcome isolation and dependency and become citizens on their own terms (*every* citizen must assent to the social contract on his own terms), it will be a remarkable achievement of the American system of democracy, unique in history. It is not the case, as the Kerner report threatens and as some black militants want, that America can or will have two separate societies. One alternative, rather, is that the dominant class will hem in the others in a monstrous *apartheid*. *We* will not allow this. A more acceptable alternative, which has positive attractions, is general miscegenation. The most interesting alternative would be a structure open to "integration" and containing a lot of "integration," and also containing a lot of Black Power. This is, hopefully, the direction in which we are tending.

But there is also, quite apart from racial problems, the underlying problem of excessive urbanization altogether. This condition is worldwide; in the United States it has been produced by an enclosure policy greedy for private gain, by plantation owners and by chain grocers abetted by public subsidy and careless of social costs. McCarthy ought to propose reversing this policy to prevent further damage, and he ought to explore methods of rural rehabilitation. I have elsewhere suggested trying to put money into the countryside by using the farms to help solve urban problems, e.g., welfare, care of the aged and the incompetent, schooling, recreation.

I have spent this much space on the candidacy of McCarthy not because I have great expectations of him but, as I have said, because his campaign, win or lose, has already marked a forward thrust of the world populist revival that is our best hope. No matter what he is or can accomplish, the act of nominating and electing him would be a useful action for Americans. I will not vote for him, but if he is nominated, I shall not picket the polls. At the best, his foggy kind of intellectuality could clear up, with authority, as Lincoln's did; at the worst, he would be a more dignified Kerensky.

IN THE CASE of the other candidates, I shall urge people not to vote. Robert Kennedy is tied to the military-industrial establishment, which received its biggest impetus during the administration of John Kennedy. (The military budget rose 30 per cent in 1961.) The chief architects of the Vietnam war, Rusk, the Bundys, McNamara, Rostow, and Johnson himself, were handpicked by John Kennedy; and the new advisers that Robert Kennedy mentioned for his abortive advisory committee—e.g., Reischauer, Norstad, Kingman Brewster—are exactly the same breed. His campaigning, overwhelmingly financed, pressuring county leaders, manufacturing mass spectacles, is the antithesis of the populism we need. His ward-heeling demagogy can, on the big scale, turn to Caesarism; and he has again begun the garbage about "greatness" that his brother used to prattle. What the world needs is not greatness but decency and to be let alone. His record on civil liberties, with Joe McCarthy and as Attorney General, is abominable. Personally, he is sweet, eager, a little pathetic. His hair looks nice long, and he should leave it alone no matter what they say. But he is continually whining, and is a sorehead. And his particular talent for manipulation —the hipsterism that, I guess, Norman Mailer admires in him—has no future. It is distasteful to the populist young who want to be citizens; it is too tame for the rev-

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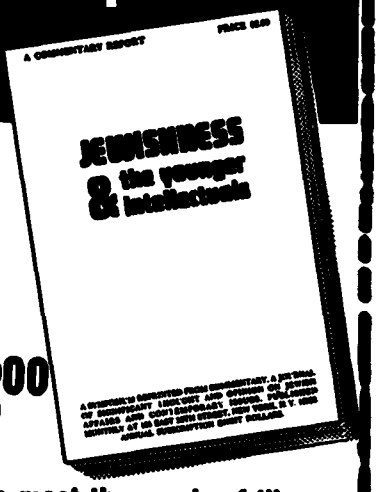

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olutionary young who want their own power or freedom.

What can one say about Hubert Horatio?—he has so long not been his own man. I recall his statement, "When I became Majority Leader, I ceased being a liberal."

I cannot understand the political affection that some keen people, for instance Murray Kempton, have for Nelson Rockefeller. He is the man who dementedly tried to saddle New York State with nuclear bomb-shelters; and in New York City he has been the author of gigantic disasters in urban planning and university administration. His policy of locking up addicts for their own good is monstrous. But he *is* likable and certainly made an intelligent choice when he jeopardized a lousy political career for his love life.

Richard Nixon, as he and I age, has become positively un-repulsive.

If by August we could be on the way to peace in Vietnam, LBJ might be nominated by acclaim, and would be reelected; and that would certainly be a small price to pay, to be on the way to peace in Vietnam.

IN CONCLUSION, let me mention some other populist attitudes toward the campaign of '68. The most self-conscious and vociferous wing of American populism is the Movement, an alliance of white students and ex-students and black students and non-students, concentrating mainly on "gut" issues of anti-militarism, draft resistance, Negro rights, Student Power, and Black Power. Whether the Movement engages in the election this year, or tries to disrupt it, or disregards it, is sometimes a matter of theory and sometimes a matter of empirical judgment of resources, costs, and possible benefits. Maoists and other insurrectionists naturally regard the election as bourgeois fakery, like other "bourgeois civil liberties." Some in the Movement, for instance the majority in Students for a Democratic Society, who are interested in community development and "politicizing" the poor and the professionals, judge that it is not worth the cost to field or support candidates. To a large group, the campaign offers an occasion for dramatic disruption, especially at the August convention in Chicago. In California, the Peace and Freedom Party, allied with the Black Panthers, is fielding its own candidates for State offices, e.g., Robert Scheer and Paul Jacobs; the national candidate might be Dick Gregory—though people in P & F have said they would run "anybody over 35" if he believes in the cardinal tenets of immediate withdrawal from Vietnam and Black Power, for they want precisely to avoid personalities and to emphasize the gut issues. Some draft-resisters would support McCarthy if they felt sure that he would stop the Vietnam war.

I do not think there is anything in the usual criticism that para-electoral politics is futile, does not affect policy, throws away votes, etc. Recent political history has shown that ads, teach-ins, demonstrations, community organizing, direct action, and going to jail do powerfully affect policy. Peace and Freedom conceives of itself as educational (being on the ballot, it will get TV time), and as being a gadfly to force candidates of the major parties to answer pointed questions and to drive them to more radical positions. Historically, this strategy has certainly worked in American politics, as is shown by the fact that most of the planks of the Socialist party in 1912 eventually became the law of the land. Besides, if, as is usual, an election really poses no issues or if elected officials are institutionally powerless to make meaningful changes, then to vote for major candidates, or perhaps to vote at all, is evil in itself, because it legitimizes the status quo. Non-voting, however, should be aggressive, with picketing, and, if possible, massive.

But I object to the politics of most of the Movement on a different ground. To concentrate exclusively on "gut" issues is to be finally irrelevant and, paradoxically, merely symbolic. Gut issues like the draft, police brutality, or rent gouging are, of course, *prima facie* and must be met; they create hot commitment and solidarity; they might have some immediate tangible payoff. But they do not address the tremendous questions of our times which will determine our fate including the fate of the gut issues—How to prevent nuclear war? How to avert ecological catastrophe? How to use modern technology? What to automate and what not to automate? What and how to decentralize? What should Research and Development policy be? What is a possible structure of mass education that will not process and brainwash? What kind of help ought to be given to underdeveloped regions? How to cope with galloping urbanization? How to weaken the nation states? These are issues of high politics that require patient inquiry, debate, and professional knowledge. Hot commitment will not take us far. The global answer of the insurrectionists that all these puzzles will be quickly or gradually solved when we "build socialism" is not serious. The issues are more pressing than that; and in these matters, actual "socialist" societies have either not yet really come to the crisis of modern times or they are as stupid as we are. (I do not mean by this that corporate capitalism does not have its *specific* ways of preventing solutions.) It is understandable that poor blacks are hung up on gut issues; they cannot afford to worry about atom bombs, etc., though of course they should. But it is disgusting that Peace and Freedom, Students for a Democratic Society, and the rest of the bright and lively youth of the affluent majority cannot look further. The only issue of high politics that they have persistently explored is how to recapture democratic participation, that is, populism itself. No doubt the fault belongs with my own generation, which sold out in various ways, taught nothing, has provided no relevant program. What a pity it would be if this most promising political opening throughout the world should come to nothing because of ignorance!

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The Manifold Lives of Cyrus Adler

Cyrus Adler was one of those rare people who, from time to time, come along to astonish the world with the vast variety of their activities. At the age of 20, he received his B.A. from the University of Pennsylvania and promptly enrolled in the graduate school of Johns Hopkins. There he became the first student to attain a Ph. D. in Semitics in an American university.

Shortly after his graduation Adler became an Associate Professor in Semitics. He found the time to become Assistant Curator of the U.S. National Museum. In 1892, Adler was named Librarian of the Smithsonian Institution, whose Assistant Secretary he became seven years later. One would think he had made his mark, but his career was just beginning.

While still at the Smithsonian, Adler had a hand in establishing the Jewish Theological Seminary and the Jewish Publication Society. He was a founder of the American Jewish Historical Society and an editor of the Jewish Encyclopedia In 1908, he left the Smithsonian to take the post of President of Dropsie College.

Adler's unflagging energy saw him head a project to furnish a new authoritative translation of the Bible; he helped create the American Jewish Committee; and he became President of the Jewish Theological Seminary.

When Adler died in 1940, this tribute to his accomplishments was paid by President Franklin D. Roosevelt: "Scholar, patriot, humanitarian and religious leader . . . an earnest worker in the cause of peace and advocate of good will among men."

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Israel Among the Nations

Reflections on Jewish Statehood

J. L. Talmon

ONE DOES NOT have to be a committed Zionist to recognize that the establishment of the State of Israel has been the most remarkable and most constructive achievement of the Jewish people as a corporate entity for the last two thousand years, and one of the great feats of universal history. Since this essay is written in anything but a mood of self-congratulation, it is only fair to begin by highlighting the outstanding features, familiar though they be, of this vast and inspiring panorama.

In no time at all, relatively speaking, the Zionist movement succeeded in focusing the interest, the emotions, the passions, and the will of members of widely dispersed and very heterogeneous Jewish communities throughout the world upon what had for very long been nothing more than a mere vision. It was able to set up on a completely voluntary basis a whole network of institutions—a government, a national assembly, an administrative apparatus, and an army—long before Jews had even settled in the territory over which they would ultimately achieve political sovereignty. The movement won the Platonic and sometimes even ardent sympathy of wide sections of Gentile public opinion in many countries, and then, through a masterly exploitation of propitious circumstances in a fluid historical situation, obtained formal pledges of assistance from great powers and recognition of its claims by the highest international bodies. It undertook and triumphantly accomplished the task of building, without resort to force, a national-territorial community out of immigrants who came from different climates, cultural traditions, and economic conditions; it established self-governing towns and villages, agriculture and industry, and local organs of self-defense—all this in the teeth of obstruction of all kinds, culminating in determined British chicanery and armed resistance by the indigenous Arab population. It laid the foundations for a new civilization, based on an artificially revived ancient language, and on an endeavor to throw a bridge across the centuries into the remotest past while also trying out social experiments requiring the most strenuous idealism and avant-garde daring.

Faced at last with the ineluctable necessity of marshaling all the moral and material resources for a national liberation struggle, the Zionist movement was able to organize civil disobedience, underground activity, terrorist and guerrilla operations, while simultaneously conducting an intensive diplomatic campaign on the world stage. It was then called upon to go through the supreme test of fighting the invading armies of half a dozen states. Notwithstanding the permanent armed siege under which the new state has since had to live for all the twenty years of its existence, Israel has remained a genuine and effective democracy, the only one within a radius of thousands of miles, and strong enough to sustain itself in spite of deep internal divisions. Its record in education and culture, without being spectacular, has been quite respectable, and its success in transforming a motley of what could almost be called races into a coherent modern nation has been highly impressive. Finally, there is the incredible feat of arms—the famous victory of June 1967 over four combined Arab armies.

THE HISTORIAN looks to other movements of national liberation for terms of reference and points of comparison. The national aspiration of a normal people struggling for independence turns on a relatively simple issue, aggravated and complicated as it may be by practical circumstances: the expulsion of foreign rulers. In such instances the moral case is so self-evident as to need no proof or elaboration. Not so Zionism. I am not only referring to the obvious fact that the Jews had neither territory nor nationhood in the conventional sense when they embarked on the Zionist venture. I have in mind the moral dilemmas which the very Jewishness of the Zionists could not but make extremely acute. Believers themselves in the right of national self-determination, they could pursue it only at the cost of conflict with Arabs claiming the same simple right. In analogous fashion, though fundamentally anti-imperialist and passionately democratic, the Zionists had no choice but to look for help to imperial

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powers. Many a Jewish youth stood bewildered in the cross-fires of those days—between the demands of the religious conscience and those of secular power politics; between messianic nationalism on the one side, and messianic revolutionary universalism on the other.

The failures or sins of which Zionism has been guilty in this respect call—I wish to submit—not for censure alone, but also for compassion as unavoidable tragedies. This sustained, strenuous effort—awe-inspiring in its single-mindedness, astonishing in its global strategies, and often heart-rending in the moral dilemmas it was called upon to confront—was carried out in the midst of the greatest calamity that has ever befallen a people, and brought to fruition on the morrow of the most horrible blood-letting that any group has ever experienced. Dull must be the man, Jew or Gentile, who would fail to respond with a thrill to this most powerful assertion of the will to live in the shadows and the agonies of death; to this triumph of the human spirit over the deepest degradation and wretchedness.

On the strength of a long and close familiarity with the history of national movements, admittedly restricted to Europe, I would venture to claim that Zionism was the richest of them all. In Zionism we find all the salient features of each rolled into one: the aura of ancient myth and the vision of renovation which constituted the unique appeal of the Greek war of independence; the theoretical, not to say metaphysical, elaboration of national ideology in 19th-century Germany; the misssionary idealism of the Italian Risorgimento, coupled with consummate diplomatic skill and finesse; the dogged romantic desperation of the Irish and the Poles; the cultural and literary renaissance of the Slav peoples; the social radicalism of many a national liberation movement in Asia and Africa. The wonderful gallery of great and colorful personalities thrown up by Zionism will stand comparison with any of the finest and ablest national leaders among the nations: Herzl with Mazzini, Weizmann with Cavour or Masaryk, Ben-Gurion with Bismarck or Pilsudski, Jabotinsky with Nehru, Buber with Fichte, Bialik with Mickiewicz and Petofi, Aharon David Gordon with Gandhi. Israel has also exploded many of the most rooted and widely held fallacies about Jews. The great Theodor Mommsen was sure that the Jew lacked all talent for politics, just as Ernest Renan had little hesitation in lending his immense authority as a Semitic scholar to the idea that Jews possessed no aptitude for philosophy, science, and the arts. Which Gentile only half a century ago had any doubt that the Jews could not fight, were all cowards, and knew nothing of military honor? Israel has changed all that to the point where a French shopkeeper last June could express his surprise that Poland could have been so quickly and so completely beaten by the Germans in 1939, "when there were so many Jews in Poland in those days."

ISRAEL HAS BEEN seen as the fulfillment and ultimate denouement of Jewish history, but it has also been seen as the greatest deviation from the course of that history. It may be altogether too metaphysical a pursuit for the scholarly historian to try to define the "true essence," the "authentic spirit," or the "preordained direction" of a millennial history spun over such diverse epochs, civilizations, and regions and to describe developments which do not conform to that "authentic core" as deviations, false starts, perversions, heresies, or *culs de sac*. We all know that these speculations are so often the fuel of political ideologies. All of us are by now also sufficiently dialectical in our thinking to view revolution as both the coming to a climax of the old, and the transmutation of that longstanding reality into an opposite state of affairs.

There is nothing absurd or illegitimate in the view that the establishment of a political and warrior state in some way constitutes a repudiation of a long Jewish tradition. According to this philosophy, pre-exilic Jewish statehood was a tribal phase to be outgrown, and outgrown it was, with the result that the Jews came into their own for the next two thousand years as a strictly religious confraternity, an entirely apolitical civilization. Continuing this trend of thought, one would conclude that Zionism was an assimilationist movement par excellence. Its inspiration was the envious desire to emulate the example of "all the nations," to be like them, and the modes of action to which it resorted were alien to a tradition of nearly two thousand years.

But while it is true that to some extent Jews ended by imitating the Gentiles, it seems no less true that the Gentiles followed in the footsteps of the Jews. It was under Judaic inspiration that the peoples of Europe turned into confraternities of believers in the Middle Ages. They made their way to nationhood in modern times also by largely following the teachings of Judaism. Modern European nationalism was born when educated Europeans began to be ashamed of the title of subject, and came to aspire to the dignity of citizen; at the same time they began to identify themselves first and foremost as members of a nation, and only in the second place as sons of a Church. But before nationalism became conscious of its secular and to a certain degree anti-religious character, there was a period during which militant religious evangelism was spilling over into nationalist pride.

The Jewish example was of considerable importance in that process. The image of the peo-

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ple of God fighting God's battles, of the Maccabees defending the true faith, of Elijah smiting the idolatrous heathen and backsliding Israelites—all this inspired the Hussites of Bohemia and Moravia; the Spaniards waging a war against heresy and carrying the cross over the ocean; the Puritans, Cromwell, and John Milton. The idea of having been chosen by God for a special universal mission was taken over from the Jews. Even the essentially secular ingredients of the nationalism of a later day were of Jewish provenance: the myth of past glories, the trauma of failure and defeat, and the dream of a marvelous restoration of ancient greatness through some revolutionary breakthrough, combined, in the case of nationalities oppressed by peoples of a more powerful culture, with anguished loyalty to an indigenous spiritual heritage.

These sentiments became potent and propelling political forces when they were fused into one by the overarching idea of sovereign statehood as the sole guarantee of their effective integration and assertion. In the wake of triumphant nationalist movements all across Europe, this non-Jewish synthesis of Judaic ingredients was thrown back to, and seized upon by, the Jews. Thus the politicization of national Jewish messianism was a consequence of foreign influences—as is clearly shown by the fact that every one of the historic statements of Zionist philosophy came in the form of a response to the victory of some national movement. Rabbi Judah Alkalay wrote his tract advocating Jewish colonization of Palestine under the impact of the Greek war of independence and the emergence of Serbian nationalism. Moses Hess's astonishing little book, *Rome and Jerusalem,* was composed in the heat of general enthusiasm engendered by the unification of Italy. Leo Pinsker's *Autoemancipation* was stimulated not only by the pogroms of 1881, but also by the establishment of the state of Bulgaria. It appeared so logical, indeed so inevitable—first the glory that was Athens is resuscitated, then Rome begins rising from the dead, and now Jerusalem's turn to be redeemed has come.

THERE WAS another and more concrete way in which Zionism was tied to European nationalism. The position of the Jews was made difficult by the latter and, in the countries of greatest Jewish concentration and strongest internal cohesion, untenable. It may be anachronistic to speak of pluralism in pre-19th-century Europe. Still, class differentiation, cultural diversity, regional peculiarities, and religious splits made for some kind of pluralism, and it was away from this that modern nationalism, as an all-embracing creed, was bound to lead. The Jews became a test case of the ambiguity besetting the modern nation-state. There was the conception of the state as the outcome of a social contract among men—atoms emerging from the state of nature and resolving to live together under laws of their own devising, reserving to themselves all the natural liberties and rights, and ceding to the state only what was necessary for the administration of the commonweal and the defense of those very rights. At a very early stage this conception was counterbalanced by the idea of the state as an irreducible organic entity growing out of blood, dispositions, and folkways, myth and destiny, memories and urges, which were supposedly prior to and more decisive than the conscious resolve of abstract individuals to band together for a limited number of purposes. The separate Jewish tradition and communal cohesion, taken for granted in the *Ständestaat,* a society composed of communities, were now challenged by the philosophy which frowned upon group loyalties of any kind as a danger to the individualistic social order.

On the other side, those Jews who out of genuine conviction or out of a readiness to pay the price required for emancipation, gave their enthusiastic adherence to this liberal order, were decried by the upholders of organic nationhood as solvents and germs of disintegration, out to undermine the instinctive certainties passed on in the blood and in the perennial traditions. Liberal individualism, cosmopolitan finance capitalism, laissez-faire economics, socialist doctrine, indeed rationalism as such came to be seen as agents of Jewish decomposition, representing the abstract and the universal, rather than the concrete and the place-bound. Yet the same Jews who were such eager upholders of universalism either could not or were not allowed to give up their group identity, and the universalist values and modes of being they propagated were condemned as instruments of a conspiracy to dominate the world.

For decades Jewish liberals were able to dismiss such teachings with a shrug of the shoulders. They would not stoop to defend themselves against that last residue of medieval superstition and prejudice, the rear-guard action of forces upon which history had already pronounced its verdict of doom. By 1880, however, these ideas were suddenly and simultaneously being espoused by mass movements in a number of countries, sometimes finding highly sophisticated expression in metaphysical theories, but more often in virulent agitation and outbreaks of riot and violence. Many Jewish liberals were shaken to the core. It was not only that they felt menaced personally. Their pride was deeply wounded, and their faith in the rationality of man and the inevitability of progress suffered a terrible blow. Thus Herzl, overwhelmed by the orgy of irrational anti-Semitism occasioned by the Dreyfus Affair in France, argued that Jews must no longer wait for their

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salvation upon the eventual triumph of right. Indeed, since the Jews had been cast into the role of an irritant, they would be rendering a great service to the cause of general progress if they evacuated themselves, especially from Eastern Europe. That was even more emphatically the view of Borochov. Both Herzl and Borochov visualized the future Jewish state as having precisely the kind of regime to which the Jewish irritant was proving an obstacle in Europe—to Herzl liberal-social democracy, to Borochov a Marxist utopia emerging out of the healthy class struggle from which the Jewish problem in Europe acted as a distraction. Despair, wounded pride, the wish to assert human dignity—such were, once more, the motives which propelled these men whose personal situation was reasonably comfortable and who had never undergone the Jewish experience as a living and natural one. Their Jewish nationalism was thus re-active, and not a spontaneous reality achieving self-awareness. But the seed sown by these alienated outsiders fell upon the fertile ground of the unbroken Jewish experience in Central and Eastern Europe, which, in the domain of the spiritual, was at that very moment evolving from religious into secular and national self-awareness, and in the political and socio-economic domains was being subjected to strains and stresses of growing intensity.

The historian is fascinated by the interplay of the inevitable and the contingent in human affairs. It is not true that there are no alternatives in history. Yet when he views long chains of events and long periods of time retrospectively from the vantage point of an ultimate denouement, the historian is weighed down by the fatalistic feeling that after all what finally happened had to happen that way and no other. Infinitely painful will the conclusion seem that Jewish history in Eastern Europe, when surveyed from the heights of the second part of the 20th century, appears to have been leading for generations ineluctably to catastrophe. But of course the catastrophe did not have to be Auschwitz; no one in his worst nightmares could ever have envisaged Auschwitz. Yet clear-sighted men like Herzl and Jabotinsky, and in guarded terms Weizmann himself, understood the danger, and when they spoke of an "evacuation" they were bitterly attacked by fellow Jews for implying that there was no room for Jews in countries where they had lived for centuries, sometimes—for instance in Hungary—longer than the "host" nation itself. In fact, the burden of the Bund's implacable opposition to Zionism was the charge that Zionism accepted the arguments of the anti-Semites.

As a consequence of the great expulsions in the late Middle Ages from England, France, Spain, Portugal, Southern Italy, and parts of Germany, the bulk of the Jewish people found themselves in the dawn of the modern era concentrated in the territories between the Oder and the Dnieper. Of course significant things continued to happen to Jews and they continued to pursue important activities outside the Pale as well—in Northern Italy, Holland, Palestine, Turkey. In Germany, especially, Jewish tradition, developing from generation to generation, became the matrix of great battles of ideas from the days of the Enlightenment until well into the 20th century: one need mention only the struggle for emancipation, the grand dialogue between Reform and Tradition, the sustained effort of self-identification through internal and external polemic, and last but not least the great intellectual endeavor, *Wissenschaft des Judentums*. Nevertheless, it is no exaggeration to say that in the main the history of the Jewish nation in modern times—before the emergence of a self-sufficient American Jewish community and of the Palestinian Yishuv—was the history of the Pale.

For centuries the territories of the Pale constituted the underdeveloped part of Europe. Primarily agricultural, and feudal for a considerably longer period than Western Europe, the countries of the area had no real middle class. A large and often impoverished, but extremely self-conscious and exclusive gentry faced millions of horribly poor, illiterate, oppressed, and downtrodden serfs. In the middle were the Jews. Even if they had wished to give up their Jewish identity, there was really no one to whom they could assimilate: the nobility was too high, the peasantry too low. So they remained a civilization apart. The three or four empires—the Russian, Austrian, Turkish, and, to a much lesser extent, the German—on the Western fringe of the Pale were all multiracial states. The various tribes were kept apart by social and religious barriers, while the dominant group in each case lacked the cultural force (or, if one prefers, a sufficiently strong bourgeoisie and an adequate urban life) to attract and assimilate the politically weaker nationalities. The various peoples of the area were thus swept up by nationalist passion before they had had the time and the opportunity to develop a middle class. To an even greater degreee than in Germany, nationalism here was deformed by the absence of those virtues, values, and institutions which a flourishing, dominant, and self-assured bourgeoisie has bequeathed to the West: the rule of law, the ethics of reciprocity, respect for the human personality, civilized intercourse—all embodied in municipal self-government, the parliamentary system, and the freedoms of the individual citizen.

Threatened by the higher cultures of the dominant groups, very unsure of themselves and of their own national-cultural heritages, these peo-

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ples drew their inspiration not from the social-contract and natural-law philosophies of the West, but from the German ideas of organic *Volkstum* and racial uniqueness. The Jews, whose culture was higher and more ancient, and who in the nature of things were also more attracted by the cultures of the dominant groups and the greater opportunities afforded by those cultures, were bound to appear to the weaker peoples as allies and instruments of their oppressors.

With the decline of feudalism, and the emancipation of the serfs in the Austrian and Russian Empires, the sons of an impoverished gentry together with masses of superfluous peasants flocked from the countryside into the towns. There they found the Jews. Economic rivalry was aggravated by nationalist passion. The newcomers, eager to build a national society with a balanced social structure, saw the Jew as the chief obstacle: an alien, a rival, a threat to national integrity.

Grave as these strains and stresses were before World War I, they assumed the dimensions of acute and unabated crisis between the two Wars. Russian Jewry had in Tsarist times been subjected to discriminatory legislation, administrative chicanery, and waves of government-sponsored pogroms designed to divert the attention of the masses from real social evils. Nevertheless, multiracial empires—not even excluding so entirely chauvinist a one as Tsarist Russia—usually have a dampening effect on nationalist militancy. With the breakup of the old empires in 1918, a succession of nation-states emerged from the ruins. Some had never enjoyed political independence before; some had lost it centuries earlier; others, like Rumania and Hungary, were so enlarged or so diminished as in fact to be reshaped beyond recognition. These new nations were driven by fierce nationalism, the more fanatical, the less self-assured and externally secure they were. Their hereditary foe and traditional oppressor, Russia, had changed from an old-fashioned despot into the standard-bearer of world revolution—a stance calculated to attract not a few of the citizens of the new young states, and to offer Russia a good reason to expand, seemingly not in order to subjugate, but in order to liberate and redeem. Hence the bitter anti-Communism of these states, a sentiment that needed no particular incitement from Western capitalism.

Socially and economically weak, feeling threatened by external danger, and lacking any democratic experience, the new states were driven to make the oppression of minorities into a basic policy. Although the Jews of Poland and Rumania—unlike the Ukrainians, Hungarians, and Germans—had no separatist ambitions, they nonetheless came to bear the brunt and to feel the fury of the neurotic nationalisms of Eastern Europe more than any other minority group. Other minorities lived in certain border areas; the Jews, because they lived almost exclusively in the towns, where they often formed a majority, were ubiquitous. As the commercial class, and "aliens" to boot, they were subjected to punitive taxation. They were considered usurpers, if not parasites, and an impediment to national consolidation: a foreign body when cultivating their own identity; a menace to the purity and integrity of the national creative genius when attempting to participate in the spiritual life of the nation. They were above all regarded as actual or potential Communists, and therefore enemies of the state. In those early days Communism triumphant in the Soviet Union appeared to be carried by the visionary qualities and zeal, the organizing talent and technical expertise of the Jews. That message which fifty years later was to become the gravest menace to Judaism seemed to many at the time—in a development disquietingly reminiscent of the evolution of the relationship between Judaism and Christianity—to be a Jewish message.

And indeed, knowing themselves to be undesirables, conscious of the determination of the government and majority population to make conditions so unbearable to them that they would be forced to emigrate, with economic opportunities constantly shrinking, with no access to government posts, public works, and services, no wonder the Jewish youth of those countries felt that their existence was unreal, transitional, a kind of preparation for some future reality—redemption through Zion or through the coming World Revolution. All this explains why Nazism and Fascism elicited so ready a response in Eastern Europe and how Hitler could find accomplices in that part of the world when he embarked upon his genocidal program against the Jews. In the darkest days of Auschwitz one could read in the underground press of the Polish resistance movement expressions of thanks to "Providence for solving for us a problem in a way which we could never have contemplated."

It was the intensification of the Jewish plight together with the convergent growth of Jewish national consciousness that gave an irresistible impetus to Zionism. Neither of these two factors would have been effective without the other. Plight without ideology would have reduced the Jews of Central and Eastern Europe to a mob of wretched refugees, whereas ideology gave them the dignity of a hard-pressed nation on the march. Yet aspiration alone, without the propulsion of necessity, would hardly have been sufficient. The tragedy lies in this: that when the combined force of the two factors grew into the power that moves mountains, and move them it did, the bearers of that force were no longer there to claim the

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sunny uplands. They were dead. The State of Israel arose out of the holocaust, too late for the dead—and perhaps not only for them.

Historic inevitability and historic contingency: catastrophe and statehood were both inevitable and preordained, while the physical annihilation of millions of potential citizens of the Jewish state was an awful contingency, which in turn—as we shall see—became the source of another type of inevitability.

THE JEWISH MOVEMENT of national liberation derived from a thoroughly liberal-humanitarian impulse. It was at the same time driven on by intensely anti-liberal forces. The climate in which it was destined to realize its aspiration was nothing short of apocalyptic. Above all, it was condemned to come into conflict with another national aspiration, which clash—let us have the courage to face the brutal truth—was incapable of resolution in any spirit of democratic liberalism.

It was the misfortune of Zionism to have arrived late, and to have achieved its aim in the nick of time, if not, indeed, again too late. The very close early association with the Russian revolutionary ideology imbued Zionism, especially its left wing, with Mazzinian notions of a united front of all oppressed nationalities struggling for liberation against a common oppressor. Yet by the time Zionism arrived, nationalism everywhere in Europe had developed into a cult of sacred egoism. Zionism expressed and represented a yearning for a home for the oppressed and for those who wished to be themselves—has there ever been a nobler aspiration? Yet the planet had by then been divided, and there were no longer any empty spaces. The home to which Zionism naturally aspired was inhabited by another people, the Arabs, and ruled by a third nation, the Turks. All of mankind's history has been a history of invasion, conquest of nation by nation, deportation of populations or their absorption by others, not to speak of extermination. At the turn of the century such things had become both objectively and subjectively impossible, most of all to Jews. They were destined to become possible and horribly inevitable again half a century later. Herzl saw the Jewish problem as an international problem, as a matter of general concern to all nations. What he would have liked best was an international agreement and international machinery, with money provided by Jews and if possible also by European governments, for the resettlement of Jewish immigrants. There was no escape in practice from an association with some Great Power, which might have been, in this sinful world of ours, suspected of being more mindful of imperial interests than of humanitarian challenges. When Herzl began his rounds in quest for a powerful ally, finding access to Wilhelm II, Joseph Chamberlain, Abdul Hamid and others, imperialism seemed at its zenith. The rule of the white man over all the colored races had seemed a preordained and blessed fulfillment—the more so for the fact that such imperial powers as Great Britain and France represented advanced political regimes and progressive social systems. But white hegemony and European self-assurance received a strong jolt in the form of the resounding victory of Japan over imperial Russia in 1904 (which was also the year of Herzl's death). For the first time in modern history, a colored race had succeeded in defeating one of the great white powers. In retrospect we can see that event as the beginning of the end of Western imperialism. The Japanese victory triggered a series of momentous explosions in Asia and Africa: the Young Turk revolution, the revolution in Persia, a little later the Chinese revolution, the setting up of the Congress Party in India, and the first rumblings of Arab nationalism in the Levant.

Nothing was calculated to please the Zionists more than the spreading of the League of Nations umbrella over the Balfour Declaration and British rule in Palestine. Representing, as it did, an international decision to help the homeless Jews, it seemed to do away with the specter of Jews having to fight, and ultimately to displace, Arabs. Palestine was put under a League of Nations mandate after World War I, and it was in response to the growth of Arab nationalism that Iraq and Syria and the Lebanon found themselves in the same status. The Zionists would say that the latter mandates were established to prepare the local Arabs for independence and the Palestine Mandate to facilitate the upbuilding of the Jewish National Home as promised in the Balfour Declaration: could a fairer and more just procedure be imagined? The Arabs, however, interpreted matters differently: if Iraq, Syria, and Lebanon were entitled to independence, so too were the Palestinian Arabs.

The State of Israel came into being some twenty years later at a time when the process of decolonization was already in full swing (in fact, the withdrawal of the British from Palestine in 1948 was modeled on their withdrawal from India a year earlier). It is more than doubtful whether a few years later the majority necessary for the UN resolution on the partition of Palestine could have been obtained at all. Few, if any, of the new Asian and African states, which were due to be admitted to the UN soon after, and which now maintain friendly relations with Israel, would have been prepared to vote for the establishment of a Jewish State before having had an opportunity to see Israel at work not as a society of colonial planters, but as a society of workers and producers, and to derive benefit from its services and example.

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The exit of the white man from Asia and Africa and the arrival of the Jews into that nodal point where the two continents touch is a coincidence with tremendous symbolic overtones. Its significance for Israel is further deepened by the fact that the reemergence of vast ancient civilizations like China, Japan, and India, and the rise of a large number of new nations, are bound to make for a relative decline in the weight of the Jewish ingredient in the sum total of human civilization. The races of Asia and Africa were not brought up on the Bible. They cannot be expected to respond to the magic names of Zion and Jerusalem in the way Bible readers do. They have never been preoccupied or obsessed with the Jewish phenomenon: they have never admired, feared, or persecuted the Jews. Their record is clean of anti-Semitism, but it is also empty of Jews. Hence their proneness to equate Israeli Jews with white intruders.

THE ZIONIST-BRITISH relationship bears the mark of "too little and too late," and of an ambiguity which burdened the Jews with guilt without at the same time granting them the sweets of sin. It is no mean irony that while the Balfour Declaration may have looked like a deal between imperial Britain and the Jews, disguised on Britain's part by high-sounding idealistic formulae, the entire history of the Anglo-Zionist partnership was the history of a sustained effort on England's part to escape the obligations and the logic of that solemn pledge. There has never been agreement on what that pledge really contained. Nor, for that matter, do we really know, in spite of all the innumerable reasons given by or attributed to the British government, why the Balfour Declaration was even issued—as Christopher Sykes, the son of Sir Mark Sykes, one of the architects of British policies in the Middle East during World War I, points out in his highly perceptive *Crossroads to Israel*. The late British Empire was acquired, it is said, in a fit of absent-mindedness; so, too, the Balfour Declaration seems to have been issued by a group of men who did not know what they were doing.

The statesmen of 1917 may have been confused, inattentive, muddled, idealistic, or shrewd; they may have been moved by humanitarian sentiment, by strategic considerations, by the wish to gain the sympathy of American Jewry for the Allied war effort, or to wean the Russian Jews away from Bolshevism, by the desire, finally, to cut the French out of Palestine. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to know. But certainly no one gave precise thought to the ways in which the Balfour Declaration should be implemented. And in any case, contrary to popular belief, surprisingly little attention seems to have been paid to the idea of turning Palestine into a bastion for Suez.

Very soon after 1917 and throughout the thirty years of British administration that followed, there was little disagreement among the British, least of all among the men called upon to implement the Mandate in Whitehall and in Palestine, that the association with Zionism was at best a terrible embarrassment and liability. Few, even among those who supported Zionism—or, more accurately, among those who from time to time could be alerted by the Zionists to prevent another attempt at whittling away the provisions of the Balfour Declaration—did so out of a sense of conviction or a disposition to give a helping hand to something good and desirable. Instead they acted out of a sense of obligation to a pledged word, in a resigned attempt to make the best of a bad job. Lloyd George seems to have been speaking for most of his colleagues when, in 1919, he tried to still objections to Zionism with the confident assertion that Britain's age-long experience of empire would enable her to take on all parties concerned—Jews, Arabs, Christians, the Pope, and the Caliph—and (he did not use the expression, though he implied it) muddle through somehow. Why should the Arabs, who were about to get so much, when for centuries under the Turks they had had nothing, "begrudge the Jews that little notch?" And, indeed, who were the Arabs? Before 1914, they had hardly impinged upon the consciousness of Europe, except perhaps as another native population with colorful nomadic Bedouins, etc., etc.

One man saw the dilemma clearly, and that was Balfour himself:

> The contradiction between the letter of the Covenant and the policy of the Allies is even more flagrant in the case of the independent nation of Palestine than in that of the independent nation of Syria. For in Palestine we do not propose even to go through the form of consulting the wishes of the present inhabitants of the country. . . . The four great powers are committed to Zionism, and Zionism, be it right or wrong, good or bad, is rooted in age-long tradition, in present needs, in future hopes, of far profounder importance than the desires and prejudices of the 700,000 Arabs who now inhabit that ancient land. . . .

With all this, Balfour was most reluctant for Britain to assume the mandate, and very anxious to hand it over to the United States. England was tired and disillusioned in the wake of the bloodiest of wars the world had seen till then; the imperial urge and the sense of mission were by then too enfeebled for her to take up the kind of challenge Balfour may have had in mind: to plan and execute with the cooperation of Jews and various international agencies a scheme of

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colonization and settlement within a fixed number of years. It may well be that had such an approach been seriously attempted, the Arabs, dazed and weak as they still were, would have been placed before a *fait accompli* without any injury to their economic interests. They might then have accepted the accomplished fact, and the long drawn-out agony would have been avoided. But all this is plausible only within the theoretical sphere. As a matter of historical fact, such Keynesian methods as Five Year programs, Marshall plans, Four Point proposals, etc., were still beyond the ken of most people in the West. The British administration in Palestine had not been intended and was not equipped for such undertakings. Its greatest ambition was to keep the peace somehow and to get the essential services running, harassed as it was by the opposing claims of the Jews—impatient, arrogant, intent on forging ahead—and the Arabs—sulky, riotous, and aggrieved.

WAS THE Arab-Jewish conflict inevitable? Can one put one's finger on sins of commission or omission, on points of no return, and say that had this or that happened or not happened, been done or not done, things would have taken a radically different course? The more I ponder these questions, the more confirmed I become in the grim conclusion that although in detail, in style and tone, the Jews might have acted more wisely or more tactfully, it would not have made much difference in the final analysis. The same cannot be said about the Arabs. On very many occasions they could, by making concessions, have arrested or very significantly slowed down the growth of the Jewish National Home so as to prevent its transformation into a Jewish State. By adopting an attitude of absolute and total intransigence, they reduced the Yishuv's alternatives either to giving up Zionism or to carrying out its program to the full extent in the teeth of Arab opposition. Since no give and take was possible, since even such modest forms of Zionism as a measure of immigration and settlement encountered maximum resistance, there seemed no choice but to aim at maximum strength. God had hardened the heart of Pharaoh.

The Arab policy of total and uncompromising denial of any Jewish right to a National Home was punctuated by outbreaks of violence and riot, like those in 1920, 1921, 1929, and 1936. Consistent, proud, and heroic as action of this kind may have appeared to them, it was disastrous to their best political interests. So too was their refusal to participate in the Legislative Council which the British planned to set up in the early 20's, and which might have given the Arabs leverage they did not otherwise possess. If, similarly, the Arabs had been ready to discuss the partition plan proposed by the Peel Commission in 1938 after the Jews had accepted it, they might have succeeded in bringing about its failure (because it was not really workable); they would then have been in a position to claim a political and moral victory. Finally, had they agreed to let the 100,000 Jewish refugees into the country in 1945-46, the Jewish State might never have come into being. In the words of Abba Eban, the Jewish case would have lost its urgency. Had the Arabs not resisted the setting up of Israel in armed combat, there would have been no Arab refugee problem and the territory of the Jewish state would have been much smaller, perhaps too small and with too many Arabs living in it to make it viable.

The stage was thus set for an apocalyptic tragedy, both in the diaspora and in Palestine. Yet few people saw it coming, and fewer still were ready for it when it came. With the hindsight knowledge of what was to follow, the Zionist believer is visited not merely by a feeling of anguish, but also by a sense of embarrassment and shame that up to the days of Hitler those millions of Jews who were soon to perish, and who no doubt had in their majority been seized by the Zionist mystique, should have done so little to settle and build up their National Home for the first fifteen years of the Mandate. There were years in the late 20's when the number of emigrants leaving Palestine was larger than the number of arrivals. What kept the Jews of Poland, of Rumania, of Hungary from boarding every ship and raft in one huge exodus to the Promised Land? I cannot resist the temptation to quote a passage from Friedrich Engels, although I have already done so on another occasion: "History is about the most cruel of all goddesses, and she leads her triumphal car over heaps of corpses, not only in war, but also in 'peaceful' economic development. And we men and women are unfortunately so stupid that we never pluck up the courage for real progress unless urged to it by sufferings that seem almost out of proportion."

In the absence of a sense of irresistible urgency, deeply ingrained liberal modes of thought held the Jews back from facing up squarely to the implacable fact of irreconcilable conflict. Progressives are always unwilling and frequently even unable to understand that some conflicts can be resolved only by force. Thus it was that many Labor Zionists and others on the Zionist Left could deny any real conflict of interest between Jews and Arabs, and could put all the blame on feudal effendis or religious fanaticism. The Arabs, according to this view, had nothing to fear and much to gain from Jewish settlement. Some in the Zionist movement had visions of a bi-national state. The more starry-eyed even dreamed of acting as the midwife of socialist transformation to the stagnant semi-feudal, ritualistic societies of the

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Middle East—not through conquest, but by good precept. The Jews were completely sincere when they claimed that they had no intention of unsettling a single Arab. They had not come to take the place of the Arabs, but to create new opportunities, reclaim the desert and the marshes, and settle alongside the Arabs.

After seven years of relative peace, the turn of the decade witnessed the dreadful massacres of 1929, caused ostensibly by an absurd dispute over rights to the Wailing Wall, but in fact by the specter of a worldwide Jewish plot—the setting up of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, in which large non-Zionist bodies and very eminent non-Zionist Jews were to join the Zionists. The pogroms were followed by committees of investigation whose reports recommended the virtual abandonment of the Jewish National Home policy. This recommendation was embraced with alacrity by the Colonial Secretary in the Labour Government, Lord Passfield, better known as the famous Fabian theoretician Sidney Webb, and his wife, the still better known Beatrice Webb, both prophets of socialism and progressivism, enjoying immense prestige as unrivaled experts in the social sciences. That they should have adopted an attitude of contemptuous hostility to Zionism was particularly galling to the liberal and left-wing elements of the Zionist movement. Not even the letter Ramsay MacDonald subsequently sent to Weizmann, rescinding in effect all steps taken by Passfield, could really heal the wound.

In Europe, too, the Jews continued to think and behave as though they were still living in the liberal age, which is why the events set into motion by Hitler's assumption of power on January 31, 1933 came as so great a shock. Jews were used to pogroms, to discriminatory legislation, to insults and physical violence, to anti-Semitic theories and slander. But it was utterly unthinkable to them that the government of a great country, and one of the most civilized nations in the world, would—150 years after the Declaration of the Rights of Man—abolish Jewish equality by a stroke of the pen, and do it with an air of defiance and victory. The theory of catastrophic Zionism suddenly seemed vindicated and was soon to be confirmed in a way which even the gloomiest prophets could never have imagined. The whole of Jewish history began to appear as one long preparation for doom in the diaspora and redemption in the Land of Israel. The messianic movements of the past were no longer seen as marginal episodes, but as the highlights of Jewish history, the great spasms, premature revolutionary outbreaks leading to the Great Revolution. Emigration to Palestine was growing in momentum, raising hopes that the Jews might become a majority within a generation. Embarrassing questions which had earlier been dodged as idly theoretical now began to press for answer. What would or should happen at the moment when the Jews came in sight of their goal, needing only one final push? Would the Arabs and the British look on, or would they make a supreme effort to call a halt, and if so what should the Jews do in response?

The Arabs did indeed make a supreme effort to call a halt. April 1936 saw the beginning of riots and a general strike, which were to swell into a prolonged armed uprising. So strong were the liberal and pacific instincts of the Yishuv that even at that late date the leadership was able to proclaim and for a long time maintain a policy of no retaliation. But the Arab revolt drove home to the Zionists the depth and intensity of the clash, and the difficulties, perhaps the impossibility, of winning through the slow organic growth envisaged by Weizmann—one more cow, one more goat, one more acre. This is why so many, probably the majority, seized upon the solution proposed by the Royal Commission on Palestine presided over by Lord Peel—partition of the Holy Land into Jewish and Arab states. Some saw partition as the only way out of the deadlock; others had vague ulterior motives: let us consolidate what we can, bring in as many immigrants as possible, and then let us see what further opportunities history may occasion.

In any case, the Peel Commission lent a new respectability to the idea of a sovereign Jewish state in the eyes of the Jews themselves—and this at a moment when they were being given increasingly stronger reasons to think themselves persecuted by one half of the world and abandoned by the other. For the world was now divided into countries which wanted to get rid of the Jews, and countries which did not want to let them in. Contrary to the expectations of many, the Nazi regime did not relent after driving the Jews out of all public positions. It continued to persecute the Jews with a brutality that culminated in the November 1938 pogroms. Hitler imposed anti-Jewish legislation upon Italy, the rump of Czechoslovakia, and other countries under his tutelage or influence. Nazi anti-Semitic propaganda was also making inroads in the West where there was no country without a growing Fascist movement. The Western democracies seemed paralyzed in the face of Nazism, unable to resist.

Wooed at one time as a community of vast influence and accepted then as an ally of incalculable promise, the Jews had shrunk to the status of hunted animals and unwanted refugees—a circumstance to which the fiasco of the international conference on refugees at Evian bore gruesome testimony. And as their needs grew more desperate, the power of the Jews continued to

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decline. This decline was both a cause and a result of the rise of Arab nationalism and the formal abandonment by the British of the Jewish National Home policy in the famous White Paper of 1939-40, with the virtual stoppage of Jewish immigration and land purchase in Palestine.

Humiliated, betrayed, forsaken, the Jews were left almost entirely defenseless before Hitler's genocidal campaign. The world had never before witnessed anything like this campaign. It was not a wave of pogroms by an inflamed mob, not excesses committed by drunken soldiers, not the horrors of revolution or civil war. A whole people was surrendered to assassins with the sole stipulation that every member of it, every man, woman, and child, healthy or sick, normal or paralyzed, should be put to death, individually or collectively, by the bullet of a thug or in especially built human abattoirs, after being starved, tortured, flushed out from every hiding place and brought to the factories of death from the remotest corner of Hitler's empire. The Allies were far away, and claimed to have only one obligation—to hasten the day of general victory. There was no judge to appeal to for redress, no government to turn to for protection, no neighbor to ask for succor, no God to pray to for mercy.

Despair to the point of madness gripped the Yishuv. The gates of the Jewish National Home remained shut and sealed, while desperate fugitives drowned at its very shores. By degrees the resolve hardened and thickened that there must be one place in the world where Jews could be masters of their own fate, where they would not have to rely on others from whom in any case they could expect neither help nor justice, and where if they had to perish they would go down fighting to the last man and not like sheep led to the slaughterhouse. The State of Israel assumed the dimensions of the great reparation for an untold wrong, the only way of asserting the Jewish right and the Jewish will to live, and as the only instrument and guarantee of corporate survival.

THE STORY of the final breakthrough to Jewish statehood was a great epic. Against the background and under the impact of an apocalyptic catastrophe, in the shadows of a veritably Dantean hell, the despair of the Yishuv transformed itself into the kind of divine and creative madness which not only stills all fear and hesitation, but also makes for clarity of vision in a landscape bathed in a lurid, distorting light. The climate changed visibly. Situations and actions considered only yesterday unthinkable, impossible, crazy, began to appear possible, logical, natural, desirable, imperative: fantastic risks, violence, sabotage, terror, war. Only a short while before, a community cherishing law and order, the decencies of life, civilized intercourse, had recoiled from Jabotinsky's teachings of blood and mud as the setting for the struggle for national independence, and had felt horrified by the slogan of his more extreme followers: "In blood and fire Judea fell, out of blood and fire she will arise." Of course, only a minority became terrorists. But the vast majority no longer had the conviction or the heart to oppose them.

It is idle to argue which factor was more decisive to the final outcome. The terror brought urgency, drama, and myth. But of course it would have been unavailing if not for the towns and villages, the economy and the institutions which slow and arduous toil had patiently and lovingly built up. In that respect both Weizmann and Jabotinsky stand vindicated. Yet even these two factors together do not tell the whole story of the breakthrough. There was the irresistible pressure of the survivors in the former concentration camps in Germany and Austria, their numbers swelling daily with the arrival of fugitives from Eastern Europe; there were the ships carrying illegal immigrants and intercepted by the British on approaching the shores of Palestine; there was the half horrified and half guilty sympathy of world opinion, finding expression in active assistance from official quarters; there was the diplomatic offensive in the capitals of the world, especially in the United States, where the Jewish community was propelled by the feeling that but for the grace of God they too might have ended in Auschwitz, and the passionate conviction that the memory of the dead martyrs and their own power imposed upon them a historic responsibility which they dared not shirk.

The methods had changed radically; the focal point of the struggle had shifted from London to Palestine; and inevitably, indeed one might say symbolically, the rudder was taken over from the hands of Weizmann by Ben-Gurion. The Jewish people have never had a more impressive and persuasive apostle unto the Gentiles than Weizmann. In the gravity and charm of his bearing and deeply furrowed countenance, he epitomized both the sufferings and the majesty of an ancient and unique people. Few men of the Gentile elite could resist the magic of that peculiar mixture of prophetic idealism and ironic skepticism, profound moral seriousness and addiction to facts, felicity of phrase and metaphor and contempt for rhetoric and pose, intense sensitivity to others and the self-sufficiency of a powerful and idiosyncratic personality. But Weizmann belonged to the pre-1914 age. He could appeal to the reason and enlightened self-interest of cultivated persons; he could tap buried sentiments of compassion and love; he could stir visions. But he could not electrify or intoxicate crowds. He abhorred the tricks

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of the rabble-rousers, and the world of the irrational was entirely beyond his ken. Lawlessness, violence, terror were to him not only morally reprehensible and utterly at odds with the Jewish spirit, they were squalid and repulsive as well.

But if the subhuman was alien to him, so were the superhuman resources of heroic madness and despair. Subject to fits of depression and paralyzing lethargy, he longed to get away from the thick of things into the quiet of laboratory and study. He loved his people with unequaled depth and tenderness, yet how harsh and biting he could be toward his fellow Jews. Wholly identified with the cause, he would nonetheless never give up his private world.

Weizmann's political orientation was entirely Britain-centered. It derived from his great faith in, and admiration for, British character and institutions, and rested upon his proven ability to influence upper-class British statesmen of a romantic cast of mind. Once the British had made up their minds that the association with Zionism must be terminated, Weizmann's usefulness was at an end. He simply had no alternative policy: neither another great power to lean on (for America would not assume direct and complete responsibility) nor a different strategy for dealing with Britain. When a British Foreign Secretary, Ernest Bevin, warned the survivors of Auschwitz not to push themselves to the head of the queue, and sneeringly attributed American support for Zionist demands to an unwillingness to take in more Jews, Weizmann could find no words to answer him.

Weizmann was, to borrow Isaiah Berlin's epithet, the great exilarch who led his people back to the Promised Land, and he will always be remembered as the architect of the Jewish National Home. But it is Ben-Gurion's name that will forever remain associated with the final breakthrough to statehood. In speaking of Ben-Gurion, I can only repeat an evaluation I ventured some eight years ago that he will take his place among the half-dozen most decisive figures in Jewish history. So completely identified has Ben-Gurion been with the Yishuv from the moment he landed as a youth of eighteen at Jaffa from the small Polish town of Plonsk, that every facet and period in his life is indistinguishable from some aspect or phase in the history of the Yishuv itself: agricultural laborer; Socialist-Zionist publicist; trade-union organizer; soldier in the Haganah and the Jewish Legion during World War I; Mapai leader and General Secretary of the Histadrut; member of the Zionist Executive and Chairman of the Jewish Agency; Prime Minister; and, finally, retired elder statesman who would not retire and would refuse the self-chosen role of a Cincinnatus in the desert, the virulent head of an opposition party, the lonely old man left behind by momentous events and even by his own party, the pathetic stillborn child of his declining years.

BEN-GURION HAS no loyalties other than Zion. A supremely political being who has shown himself to possess uncanny intuition in most concrete situations, he is also a great visionary whose vision transcends the here and now, expanding into past and future. To be sure he is a "*grand et terrible simplificateur*," for whom two thousand years of diaspora history might just as well be erased from the record, and who denies the title of Zionist to anyone who does not settle in Israel. But in that crucial moment when men no less good than he grew hesitant and lost their nerve, his unclouded clarity of vision, his unerring instinct, his ability to make decisions made the providential difference. Having identified himself so wholly with the cause, he was able to fight for it with relentless ferocity and a ruthless disregard of those who took another view or wavered and vacillated. His faith was infectious, his resolve inspired confidence, his passionate words swept crowds: statehood as the goal, a national uprising as the method. It was now or never, for no such situation as the one created on the cessation of hostilities in 1945 would ever return, and in the desperate tug of war between Jew and Arab, with the British ranged behind the latter, any faltering meant for the Jews being hurled into the abyss.

Ben-Gurion as national leader was the architect of this policy, holding in his hands the reins and the levers of power, and if not initiating all actions, at least sufficiently in control to prevent actions like those of the Irgun and the Stern group from undoing his own efforts; yet it was still given to Weizmann to play his own inimitable role even after all the bridges with Britain had been blown up. It is enough to recall the appearance of the great old diplomat before the United Nations Commission on Palestine and his contacts with Truman which issued in the assigning of the Negev to Israel and the immediate recognition of the new state by Washington. These services were performed in the now-or-never spirit of Ben-Gurion's own absolute resolve that there must be no retreat into Trusteeship schemes as suggested by the Americans, and no weakening before Arab threats and neutral pressures.

The State of Israel came into being within the borders of 1949 as a result of an armed uprising, an international enactment, and a victorious war. When we look more closely, we discover here the very pattern followed by many national liberation movements in history. Except during the postwar period in black Africa, no new nation has even been formed nor has any old enslaved people ever won independence without undergo-

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ing an ordeal of fire—in the first phase, rebellion, and in the last, war. It would seem that only through struggle, suffering, and violence is a people held to have proved that it deserves to be recognized as a nation, and even then, after it has compelled recognition, the rising nation almost invariably has to continue its fight for safer frontiers, as was shown most strikingly in the 1820's by the Greeks, the first oppressed nation to win independence in modern times, and by the Italians a few decades later. The international concert steps in after the facts have already been established by the rebel nation, very often in an attempt to stem the tide and, by acknowledging accomplished facts, to prevent further facts from being established. Almost invariably the rising nation has to continue its fight for real security. A ruling power is no more prepared to yield and efface itself without a struggle than is a ruling class. The Greeks, the Italians, the Germans, the Poles have all gone on fixing the borders of their country with the sword, in disregard of formulae and definitions laid down by international agreements.

But the war between the Yishuv and the invading Arab armies that broke out upon the establishment of the State of Israel can also be seen as a part of a more immediate pattern—as the belated spasm of the tremendous convulsion which had racked the world for the preceding six years and more. The flight of the Arab refugees thus appears as an episode in the enormous migration of populations, with millions driven and driving others across Europe and the vast expanses of Asia and Africa—the largest such migration for many centuries, and of which the Jews were the most helpless victims. So airily detached a view of millions of cases of individual tragedy and personal suffering may sound inhumanly harsh. But the historian has no answer to the question of why, in the great conflicts of nations and classes, innocent people suffer and uninvolved persons are wronged.

"QU'ELLE ETAIT BELLE *la République sous l'Empire*"—was the saying in the early days of the Third Republic in France. "Beautiful was the Revolution under the Tsars," must have come the echo a century later in Soviet Russia. Might we with equal justice say how wonderful the Jewish state was under the Mandate?

The dream and the reality, the myth and the facts: the Revolution, liberation, independence, victory are the myths which lift men out of and above themselves, upon which they focus all their passions and energies. The vision must be made supernaturally glorious, for otherwise men would be unable to summon the necessary resources to suffer, struggle, and die. Since reality cannot possibly come up to these expectations, disenchantment is inevitable. Once the single-minded concentration on the all-embracing goal is relaxed, men return to their selfish petty concerns, and all the problems and difficulties which had been brushed aside or forgotten in the great emergency reassert themselves with a vengeance. Poverty, endemic civil war, bitter social strife, assassination, backwardness in every sphere were the answer to the dreams of Greeks and enthusiastic philhellenes about a renaissance of the most gifted, eternally youthful, and miraculously creative nation. The visions and transports of the Italian Risorgimento, actually badly bruised by repeated humiliating failures on the field of battle, were followed by the dispiriting pettiness and meanness of political life, against the background of the huge Southern cesspool. A blanket of obscurantism and provincialism descended upon the Ireland of the great rebels and the meteoric writers. Poland between the two wars was a sad comment upon the fate of the messianic nationalism of its poets and prophets. Bismarck's Reich was the most powerful nation in the world, but it was drunk with the arrogance of power and squeezed dry of that idealism and those flights of the spirit which in earlier days won the admiration of the world. And what a swampy place present-day India appears to be. But a much more disquieting reflection forces itself upon the contemplative historian. Is it an accident that those countries in which missionary universalist idealism found its loftiest expressions at an earlier age—Italy, Germany, and Russia—eventually became the seats of the most perverse regimes—Fascism, Nazism, and Stalinism?

To these examples, Israel represents a heartening contrast, an illustration if not of complete fulfillment, then certainly not of irretrievable failure. If Israel has by no means escaped an erosion of vision and promise, it has at least so far been saved from perversion.

I spoke earlier of nationalism as marking the primacy of national consciousness over religious self-identification. But nationalism, like revolutionary socialism, is also a secular religion. Independence and statehood were not conceived by the aspiring as a utilitarian instrument for satisfying mundane needs or gratifying the urge for power and the ambition for a spectacular place in the sun. Nationalism generally involved a sense of mission, which postulated dedicated service to a universal ideal—of liberty, of the spirit, of ethical rebirth. The hankering after lost glories, coupled with tribal self-idealization, made the believers feel that they were about to recover their true being, the pure, authentic self which bondage, disunity, and evil influences had buried and caked with filth. The restoration of independence was to be the preordained hour

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for a totally new start: the redeemed nation would turn its back upon the mistakes, errors, and routine selfishness of the older nations, and would guide itself entirely by the light of reason and justice. At the same time it would maintain the brotherhood steeled in battle, and bring into their own the pristine qualities of the race.

The more so, as usual, the Jews. Simple gratification of individual needs and group desires could never become the declared aim of a Jewish state. Imbued from the beginning of their history as a people with the idea that they must accept a particularly heavy yoke of responsibility because they were charged with the mission of serving as a light unto the nations, the Jews were incapable of finding meaning in a life strictly devoted to the here and now and lacking any transcendental significance. For so long aliens to the normal rivalry for political power, moreover, the Jews had entirely lost any understanding of the urge itself. Hence the distrust and indeed contempt for coercion, militarism, and even the virtues of the warrior.

They fed upon each other, the hatred for the squalor and degradation of the ghetto, and the dream of restoring the rustic simplicities and heroic glory of Biblical times. The air of late 19th-century Russia was thick with populist notions and scorn for the overripe rotten West, and in Germany enthusiastic youth was abandoning itself to the revitalizing magic of nature. Not a few Jewish intellectuals became quite hypnotized by openly or obliquely anti-Semitic theories which depicted the Jew as the representative and germ carrier of cosmopolitan rootlessness, modern alienation, the type of analytical sophistication which kills spontaneity and authenticity of instinct and feeling, and of course as the only begetter of oppressive capitalism, sordid money-making, hypocritical cunning, and urban degeneration. To all this the Zionist ideal of a communal return to the soil constituted an answer. As for those young Russian Zionists who responded with fervor to the socialist challenge, they had to answer the charge of fellow revolutionaries that by trying to take themselves out of Russia and going to Palestine, they were deserting the World Revolution. The deeper, then, became the resolve of the Socialist Zionists to build a model society in their national home.

Political needs thus seemed to coincide with utopian demands. After all, settlement in Palestine was never a commercial proposition. Not only was there precious little profit in it for the individual. The reclamation of the land, the creation of a society of toilers, and the collectivist methods were all necessary to achieve independent nationhood and a balanced social structure, and obviate the danger of becoming a planters' economy in a country with plentiful cheap labor.

THIS IDEALISTIC social endeavor is sure to remain the most distinctive, most original, and most precious aspect of the Zionist effort in Palestine. Other nations have won signal victories on the battlefield; heroism and martyrdom have been the marks of many a national movement of liberation. But that ferment of social ideas, that intensity of feeling, that sustained dedication to a chosen way of life, that wealth of experiments (the Kibbutz, the Moshav, the Histadrut) in the field of social organization —all this is probably without precedent, especially when we consider the exiguous number of men and the paucity of assets with which everything had to work itself out.

An egalitarian puritanical society emerged, combining in a fine blend the virtues of individual self-reliance and an enthusiastic readiness to join in cooperative endeavor. This has been the main secret of every success scored by the Yishuv—in agriculture, in the struggle for survival and growth, and finally in armed combat. Indeed, nothing has contributed more to the repeated victories over the Arabs, who, owing to Oriental traditions and the heavy hand of Turkish despotism, have lacked both sets of qualities.

Such, then, was the religion of the young Zionists in Eastern and Central Europe. The ideals, the achievements, the myth of Labor Zionism were all of their making. It may be doubted whether these ideals could have been maintained in a modern technological state for any length of time. What is quite certain is that the holocaust destroyed the cadres of potential immigrants required for their continued realization. Hitler lost the war, and no doubt Hitler hastened the establishment of the State of Israel. But Hitler also won a far-reaching victory in depriving Israel of the most precious reservoir of manpower and moral strength to be found in the Jewish world.

For decades before the emergence of the state, arguments had been raging in the Zionist camp on the issue of selective *vs.* indiscriminate immigration. Those who dreamed of a utopian society naturally favored the former, while those who were weighed down by the predicament of the diaspora and were in haste to achieve statehood clamored for the latter. But the holocaust robbed the debate of all meaning, turning Israel from a country of choice primarily into a place of refuge.

First to be brought in were the survivors of the Nazi massacres in the DP camps and in Eastern Europe; then came the Oriental Jews from the Middle East and North Africa, partly under duress as refugees, partly in response to an inner urge and Zionist inducement. Neither of the two types of new immigrant had much training, aptitude, or taste for the utopian collectivist endeavor. Having led a hunted existence in the years of the war, or having experienced Communist regi-

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mentation, the survivors of the Hitler period wanted above all to enjoy the blessings of privacy and security. As for the Oriental Jews, they had not for the most part gone through the mill of socialist teaching. Besides, the family and clan of the patriarchal tradition were still a living reality to those who came from tribal societies and bronze-age civilizations. Romantic, Rousseauist-Tolstoyan slogans of "back to the land," the philosophy which glorified the university graduate who exchanged his pen or scalpel for a spade or a hammer, became irrelevant when the country was suddenly swamped with hundreds of thousands of newcomers who could handle nothing else but a spade, and when rapid industrialization and modern organization put a premium on high technical training and university education. An extremely egalitarian society, based on voluntary teamwork, changed almost overnight into a managerial society, split into those who manage and those who are managed. And the split was along social, cultural, almost racial lines: Westerners versus Asio-Africans.

The Oriental Jews represent an ancient civilization with a dignity and loyalties of its own, invisible as those may sometimes be to the superficial and impatient outsider. But these are not the values of a modern technological society. Responsible Israelis, anxiously aware of the problem, have made intensive efforts, especially in the field of education, to narrow the gap between Westerner and Oriental. But facts of life are very stubborn, and even the best intentioned and best thought-out programs take a long time to bear fruit, whereas in the modern world, and especially in Israel, time is in very short supply.

Confronted with all these difficulties, Israel has in at least two vital matters been blessed with good fortune. There has been no serious, certainly no effective, attempt on the part of the Oriental Jews to organize themselves into a separate political party. Any such attempt would have been fraught with grave dangers from demagogues and rabble-rousers. As it is, incidents of riot in the course of twenty years can be counted on the fingers of one hand, in spite of housing and unemployment problems. It must also be added that the existing political powers, preponderantly of European origin, have displayed an admirable sense of responsibility. (This includes the opposition party Herut, which finds itself in the anomalous situation of having a Polish leadership and a largely Oriental, particularly Yemenite, following.) The second stroke of good fortune has been the fact that there is no religious militancy among the Oriental Jews, for an alliance between the militant Orthodox of West and East would have imposed an unbearable strain on Israeli society. Traditional and observant though they tend to be, the Oriental Jews are not motivated by any proselytizing urge, and when left free to practice their own brand of Judaism, they do not care what others do. Nor do those of their young who, under the impact of detribalization, drop out, feel any need to fight the faith they have abandoned.

THE INEVITABLE transformation of the pioneers of yesterday into the managers of today has brought into sharp relief the antinomies which arise when a great faith, heroic memories, and a beautiful myth are carried over into the context of a changed reality. The more sincere and firm the idealism of the past, the greater the danger of hypocrisy and even reactionary attitudes in the present. There is the natural unwillingness to see that what was service yesterday is today power, that what was then sacrifice has now become privilege, that what was voluntary confraternity has become coercive hierarchy.

The political parties in Israel are a good example of how this corrosive process works. The parties have every right to look back with pride upon their past. They came into being long before the establishment of the state, not as loose congeries of men becoming active on the eve of an election in order to line up voters behind a given candidate, but as tightly knit confraternities pledged to a strenuous way of life: some were virtually monastic orders. Zionism encouraged a multiplicity of such confraternities in the belief that the Jewish National Home stood to gain from ardent competition among them. Thus the Zionist parties (not, incidentally, unlike the Socialist parties in Germany and Eastern Europe), each embodying a *Weltanschauung* and a system of ethics of its own, evolved whole networks of cultural, social, economic, and educational institutions—in short, they assumed the character of self-sufficient societies. Upon the establishment of statehood, the Israeli political parties were not only fully organized and well provided for, but fully armed. Mapai controlled the Hagana, Ahdut Avoda had very close links with the Palmach, the Irgun was the army of Herut, and Mizrahi could always summon the hosts of the Lord. The parties thus took over the state to such an extent that it became possible to say with a good deal of truth that Israel was a country where the parties owned the voters rather than the other way around.

In the days of the mandate, immigration certificates were distributed according to the so-called party key—that is, in proportion to the numbers of enrolled members. The party key continues to be consulted today in the division of spoils and jobs. Proportional representation is the inevitable accompaniment, cause, and result of such a philosophy and such a practice. This in turn

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makes coalition government an unavoidable necessity. Together, proportional representation and the coalition system work to encourage the parties not to bury but to emphasize and even invent political differences. Coalitions are precarious, majorities are weak, and the power of blackmail possessed by small splinter groups considerable. No wonder that Ben-Gurion, who had experienced a full measure of political bazaar haggling, became a bitter enemy of proportional representation and a preacher—to no avail—of the virtues of the majoritarian-regional system.

This state of affairs is calculated to enhance the power of the party machines, to favor the higher age groups, to discourage nonconformism. It is not surprising that the Knesset should have probably the highest age average of any parliament in the world, especially in the left-wing parties, and that a politician who has passed fifty should count himself and be counted by others as among the young revolutionaries. The same state of affairs also explains the dearth of original political thinking in present-day Israel when compared with the daring and originality displayed in the great debates of old.

Following the Six-Day War, the three socialist parties—Mapai, Ahdut Avoda, and Rafi fused into a United Labor Party. On the face of it, this is a promising development. On the other hand, it raises the specter of the perpetuation of this governing party in power, since it threatens to rule out for a long time the emergence of an effective alternative in the form of a middle-class party. Rafi came into existence as a force pledged to fight the corruption that comes from holding power for too long, to replace outworn clichés with critical thinking, and nostalgia with modern empirical methods. It remains to be seen whether the Rafi component will prove able to revitalize the united party or will lose its combative urge in the comfortable embrace of the mother.

THE EROSION of aspiring idealism as it comes into possession of power is most strikingly illustrated by the kibbutz. This most original and most impressive achievement of Zionism has exhibited very little creative energy in the last twenty years, while maintaing a very strong hold on the life of the country. Although the kibbutz movement comprises only about 4 per cent of the population of Israel, roughly half the Ministers, probably a third of the Knesset, and a very large number of generals, ambassadors, directors of government departments and public agencies are at least nominal members of a kibbutz. One hastens to add that a quarter of the soldiers, and especially officers, who fell in the last war were sons of the kibbutz. If ever there was a ruling elite, and moreover one not based upon wealth, this is it. It was only natural for the state to tap the finest human material in the country for the most responsible and exacting tasks, but in doing so the state skimmed off the cream of the kibbutz population, leaving the less dynamic elements to carry on.

The state has diminished the functions and status of the kibbutz in many other ways as well. The kibbutz movement made an incalculable contribution to the struggle for independence, but as though to confirm Hegelian dialectics, it was thrown thereafter if not onto the rubbish heap of history, certainly onto the margin of events. Unequipped for the task, and for ideological reasons reluctant to open its gates to all and sundry, it played no part in the great effort of the ingathering of exiles. Besides, the post-1948 immigrants showed little eagerness to knock at its doors, and the few new recruits from among Israeli youth could hardly compensate for the exodus of so many old members into the society at large. The glamor of the kibbutz was being stolen by other institutions—army, state, civil service, science and technology, all of which were crying out for highly trained personnel and claiming the ablest and best.

No longer in the center of the stage, almost forgotten and rendered irrelevant, in spite and partly because of the success of its leading cadres, the kibbutz sank into a malaise. Many began to wonder whether after all the kibbutz was not a transitional phenomenon rather than a form of life with a permanent role to play, apart from serving as a home and refuge for those whom it suited.

ON A BROADER canvas the problem of the kibbutz in the State of Israel epitomizes the problem of the State of Israel within contemporary world Jewry. The exhaustion of the sources of *aliyah* in the countries from which the Jews needed and wished to get away on the one hand, and on the other, the lack of any appreciable immigration from the countries where the Jews have a choice, constitute Israel's gravest and in every way most decisive problem. Although little was said openly at the time, nothing shook the Yishuv more than the fact that when a classical Herzlian situation arose in Algeria, with a whole community moving out of a land inhabited by Jews for two millennia and more, most of the Jews preferred to settle in France instead of joining their anxiously waiting brethren in the Jewish state. Zionist philosophy had depicted the creation of the state and the ingathering of exiles as the climax of Jewish history, the great watershed, the great fulfillment. As it became clear that Western Jews had no intention of moving, Zionism began to appear in the eyes of many as only an episode, an aspect of modern Jewish history, not its final vindication—in the last analysis, the solution to a temporary problem of a part of the Jewish people overtaken by an extraordinarily

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horrible calamity. Israel, then, was a refuge but not *the* Jewish National Home, heir to the Jewish civilization of the Pale but not the medium for the energies and peculiarities of the millions of Jews all over the world. Zionism on its face had called for the "normalization" of the Jew, but it could never bring that about. An abnormal people, the Jews are driven. Strive they must, justify themselves in their own eyes and in the eyes of others they must. They are unable to take reality as it is for granted. They are hypnotized, now as always, by the idea of ultimate meaning, final denouement.

When the fact that no more Jews were to be expected began to sink in, the feeling of having reached an impasse, of facing a *cul de sac*, took hold of the Yishuv. Relations with the Arab states were at an unbreakable deadlock. The economic situation was grave. The number of emigrants leaving the country was growing, among them young men born and bred in Israel. Most Israelis were seized by panic at the reports of the fast advancing assimilation of American Jewry. One could hear voices predicting that in two generations no Jews would be left outside Israel, not even in Russia.

No longer the vanguard of the Jewish people and its spearhead, the Yishuv was now experiencing the cold winds of isolation: a ghetto hemmed in by implacable enemies, pledged to drown it in streams of blood. What was it all worth? For whom were they toiling? The self-questioning mood was giving rise to a general crisis of identity. Was there any such thing as a distinctive Jewish culture worth preserving? And would Israel ever be able to create anything in that sphere that would have so strong an appeal as to wean highly sophisticated Jews in the advanced countries away from assimilation?

Young Israelis would react with impatient scorn to the old Zionist slogans, treating them as cant and humbug. At one end of the spectrum, the Canaanites preached dissociation from diaspora Jewry and its traditions, a loving communion with the facts and values growing out of the soil and landscape, a return to pre-Judaic realities, and an attempt to fuse with the non-Jewish inhabitants of the area into a single old-new race. At the other end, there were calls for a repudiation of secularism and a return to an observant mode of Jewish life as the only way of staving off complete assimilation and eventual apostasy.

This spreading malaise joined with traumatic memories of Munich and Auschwitz to make the diplomatic crisis triggered by Nasser's closing of the Straits of Tiran in the spring of 1967 look like proof of a paralyzing loss of nerve. The government was fumbling and stumbling. Israeli emmissaries were knocking at the doors of the chancelleries of the Great Powers for help which would clearly never come. The enemy seemed to hold the initiative and to be defiantly and systematically tightening the rope around the neck of Israel.

THE FANTASTIC victory that came so unexpectedly in June violently propelled the Yishuv into a diametrically opposite mood. All at once Zionism became immensely meaningful again. The Six-Day War was a display of incredible vitality, fighting spirit, and sheer talent, and it activated a new sense of destiny in the Israeli soul. The achievement of "natural frontiers" and the reincorporation of ancient places surrounded by the halo of piety and glory were felt by many to represent an inevitable historic fulfillment. So too the utterly unanticipated magnitude of the wave of solidarity which swept world Jewry in those days awakened hopes that the dry bones of Jewish life in the diaspora were putting on flesh and moving toward the East. Many were also sure that a resurgence of halutzic idealism was about to be witnessed in the country—that Israel, like Athens after the Persian Wars, was on the point of a golden age which would astonish and redeem mankind.

In the full tide of this mood, there were shrill voices to extol the position of Israel as the greatest power in the Middle East and the Eastern Mediterranean, and to identify power with manifest destiny. There were romantics and mystics who saw the hand of God in this great deliverance, and who condemned any thought of withdrawal or territorial concession as an act of treachery toward the Jewish past and toward the countless generations to come. Such voices contended that any denial of Israel's right to sovereignty over the whole of Palestine would be tantamount to an admission that Zionism had always been wrong. The Balfour Declaration and the Mandate had recognized the rights of the Palestinian Arabs as individuals, but not as a sovereign national entity. Sovereignty over the Holy Land was reserved to the Jews alone. Those Palestinian Arabs who, in spite of the Israeli resolve to guarantee their human and civil rights and to grant them equality, preferred to live in an Arab state, were welcome to emigrate.

Would such a policy not constitute an insurmountable obstacle to peace with the Arab countries? To this objection the new militants replied that the Arabs would only agree to peace if they became convinced that they had no hope of breaking the resolve of Israel; since any sign of weakness only encouraged them in their intransigence, Israel was bound not to yield an inch. And if there was to be no peace, surely the absolute imperative was to stick for strategic reasons to the new frontiers. Some extremists have gone

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even further than this, asserting that peace might not be desirable for Israel at all, and pointing in support of their view to the bracing effect wars have had on the nation, its pride, and its sense of unity.

The basic and primary assumption behind this line of thought is the expectation of a new large-scale immigration. Failing such an immigration, the proportion of Arabs in the population of "Greater Israel" is sure to grow to the point where it will jeopardize the very Jewishness of Israel and perhaps even the majority status of the Jews. Thus one of the oldest of the new militants exclaims in prophetic ecstasy: Two million new immigrants in two years! And a poet of the same persuasion, but doubtful of the possibility of enticing so many Jews to immigrate, launches a delirious "appeal to the Gentiles"—Norwegians, Dutchmen, Danes, Mexicans, Frenchmen, and Italians: "Let us tell them: come and partake of the wonderful adventure of building Eretz Israel. . . .We will share everything with them. We will give them our pretty daughters for wives and their dark or light skinned women will find men here worthy of the name. We will make it easy for them to convert to Judaism, and those who will not wish to convert can live here as a sympathetic minority of Christians and atheists, tied to us in heart and soul, as citizens."

It is skepticism as to the possibility of a new large-scale immigration that lies behind the moderate attitudes current in Israel. How, in the first place, does one evaluate the upsurge of pro-Israel anxiety and sympathy among the Jews in the diaspora in the spring of 1967? Did it mark a turning point, or was it no more than the sign of a resolve not to allow a second holocaust in the 20th century, a threat which the Arabs did their best to make appear imminent, acting in this way as Israel's most effective public relations officers?

The dialogue between Israelis and American Jews is bedeviled by a fundamental misunderstanding. The older generation of East-European Zionists in Israel appears to see no difference between the situation of the Jews in America and that of the Jews in pre-war Poland and Rumania where they did in fact constitute a separate civilization and indeed nation, and were considered aliens by the great majority of the Gentile population. These older Zionists do not understand that American Jewry, like its counterpart communities in other Western countries, has been moving into a position resembling that of the descendants of the French Huguenots expelled from France by Louis XIV—a people who maintain certain distinct traditions and proud memories, but who in all other respects have become indistinguishable from their fellows in a national partnership based on a pluralistic social system. Such a people is hardly likely to experience the yearning for the untrammeled Jewish existence that an older generation of East European Jews went to Palestine to seek.

Turning now from the hawks to the doves, we find them making the following case. The Jewish right to Palestine, say the doves, was based not only upon history and sentiment, but derived its strength and urgency from the desperate needs of homeless Jews. It was these needs that gained the Zionist cause recognition and support and also gave primacy to the Jewish right in its clash with the right of the Arabs. Even so, the Jews agreed to partition as a way out of a clash between the two rights.

And the doves continue: Should it prove impossible to settle the conquered areas with new Jewish immigrants—and it is almost certain to prove impossible, given the extreme unlikelihood of an *aliyah* from either America or Russia, at least in the foreseeable future—those lands would in fact be territory held by troops and police, even if Israel could manage to set up a few isolated kibbutzim in strategic spots. However noble may be the sentiment of attachment to ancient and hallowed places associated with the history of Judaism, territory densely populated by Arabs, say the doves, is no asset, only a liability. No casuistry will do away with the fact that just as the Jews once refused to be treated as a crowd without national identity, so do the Arabs of the West Bank now. And it does not become the Jews who fought so hard for national recognition to deny it to others.

THE MYSTICS and romantics, like the simple hawks, dismiss the elementary fact of the rising Arab birthrate with all kinds of facetious arguments and hopes: Jews will begin to multiply like rabbits while Arab women will learn to use the pill. I can well remember from my own experience in Poland with what anger, ill will, and fear the arrival of a new Jewish child was greeted by most of the local Gentiles. Speaking now for myself, I would not wish to see the Jews of Israel wracking their brains over how to stem the natural increase of Arabs, as the ancient Egyptians did in regard to the Israelites in their midst: "lest they multiply."

Without voicing such sentiments openly, some hawkish mystics are almost on the lookout for anti-Semitism, on the assumption that "the worse the better"—if egged on by fear of persecution, diaspora Jews will emigrate to Israel. The doves point to the lessons of 20th-century anti-Semitism, to its seemingly preordained tendency to run out its full murderous course on a global scale, and to the lessons of the twenty years of Israel's existence, which show that a strong diaspora is the only safe

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ally of Israel, while a proud Israel is the greatest source of inspiration to the diaspora.

The grand debate which is going on now in Israel reminds one of the furious controversy which convulsed the socialist movement at the turn of the century, between the revisionists led by Eduard Bernstein and the radical messianic believers. Obsessed with the vision of the preordained Revolution at the end of an apocalyptic crisis, the latter would refuse to pay attention to facts, to consider figures, or to listen to arguments. Many of those who claimed that "the worse the better" (for the Revolution) ended up in the Third International, and quite a few—a fact not usually remembered—in the Fascist leadership.

Horrible, maddening, exasperating is Arab terror, sabotage, arson, mine-laying, sniping, murder in the dark of the night. The Israeli government cannot escape or evade its duty to extend protection to life, limb, and property. All the same, guerrilla terrorism is a fact of life in occupied countries—and much as Israelis abhor and reject the title of occupying power, that is what they are to the Arabs. The Israeli armed forces are as humane as any soldiery could be, and they conducted the last war in as civilized and chivalrous a spirit as any in history (witness the beautiful speech of General Rabin upon receiving his honorary doctorate from the Hebrew University and the recently published symposium of veterans of the war). Nevertheless, it will be impossible for the Israeli soldier and for the Yishuv in general to escape the corroding effects of the atmosphere of fear and emergency which has already been generated by Arab terrorism. The argument of all hawks in all times and countries has always been that the resolute and determined deployment of overwhelming force is the shortest and safest way to peace, since it convinces the adversary that he has no chance. But hawks tend to forget that the enemy is likely to be persuaded of the same argument, and if he is too weak for a face-to-face confrontation of regular armies, he will resort to more and more intensive guerrilla operations, provoking his antagonist into more and more violent responses. And we know with what ease even humane men slide into inhumanity when thrown off balance by such provocation or through the removal of natural restraints.

But there is a less obvious and more insidious danger. The history of national ideologies, and indeed also of religious and social movements, is full of examples of the way in which a messianic creed of mission and service can change into an arrogant claim of dominion once it has gained power. From the desire to serve as a light unto others, it evolves into the conviction of its destiny to expand, conquer, and rule.

"A great victory," wrote Nietzsche in the aftermath of the Prussian defeat of France in 1870, "is a great danger. Human nature sustains it with greater difficulty than a defeat. Indeed, it seems easier to win such a victory than to sustain it in a way that no great defeat comes from it . . . the defeat, rather the extinction of the German spirit before the German Reich."

I HAVE TOO much faith in the fundamental humanity and sanity of the Jews to expect them to undergo a degeneration of this kind. But I am not enough of a chauvinist to believe that the Jews are exempt from the snares and perversions which lie in wait for all mankind. Should Israel be overtaken by the nemesis which has so often befallen other idealistically aspiring nations, the June war would indeed prove a momentous turning point, but in a direction that would make for one of the great ironies of history. For an Israel which lost its old bearings—Jewish, liberal, and idealistic—would become repulsively similar to the arch persecutors of the Jews. It would alienate the diaspora Jews—whose interests, instincts, and convictions propel them into a quite opposite direction—and it would forfeit the sympathetic attention and anxious good will of that part of world public opinion which has been a source of strength to the state. While it is the height of unrealism for Israel to expect other nations to fight its wars for it and to hasten to its help in times of trouble, it is no less silly and dangerous to fall into the opposite mood of writing off world public opinion altogether. Greater powers than Israel have found that opinion supremely important.

It may, of course, turn out that Israel will have no real choices at all, because inexorable circumstances may prevent it from being placed in a situation to make any. The Arabs—it is plausibly claimed—are unlikely to budge from their sulky obstinacy on the matter of a negotiated settlement. For decades they had been obsessed by memories of past glories and prophecies of future greatness, and at the same time confronted with the injury and shame of having had an alien race injected by imperialism into the nerve center of their promised empire. The effect was to make them almost incapable of setting their minds to anything else, or of seeing anything on its own merits and as unrelated to the central grievance. Everything had, as it were, to be suspended until that wrong could be redressed. Since the June war was to be the great day of reckoning, it is easy to imagine what a shock the defeat has been to the Arab world. Instead of the pan-Arab unity and the social revolution which were to be achieved in one stroke by a victorious national upsurge, which was not only to bring about political unification, but also to enable the Arab nation to come into its

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inheritance by seizing the immense oil wells from the hands of feudal sheikhs and tribal chiefs, there came utter humiliation, loss of large territories, and internal dissension. Hostages of their own rhetoric and the passions it has aroused, the Arab leaders are unable to take any step which cool reason may whisper into their ears in more sober moments. All this makes it highly unlikely that they will agree to negotiations: Nasser because he believes Egypt can live without maintaining any relations with Israel, and hopes that the Powers will force Israel to remove its troops from the canal, Hussein because he dare not start negotiations alone and because he is not master in his own house.

Since hardly anyone in Israel would countenance a withdrawal from the occupied territories without some negotiated settlement, the chances are that conditions will be left hanging for an indefinite period. *Il n'y a que le provisoire qui dure.* In such a permanently provisional state, Israel might not be able to work up the necessary determination to go all out in one direction or the other: integrate or not integrate the new territories, with all the cost, effort, and trouble that would be entailed by either course; embark upon unilateral schemes for resettling the refugees—a task indeed beyond our means or strengths—or wait for some international action and funds, and keep the sore festering. And so we come back to the problems and dangers involved in Israel's remaining an occupying power. I do not share the optimistic view that time works for Israel and the longer we stay in the new territories without any settlement, interfering as little as possible with the internal affairs of the Arabs on the West Bank or with trade with the East bank, the better for Israel. Possession and power establish facts and facts are sure to obtain recognition as rights. While questioning this assumption on practical grounds, which have already been adduced, I would also make an emphatic distinction between what we may be compelled to do and what we should work for and aspire to.

It is sometimes suggested that the implicit refusal to allow power and all that comes with it to the Jews derives from the semi-anti-Semitic or masochistic presupposition that Jews are by definition supposed to be weak and persecuted. Is it not time for everyone, including the Jews themselves, to stop discriminating against Jews even in that field, and recognize them as normal?

The Great Power vision now being fostered by some Israelis is extremely parochial in its assumptions. Israelis have proved themselves strong against the Arabs in face-to-face combat. In the context of the wider world of immense power alignments, however, the battles between the Israelis and the Arabs, profoundly significant as the things at stake in them most assuredly are, assume the dimensions of a minor little game.

Here, then, we must broaden our canvas.

THE STATE OF ISRAEL came into being in 1948 through Soviet-American agreement; the Suez crisis was resolved in 1956-57 because the two superpowers wanted it to be.

It is said that in the early days of Israel Ben-Gurion would instruct a diplomat going abroad to "do everything possible to please the Americans and nothing to displease the Russians." That balance could not be maintained for long.

Soviet support for partition in 1947-48 was an isolated episode. Although it was greeted with jubilation by Zionist left-wingers, to whom consistent Soviet hostility had been a source of deep chagrin, the motive of the Russians, as soon became unmistakably clear, had been to get Britain out of Palestine; there had been no change of heart in regard to Zionism. Nor can any such change be expected so long as the U.S. and the USSR are locked in rivalry.

It is impossible under any circumstances for Israel to adopt an anti-American attitude or even to defy American wishes for any length of time in a vital matter. The reasons are too obvious to need elaboration. This is well known to the Russians, and from it they draw extreme conclusions. Russia is surrounded by American bases, and it is very important for her to have allies and friends and bases behind the American bases—in other words, in Syria, Egypt, Iraq. The Russians think in quantities, and thus conclude that even if Israel could be weaned away from America, the strategic value of the large Arab territories, not to mention the oil they contain, makes the Arab world a much more worthwhile ally. The Soviets ask themselves also the simple question: who pays for it? He who pays has the say. Since totalitarian regimes would never allow, in fact could not even conceive, that a group of citizens could have a kind of foreign policy of their own which differs from or is not dictated by the government, they are bound to conclude that through the intermediary of American Jewry, Israel is of course an American puppet and agent.

There are other considerations behind Russian policy as well. Insofar as it has been stirring up Jewish sentiment among the Russian Jews, making this "undigestible" group still more difficult to digest, Israel is resented by the Soviet government as a nuisance and an irritant. The social achievements of the Israeli Labor movement, far from impressing the Bolsheviks, evoke contemptuous hostility: how dare a tiny country like Israel presume to build socialism better than Russia itself! Similarly the demand to permit emi-

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gration from Russia to Israel must appear as an anti-Soviet device, implying as it does a vote of no confidence in the achievements and nature of the regime.

Thus, while not motivated by conventionally anti-Semitic convictions and aims, the Soviet Union is almost objectively, to use its own language, led to adopt policies which, given the murderous hostility of the Arabs and the role of Israel in the post-holocaust period of Jewish history, amount to a definite threat to the survival of the Jewish people. Particularly horrifying is the Soviet-Arab sponsorship of an updated version of the Protocols of Zion: the Zionist-American-Imperialist world plot, operating not only against Arabs, Asians, and Africans, but also against all the socialist regimes, causing economic difficulties, student unrest, Catholic intransigence.

We have traveled a long way from the revolutionary universalism of Marx which recognized neither Jew nor Greek nor Gentile, but only workers and capitalists.

And yet, there is a glimmer of hope that the inexorable compulsions of modern technology and warfare may still work to bring about a Russo-American agreement to resolve the Arab-Israel conflict, once the Vietnam imbroglio is out of the way. As a very great power, Russia finds it extremely difficult to do nothing for the Arabs beyond replacing the arms they have lost, and to take Israeli defiance lying down. At the same time, there can be no doubt, the Soviet Union will never risk a nuclear war over the Middle East, any more than the United States will. This may induce the two super-powers to search for a face-saving formula for a Middle Eastern settlement; and prayer within hope: a solution that would give Israel, if not all the large tracts of territory craved by the maximalists, at least Jerusalem, reasonable frontiers, free passage through the Straits, and a greater measure of security. The fear of being sold down the river as a result of a U.S.-USSR agreement which torments many Israelis derives from traumatic experiences like Munich.

Absolute security is unattainable in this world. "Thou hadst grasped too much, thou hast grasped nothing," is the ancient Hebrew saying. And there is Hegel's dictum on "the impotence of victory" that leads to no repose, but only to new complications, and finally to exhaustion and death. Just as Israel insists that the Arabs must recognize its right to exist as the first premise of any settlement, so must Israel be willing to base its thinking on that principle of reciprocity without which there can be no give and take and no real morality. Jews have been able to exist and prosper only where reciprocity has obtained; where an exclusive claim based on superior power or supposedly higher right has prevailed, Jews have always been the first victims. Of course any discussion of reciprocity must take into account the fact that while the aim of the Israelis, even of the annexationist minority, is security, the Arabs have indicated all too frequently their determination to wipe Israel off the map.

THE TIME may have come for the Israeli government to put its cards on the table. It is no secret that the real reason for its reticence up until now has been indecision brought about by internal dissension as well as by infirmity of purpose. As a consequence, the practice of waiting for something to turn up has become official Israeli policy, as if what turns up will necessarily be to Israel's benefit (in fact, given certain circumstances, what can turn up might conceivably be a Soviet blitz attack on Israel—an attack accomplished too quickly and too thoroughly for the West to declare war on Russia—or even a sudden leap into the arena by China). Statements by official Israeli leaders have been masterpieces of equivocation, unlikely to win the respect of the world. Even General Dayan, who has not only shown himself to be a most liberal administrator, but has displayed a refreshingly chivalrous understanding of the national susceptibilities of the Arabs, has been known to use such Delphic language as this: "Their [the Arabs'] political self-expression may assert itself in the parliament of Jordan or in the Knesset"—no small difference! One wonders whether, in his most recent statement, David Ben-Gurion has not again been the first to voice what others have not yet gained sufficient maturity to say: "If the alternatives were the old borders and peace, or the entirety of Eretz Israel without peace—I would choose little Israel and peace."

The Jewish people is not made to live by the sword. It is a token of small faith to fear that peace will make Israel sluggish and careless. Why should it not become a stimulant for spiritual creativeness and social endeavor? Jewish history is a story of unlimited impossibilities. There is no telling what effect the shock of peace may have on a nation which has known so much turmoil and torment.

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The Betrayal of the American City

David Danzig
John Feild

IN MOST RESPECTS, the rioting triggered in more than a hundred American cities by the assassination of Martin Luther King followed the by-now familiar course. Although the violence did not reach the proportions of last summer's riots, it brought more than sixty-eight thousand troops to the threatened cities, death to forty-six persons, thousands of arrests, and millions in property losses.

There were, to be sure, several significant signs of a break in the pattern of destruction and bloodshed that has been steadily mounting toward race war. Thus in some cities Negroes on the one side, and law-enforcement officers on the other, for the first time took vigorous steps to curb violence from within their own ranks. In New York, for example, CORE, The Five Percenters, and others worked with municipal agencies to dispel rumors, quiet racial flare-ups, and minimize mob action. In Cleveland, under the leadership of Mayor Carl Stokes (a Negro), and with the help of the Cleveland Browns football team and other Negro leaders, a similar program was also successful. And in Newark, where the militant nationalist LeRoi Jones switched from advocating violence to calling for the black community to take over the city by ballots, law-enforcement agencies had the help of about five hundred youths who patrolled the areas of worst disorder in an attempt to cool down potential troublemakers. What was particularly significant about these efforts was that they were linked to a parallel effort on the part of the law-enforcement agencies to limit their own use of violence. Under the guidance of Attorney General Ramsey Clark, a new approach to riot control has been developed which plays down weaponry and substitutes a strategy of "containment" based on rigid curfews, speedy arrests, and the cooperation of Negro groups to counteract and isolate the relatively small number of active rioters.

These positive developments, however, hardly add up to an overwhelming trend. On the contrary, the current of public opinion and the tide of events seem to be flowing much more strongly in the direction of greater animosity between the races. A majority of Negroes, as indicated by the polls, believes that the white man will make no concession to the black unless he is forced to do so. At the same time, a large proportion of whites is apparently placing its hopes for a stable society, not in the satisfaction of just Negro demands but in the deployment of superior force.

Negro leaders, acutely aware that America has only two alternatives—massive reform of the inner cities or massive use of counter-force against ghetto violence—have pleaded with white citizens to mobilize the cities politically and to exert pressure for aid on a scale that might make some difference to the ghetto now. In response, well-meaning suburbanites march to the slums, paintbrush in hand, instead of marching on Washington, where the only possible solution lies. That the New York *Times* would editorially pronounce this suburbanite gesture as a "real beginning" of aid to the inner cities (because it shows that some whites "care") is one more symptom of the fantasies surrounding the white man's perception of the black man's present state of mind.

Despite widespread talk about the crisis of our cities, inter-party deals and bi-partisan rhetoric have kept the issue safely out of partisan politics. Mr. Nixon says that "It is gross irresponsibility to promise billions of new Federal dollars for the cities or even for the poor," but the fact is that no one has made such a promise, except for the vague and distant future. Nor is there any significant difference between the line of the Johnson administration and the approach advocated by the Republicans. Long before President Eisenhower, later echoed by Mr. Nixon, called for a "universal rally of the people at the local level to attack the problem intelligently from the bottom, not *profligately* from the top," this "people-to-people" and private-enterprise approach was being pushed by President Johnson—and to precious little avail. Where the crisis of the cities is concerned, everyone agrees on ultimates and no one stands for anything that would require fundamental changes in the present.

Under the best circumstances the task of generating public sentiment for urban reform is made more difficult by the ambiguous place of the cities in the American ethos.

Great American cities, unlike such European counterparts as London, Paris, Rome, and Moscow,

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have not played a dominant part in the history of the nation. American history has not been made by the cities, nor have the cities supplied any of our heroes. European kings and rulers have always been largely urban; in contrast, no American President has been identified with the city. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, whose political power was heavily based on the cities, preferred the image of the Dutchess County gentleman farmer, while John F. Kennedy, instead of being taken for Boston Irish, chose to show his Harvard-Hyannisport profile to the public. Only in the veins of the East Side's defeated Al Smith did the blood of the city course unashamedly.

In the view of Truman Douglas of the Church of Christ, this "anti-urban bias has become almost a point of dogma in American Protestantism." One is reminded that William Jennings Bryan, reflecting what was undoubtedly a prevailing American attitude around the turn of the century, spoke of the cities of the East as "enemy territory." Many of the descendants of Bryan's contemporaries, though they may now live in metropolitan areas, have apparently inherited the biases of their forebears. Thus, at a recent Washington conference, which was given the neighborly title of "*Town* and Country" to avoid the unpleasant term *city*, the Secretary of Agriculture seemed not to offend anyone when he spoke of the "garbage can life in the inner city"; nor, on another occasion, did New York State Senator William E. Adams provoke any public ire when he attributed the growth of welfare cases in the suburbs to the spread of "the welfare rot of the central cities." Obviously, the historic "shame of the cities" is still with us, although the "wicked city" has now become the "asphalt jungle" and what was once the slum is now "the rotting cancer" of the inner city. But it is no clearer today than it was in the past whether terms which are used to describe the physical conditions of the city are intended to apply to its people as well.

At any rate, the traditional American antipathy to the city has been reawakened and is spreading. So palpable is this new wave of feeling against the city that attempts are even under way to capitalize on it. As an instance, the state of Vermont's recent full-page ad in the New York *Times* addresses itself forthrightly to this sentiment:

> *HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF LIVING IN VERMONT?*
> Vermont has no really big cities with snarled transportation, strife, crime, bureaucratic waste, poor housing, air pollution, and all the seemingly hopeless problems of large metropolitan areas today.

One hardly needs the perspective of Vermont to recognize that life in the city has changed in the last few decades: traffic has increased enormously; new construction has failed to keep pace with the demand for housing; mass transportation has declined in some areas; and air pollution has evidently become a serious health hazard. Yet these problems, which more or less affect the entire city population, are irritations more than they are hardships. As for crimes of violence, which epitomize the crisis of the city for most people, they are actually concentrated in the poor non-white areas. In New York City, for example, 33 per cent of the city's crimes of violence are committed in non-white slum districts constituting 7 per cent of the city's precincts. The poor, as always, continue to carry a disproportionate share of the burden of community disorganization, whether in the form of crime, deteriorating education, health, or civic standards in general.

It is, however, the concentration in the cities of a black population with an exaggerated dependence on government to provide it with the conditions which make life tolerable, which has brought about an entirely new feeling of hopelessness that the problems of the city can ever be solved. Today, 75 per cent of the Negro population live in cities: 80 per cent of these live in forty-eight central cities, and the vast majority of the adults were born in the South.

To be clear about what is happening in the city today, present attitudes must be distinguished from those which were expressed in the early postwar migration to suburbia. This original exodus from the city started considerably before Negro urbanization was making itself felt on a large scale. Most of the young people leaving the city then were seeking greater security, better living conditions (particularly for their children), and the higher status they felt came with home ownership and membership in a smaller community. No doubt the suburbs served as a haven for the prejudiced, but in the main they represented a higher level of living—whatever their aesthetic limitations—than would have been within the means of most young couples of those days if they had remained within the city limits. The motivation, in other words, was more positive toward the suburbs than it was negative with respect to the city. Today the feeling has been reversed. Even those who have no intentions of leaving the city are inwardly abandoning it: few people expect it to solve its problems.

IF ONE CAN judge the present mood of the country by the behavior of Congress, this feeling is very widespread. In the course of the last year, Congress considered two hundred pieces of legislation to deal with different aspects of the urban crisis; it passed only six bills and only after cutting these to the bone. In its treatment of the Model Cities measure, the Rent Supplement bill, the Anti-Poverty program, the Rat Control bill, and Social Security legislation, Congress indicated that the ceiling on federal aid to cities has about been reached.

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Obviously, a majority of the legislators do not regard the crisis of the cities as adding up to an urgent priority.* Moreover, notwithstanding the assassination of Martin Luther King, no early reversal of this attitude can be anticipated. Bipartisan agreement among citizens and politicians that the urban problem has grown beyond the capacity of the cities themselves to remedy seems not to register among the lawmakers in Washington. Congress's wildly enthusiastic response to the President's remarks on "crime in the streets" in his State of the Union Message deserves to be taken as an indication that in the opinion of the national legislature, the public policy of the nation demands a greater reliance upon force than upon reform to put an end to recurrent ghetto violence.

In short, generations of neglect (and of the milking of the cities by various groups, just as others have eroded the soil and deforested the woodlands) are now to be capped with action, but action of the most misguided kind. Recurrent riots have cut deep wounds across the body of the nation. Nor has racial violence been limited to Negroes. Rioting by whites—in response either to the moving of Negroes into white neighborhoods or to Negro militancy—has taken place in the Kensington section of Philadelphia and most recently in Milwaukee.†

Shortly after the assassination of King, the President announced that he would soon summon a joint session of Congress, presumably to put forward a more far-reaching program than he had already proposed for dealing with the urban crisis. But the session was never called, and as matters now stand, the President seems to be satisfied with the passage of a civil-rights bill which appears to have impressed few others. The only program the country has before it, then, is the one which the President outlined earlier this year in his several messages on the urban crisis. This consists of a two-pronged attack concentrated on housing and unemployment, which gives added importance to the role of private enterprise. The employment program is based on an eighteen-month pilot project with the computer-like designation MA-1. Financed with an allocation of $14 million and directed by William E. Zisch of Aerojet General, MA-1 contained no provision for job placement, though it did seek to devise ways of channeling federal funds to private companies undertaking to train hard-core unemployed workers. In the new plan, an "incentive" payment will go to the employer at the end of the twenty-first month if the trainee has by then become a "regular" employee.

The question of scale is important when we examine the President's effort to involve private industry. In a special study made last year of the hard-core urban unemployed, the Bureau of Labor Statistics estimated that it would take 625,000 new jobs to reduce the unemployment rate in poverty areas to the same level as in non-poverty areas. The President, incidentally, dropped this figure to 500,000 in his State of the Union Message by limiting this program to the fifty largest cities. The subsidy required to achieve that goal would (according to Mr. Zisch's own estimate of unit costs) run to over $2 billion. The President's budget request calls for about half of this amount, to be spread over a three-year period. Thus, the President's goal is far more modest than it first appears—an increase for the next three years of 100-150,000 new jobs annually over the presently funded annual training effort which covers approximately 150,000 unemployed workers. The President has asked Congress for an increase in funds for this purpose amounting to between $300-400 million a year.

A recent New York *Times* survey of the results in eleven cities of the concentrated employment program gives us some notion of what to expect from the President's expanded program. In New York State, where the goal was 40,000 jobs last October, a mere 6,900 were employed by December 15. In New York City, only seventy-one had been placed. In Chicago, "Jobs Now," a project widely hailed for its success, found that by the end of 1967 only 28 per cent of its more than 1400 graduates were still holding jobs. Mr. David Rockefeller of the Chase Manhattan Bank reported that his company had learned several lessons. "One of these," he said, "is the need to motivate Negroes and Puerto Ricans once they are on the job." Another kind of lesson was drawn by a manpower worker for a Negro organization in Chicago. Referring to the hard-core jobless, he observed: "They figure, that if they go out and work in a steel mill for $120 a week, they are still not going to be able to move out of the ghetto."

OBVIOUSLY, any program for the hard-core unemployed is bound to attract many problem cases requiring the help of specialized personnel. Yet even assuming that such personnel will be provided and that other improvements will be made as the program develops, on its present scale of operation it cannot possibly have much effect upon the current critical situation. The President made no reference to the remaining three million unemployed. Nor did he mention the almost twenty per cent of our population still living below the poverty line—19 million of whom, being

* The House at first ridiculed, then rejected, the Rat Control measure. In the face of a storm of protest, it was later passed by a small margin. The House also changed the President's Safe Streets bill (not yet passed by the Senate) the aim of which was to improve professional local law enforcement through better training, to a straight riot control program including funds for the National Guard. Finally, in a fit of punitive temper aimed primarily at Negroes, Congress cut off social security funds for children born out of wedlock after January 1, 1969. The Social Security legislation which has been passed eliminates ADC aid to nearly half a million poor children.

† See "Kensington U.S.A.," by Murray Friedman, in *La Salle*, Fall 1967.

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over sixty-five or under fifteen, are unemployable. Nearly 60 per cent of the total live in urban areas, with the vast majority in decaying central cities. Neither in his State of the Union address nor in his later speech did the President repeat his earlier assurances that government would become "the employer of last resort" in the event that private enterprise did not live up to expectations.

In the field of housing, the administration is similarly relying on private enterprise, and the President has also presented a plan for the building of 300,000 lower income housing units annually for three years, with a total goal of six million units in ten years. In no past year has the government ever built more than 50,000 units of public housing, though in the past, as now, the goal has always been set much higher. Yet even if the rate were to reach 100,000 per year, this would still fall short by 20,000 of replacing the number of units destroyed or rendered obsolescent annually. Apart from that, more than five million of the nation's eight million substandard housing units are in our cities, the majority in poverty areas. It is to replace these millions of substandard units at a price the poor can afford that the President is now turning to private enterprise.

Presidential task forces are known to be studying alternatives to the various private-enterprise approaches proposed in the last session of Congress by Senators Robert Kennedy and Charles Percy. But none of these approaches as yet promises a viable solution. To those who have been led to believe that the industrial ingenuity which gave America the low-priced car will soon be employed by private enterprise to meet the ever growing need for low-cost housing, Charles Abrams had this to say: "A few symptoms of big-line entrepreneurial interest in house-building have recently appeared. . . . General Electric, Westinghouse, and a few oil and insurance companies have given backing to some new towns' entrepreneurs. U.S. Gypsum made a well-publicized start at remodeling a few tenements in Manhattan's slums. . . . Big industry continues to supply the materials . . . but shuns the actual homebuilding."

In the meantime, the White House has announced that the Life Insurance Association's Urban Problems Committee was committing $1 billion for housing and job opportunities in central city areas, and that the savings and loan associations and savings banks plan to invest a somewhat lesser amount for similar projects. The success of these plans will depend entirely on the willingness of the federal government to guarantee, and thus subsidize, the mortgage commitments involved. So far, a third of the $1 billion fund has produced 24,924 dwelling units and 7441 jobs. Any likelihood that an effort of such dimensions will significantly help to reduce the present state of critical tension in the cities is remote.

Once again the question of scale is fundamental. In a study made last year by TEMPO, General Electric's "Think Tank" at Santa Barbara, California, the cost of projected urban capital development and program services was estimated to exceed $1,000 billion over the next ten years. GE's scientists point out that the cities will fall short on revenue over that period by some $260 billion—or a little less than the Vietnam war would be projected to cost over the same period. Recognizing that business can make an important contribution on a relatively small scale is one thing, but confronting it with the enormous task of reclaiming the central cities is quite another.

It is easy to exaggerate the practical consequences of statements such as that of James Oates, Chairman of the Equitable Life Assurance Company, who said that his company and other employers "must help for some years to come to make up for the shortcomings in training and education in the core areas of cities like New York—shortcomings for which the entire community, including business, must take some responsibility." But to quote William H. Dougherty, Jr., of the Council for Economic Development, "It is painfully clear that private enterprise has a vital interest in solving our urban problem. [But] . . . If private enterprise is going to alleviate the problems it will take the profit motive to bring it about." Obviously business will require subsidies on a scale that is not presently contemplated by Congress or by the President.

THE PRESIDENT, to be sure, has repeatedly insisted that we can fight in Vietnam and still meet our domestic needs; he would also have it appear that Congress alone is responsible for the low priority given to the city. This view of things, however, is not supported by the record. In 1965, before the war was escalated to its present level, the President's Message on Improving the Nation's Cities declared that projects were to be "of sufficient magnitude both in physical and social dimensions to bring about a change in the total environment . . . and to offer maximum occasions for the employing of residents of the demonstration area in all phases of the program." Life for people in the central cities was to be made better through a radical improvement in housing, sanitation, crime prevention, mass transportation, and the upgrading of education, health, and welfare services. Yet rather than starting a vigorous program along these lines, the President asked Congress for only $2.3 billion, to be spread over six years, "to rebuild entire slum neighborhoods"; to plan the rebuilding of the central cities of the entire nation, he asked for 12 million dollars, less than the cost of developing the plans for the Pan Am Building in New York alone and about half the amount later given to the commuter-burdened New Haven Railroad. If we wish to see these figures in an even sharper perspective, we can remind ourselves that he has obtained from Congress $25 bil-

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lion over the past five years for federal highways and about the same amount for the space program. By now, the aim of social and physical reconstruction of the cities seems to have been almost forgotten and to have been replaced with a new and cheaper aim—the reclaiming of individuals.

This new approach has more than sanctions of economy behind it. It originates with some social scientists who claim that it is the culture of poverty as much as the fact of poverty that keeps people down. Urban reform, therefore, should start by educating, training, and motivating the poor to attain the social and economic skills typical of the larger urban culture. The goal then becomes to make people fit to live in the city rather than to make the city fit for people to live in. It is not that such training and employment projects as Job Corps, Youth Corps, Head Start, Upward Bound, and now Hard Core are unimportant. The point is that they are auxiliary services which do not in themselves add up to the beginning of an attack on urban decay. Immigration from rural areas and the normal birth rate add to the slum population more rapidly than it can be creamed off by any action focusing on the rehabilitation of individuals.

If the national policies are a failure (and there seems to be no inclination to change them despite the broad approval given to the report of the President's Commission on Civil Disorder and its various emergency recommendations)—if these policies provide neither proper goals nor adequate resources for urban reconstruction, why should the cities not embark on their own course, releasing themselves from their dependence on the federal government? The answer is that the federal government and the states have preempted the taxing power, and therewith the necessary resources for attempting anything big. In 1932, the tax dollar was divided so that the city received more than 50 per cent, the state about 18 per cent, and the federal government the rest. By 1965, although the state's share was holding at 18 per cent, the federal government was getting 67 per cent and the city 15 per cent. It is argued that the cities have unused taxing power, but there is evidence that where such power has been tapped to any appreciable degree, local pressures force other tax concessions, with the result that there is relatively little net gain.

In any case, the difficulties which beset the city are *national*, not local, problems and they are simply beyond the scope of any one community to solve. To cite a blatant illustration of how the process operates: states where the exploitation of the Negro has been a way of life have adopted policies to expel them now that industrialization has made manual workers expendable. Thus twenty-one states, mostly in the South, are forfeiting $106,000,000 per year of federal money for aid to families with dependent children because they will not put up the required matching state funds. Many of these same states are even refusing to appropriate modest sums to facilitate the distribution of surplus food provided by the federal government at no cost to them. Mississippi pays $9.30 a month to a needy child, but by taking the bus to New York the widowed or deserted mother can get $56.40 a month for each child. New York's welfare rolls are thereby burdened by policies adopted in remote areas like Mississippi.

Similarly with some of the educational problems of the inner city schools, which become more understandable if one takes account of the policies which for generations applied to Negro schoolchildren in the South. Though these policies represent a change since the days when it was illegal to teach slaves to read or write, in some states the change is not very great: compulsory education in Mississippi, which has the highest illiteracy rate in the country, was actually repealed in 1956. Within the major metropolitan areas themselves, according to a study of thirty-seven of the largest of them by the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, state financial aid to local schools tends to favor suburban schools over central city schools. The commission's studies show that the schools serving low-income central cities are receiving less per pupil as well as per capita than those serving the more affluent suburbs.

FEDERAL POLICIES also tip the scales in favor of the suburbs in other ways. Thus federal mortgage policy makes possible a low-interest rate for the suburban homeowner, but provides no comparable federal subsidy for the low-income rent payer in the city. This federal policy, which is probably the single most important factor in facilitating the middle-class move to the suburbs, is reinforced by such other federal projects as the highway program and the general tendency to locate defense industry at the cities' outer edge. One can, in addition, look for generous federal assistance to commuter transportation. And finally, the 7 per cent federal tax allowance for capital investment is also being used in much the same way: from 1962-65 two-thirds of the value of the new industrial building amounting to more than $50 billion was invested in the suburbs, remote from the central cities and the people most in need of industrial job opportunities.

There has been no lack of recognition of the fact that the problems of the city are the product of nationwide forces, that they are aided and abetted by federal policies, and that their solution requires a national program on a vast scale. The Ribicoff Committee has set the amount at $1,000 billion over a ten-year period; other governmental committees have recommended a similar level of spending. No group could have pointed out this need more

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forcefully than the Urban Coalition, an imposing list of prominent citizens drawn from various fields, who invited some twelve-hundred civic leaders to an Emergency Convocation in Washington last summer. The Convocation gave full support to the goals of the Coalition, whose co-chairmen, Andrew Heiskell and A. Philip Randolph, called for a "major commitment" to meet the urban crisis and prophesied that "anything less will mean disaster for our cities." But the Urban Coalition failed to convince either Congress or the President. Ironically, a Democratic President, implored by American business to increase federal spending to meet local needs, appealed instead to private industry to take greater responsibility for improving life in the ghetto.

THE COOPERATION of private enterprise with the present program of "patronage and police" (as it is known in the ghetto) has not resulted in much more than token improvement and is not likely to break the cycle of summer riots. Judging on the one hand by the preparations which have been under way for some time on the part of the local police, FBI and National Guard, and the United States Army, and on the other hand by threats and rumors from the black militants, the possibility of averting violence was ruled out long ago by both sides. Even before the news media began publishing the details, stories were already leaking out of ingenious devices for handling mobs. The alleged purchase of a hundred and fifty Stoner rifles by Detroit's suburbs, for instance, did nothing to allay the Negro community's growing suspicion of the local police or to reduce the wild talk of concentration camps and genocide circulating in the ghettos of the big cities. Capable of penetrating several feet of masonry, this weapon, as Negro spokesmen have pointed out, is no less deadly against women, children, and other innocent inhabitants of ghetto buildings.

There are other examples besides Detroit. The city of Miami recently passed a "stop and search" law and the top police official there has declared a get-tough policy to put down racial violence. In Washington, despite a plea for delay from the new city government, Congress pushed through an anti-crime bill which President Johnson promptly signed—though a year earlier he had vetoed similar legislation. In Chicago, the sheriff has deputized a large posse of civilians and is training them in the niceties of riot control.

On the other side, of course, are the evident preparations for violence within the ghetto communities. In New Haven local police arrested five men, four of them Negroes, on charges of plotting to dynamite New Haven's downtown public buildings. Two of the group have subsequently been convicted. In Philadelphia, according to John Harrington of the Police Fraternal Order, law officers uncovered potassium cyanide, stored by the Revolutionary Action Movement, sufficient to poison fifteen hundred men. Governor Romney, on the basis of a confidential report by the state police, warned the Michigan legislature that this year could bring an explosion that would make the Detroit riot look like a dress rehearsal. He said that Negro groups are "organized, trained, and armed for violence, riots, and civil guerrilla warfare. . . . These groups are using the latest method and means developed in Cuba, China, and Southeast Asia. Whites are also arming at an alarming rate to protect themselves." Richard Nixon, predicting that the United States can expect "racial war in the streets" next summer, has also declared that "Radicals are presently planning the destruction of public facilities and the bringing of great cities to their knees."

In three summers and a spring of Negro rioting, the number of militants must have increased greatly. The new black activists, followers of Frantz Fanon and Régis Debray, are not content to see Negroes merely act out their revolution in the destruction of their own communities at a safe distance from their adversary, and it seems reasonable to suppose that such militants have a far larger following today than ever before. Judging by what some of these people are saying, "Burn, Baby, Burn" no longer expresses their mood: for them, "Get Whitey" has become the more apt slogan. Colonel Robert B. Rigg, a professional in such matters, seems to think that urban America is now confronting an altogether new form of rebellion. Writing in the magazine *Army*, he warns: "We must plan now against the possibility of urban guerrilla warfare so serious that it would require sizable troop units on active duty for years." In his opinion, "metropolitan police have shown that they cannot cope with even disorganized violence on a large scale. Tomorrow police and National Guard units may not be able to cope with urban violence that is well organized." In the judgment of General Harold K. Johnson, Army Chief of Staff, tomorrow has apparently already arrived. He recently testified that the "active Army has seven task forces, each of brigade size, specifically earmarked and available for civil disturbance duty." Col. Rigg makes the following recommendation "for a preemptive" first move against the ghetto:

> Today's trend implies that very soon American troops will be maneuvering in metropolitan areas to an extent more than ever before imagined. *Possibly the sight of such maneuvers in several cities could prove a deterrent to urban insurrection. . . .*

It could also stimulate the very response which it presumes to forestall.

Thus, despite the efforts of federal law-enforcement agencies and of some local Negro groups to check the escalation of violence, preparations

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for even greater violence are being made. It is all too clear that this state of affairs reflects a breakdown in the orderly process of political reform and a gross lack of confidence between people and government. How this unexpected change in the domestic climate could have followed so quickly on the heels of the hopeful early 60's, and why it should have occurred under a liberal administration, are difficult matters to comprehend. Is Vietnam the cause, as both opponents and supporters of the war have frequently said? The reasoning here is that the administration could have been expected to carry on the tradition of New Deal reform had it not become bogged down in Vietnam; and since Congress will not support an adequately scaled attack on the problems of the central cities so long as the war continues, the domestic policies of the administration are not themselves responsible for the breakdown of the domestic liberal program.

This explanation draws support from the President's record on civil rights and welfare and from the fact that Johnson and many of his enthusiasts within the labor movement have often asserted that the nation can afford both guns and butter. (Congress, of course, has chosen to ignore this possibility, focusing instead on the problem of crime in the streets, government spending, and inflation: it knows as well as the administration that guns and butter would be possible only if the nation established war emergency controls—which neither the advocates of guns and butter, nor the public, would currently put up with.) Vietnam, seen thus as an inescapable obligation of foreign policy and a basic issue of national security, something aside from—indeed extraneous to—the administration's grand design for the Great Society, is responsible for the present impasse.

The Vice President adopted this perspective in a talk to the California Democrats. He asked them to unite behind the administration and look to the day when the shooting stops and the traditional differences between liberal and conservative would again assert themselves on the old familiar ground of New Deal reform. He was able to remind his listeners that military funds saved when the Korean war ended were not allocated to liberal causes: this will again be the case, he asserted, unless the Democrats are in power when the war comes to an end.

The Vice President, however, seems to take for granted that the framework of politics created by the New Deal is still viable. He ignores the fact that the referendum which Barry Goldwater insisted upon holding in 1964 gave overwhelming endorsement to the welfare state, removing that issue from the center of American politics. What the Vice President refuses to recognize, moreover, is that the Dixiecrat-Republican coalition has achieved its greatest strength under Johnson. In 1967, according to the *Congressional Quarterly*, the conservative coalition scored its best record in ten years, winning a total of thirty-seven out of the fifty times it went into operation; its next best record was in 1966 when it won on seventeen votes. And so far as foreign policy is concerned, no Republican has given us a better implementation of the conservative Dulles policy of massive retaliation than the liberal Johnson who sent half a million men into Vietnam in response to a dubious threat to an American destroyer in Tonkin Bay.

What has become clear since 1964 is that the primary source of American conservatism is no longer mainly the white supremacist Southerner, the fundamentalist nativist, and the provincial isolationist united with big business in opposition to the domestic reforms advocated by labor and the big-city coalition. On domestic issues like the needs of the cities and race relations, business—especially big business—has frequently shown itself at least as liberal as labor, while on the matter of welfare and price and wage controls (favored in the polls by a majority of the public), labor, no less than business, is a major stumbling block—to say nothing of labor's conservative stance on Vietnam.

The truth is that America's enormous world power has shifted the matrix of the liberal-conservative conflict from the domestic to the foreign scene. America's economy is overcommitted abroad and undercommitted at home because our politics make it so. The big question in America's political future is not whether domestic liberalism will be reinstated when the shooting in Vietnam stops, but rather when and where the shooting will start up again after it stops in Vietnam. For the likelihood is great (unless, of course, there is a fundamental change in American foreign policy going beyond a settlement of the Vietnam war) that just as Vietnam followed Korea, Laos or Cambodia, Greece or Formosa, Latin America or the Middle East will follow Vietnam. American conservatism now has its main base not in the Democratic or Republican party, but in a bi-partisan foreign policy which has set no discernible limits for itself and which has increasingly relied on military means to make up for political failures. Having ruled out total war, we have legitimized limited war and turn more and more to force of arms as an instrument of foreign policy.

NEVERTHELESS, opposition to the foreign policy which gave rise to Vietnam and the subsequent tragedies that must flow from Pax Americana does not in itself constitute a program around which a viable new liberal coalition can be built. There can be no revitalization of American liberalism without an honest regard for the urban problem—which is to say, above all else, the problems of nearly 22 million black Americans. This is not a new thing in American history.

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The vitality of the democratic spirit has often become a function of the interests of special groups: at one time the farmer, at another the industrialist, at yet another, the worker. Today the interests of the Negroes, the group standing in greatest need of social change, have become the main hope for a liberal America. This does not mean accepting everything that those who claim to speak for the Negro community demand. On the contrary, what is now required is a predominantly white movement which understands that the New Deal is no longer a realistic framework within which to strive for liberal goals.

In other words, the black community must be given a political alternative to its present choice between bondage to the old Democratic coalition whose bi-partisan conservatism on foreign policy has mortgaged domestic liberalism for years to come, and the suicidal nihilism of the black militants who would destroy all ties with white society. So far no opposition program to aid the cities has emerged among the Democrats that is significantly more liberal than the middle-of-the-road program of the administration; though McCarthy and Kennedy led a political rebellion against Johnson's Vietnam policy, only Kennedy has begun to show signs of doing the same with regard to Johnson's program for the cities. The black community cannot be expected to acquiesce in what both the Johnson administration and its liberal critics seem to be offering—namely, the Hubert Humphrey formula which sees the onward march of liberalism as the automatic by-product of the resolution of the Vietnam war and the retention of power by the Democrats. The sacrifices on these grounds that are being demanded of the Negro, who can afford them least, are not asked of labor nor of stockholders nor of taxpayers—for none of whom the Vietnam war, moral tragedy though it may be, has entailed any major hardship.

There are many reasons why the Negroes cannot accept this formula. Despite widespread declarations to the contrary, white political involvement in the cities has declined as the city has become more and more identified with the Negro. The white abandonment of the cities has created a great political vacuum, presently filled by exaggerated talk about black power on the one side and, on the other, by overblown accounts of the accomplishments of private enterprise and religious and civic groups which have served to obscure the lack of a white political commitment to force national action on a scale commensurate with the problems at issue. Politically, even labor has deserted the city. While labor has endorsed the 100-billion dollar "Freedom Budget," its real energies are concentrated on collective bargaining for its 14.5 million members, a declining fraction of the 75-million work force. A few unions acknowledge some obligation to the urban poor. Thus the UAW talks of revitalizing its CIO political tradition; yet apart from the creation of one more non-political agency, the "Crusade Against Poverty," it has done little on the national political level.

Perhaps the most important reason why the black community cannot rely upon the traditional commitment of the Democratic party to liberal reform is that the Democratic coalition now embraces not one but two of the most militant anti-Negro blocs: the Southern white segregationists and the Northern white working-class ethnic separatists. In short, party affiliation has become far less significant than other factors—such as whether one lives in the central city or the suburbs, and whether one belongs to a black community, a lower-income ethnic group, or to middle-class white society.

THE BLACK community, notwithstanding its growing social and political solidarity, has never been more desperate and never more isolated since Reconstruction days. It cannot by itself bring about real social change, nor can it on its own create a new coalition; it can only agitate for change. It thus tends to give at least silent sanction to those who agitate the loudest. As things now stand, those liberals—and they are mostly white—who take peace in Vietnam as the priority, and those, primarily black, who place the needs of the inner cities first, are politically isolated from each other; no segment of white society is seeking to mobilize the immense political power of the cities behind their common self-interest. Instead, law-enforcement agencies anticipate violence and are prepared with superior counter-violence: the political consequence is bound to be a further move to the Right—regardless of who are the Presidential candidates. To achieve a resurgence of liberalism, the liberal forces which have been concentrating wholly on Vietnam must now put political muscle behind a new program to galvanize hope for the cities, as they have done so successfully in relation to foreign policy. And just as they have done on Vietnam, they must break in this area too with a traditional liberalism which has become encrusted with racial conservatism. For it is in the cities that American liberalism, if it is not to succumb in our generation, will ultimately have to be saved.

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The Year 2000 and All That

Robert A. Nisbet

THE APPROACH OF the year 2000 is certain to be attended by a greater fanfare of predictions, prophecies, surmises, and forewarnings than any millennial year in history. In the past twelve months, at least four books on this subject have appeared, all of them concerned with the probable shape of American and world society in the year 2000.* How many articles have appeared I cannot even guess. But books and articles are in any event only the exposed part of the iceberg. There are today centers, institutes, and bureaus, not to mention specific commissions, whose principal business it is to forecast or predict the future. There is with us, in short, as part of the already huge knowledge industry, the historical-prediction business; and this business is certain to become ever larger, ever more ramified. Through every conceivable means—game theory, linear programming, systems analysis, cybernetics, even old-fashioned intuition or hunch—individuals and organizations are working systematically on what lies ahead during the next thirty-two years, and indeed during the century or two after that. Nor is this an American enterprise only. In France there is the *Futuribles* project under the distinguished direction of Bertrand de Jouvenel. In England, the Social Science Research Council has established the Committee on the Next Thirty Years. There will be other forays into the future, in this country and abroad, for the lure of the game is spreading fast. An official of the State Department's Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs, Frank Snowden Hopkins, has already proposed the organization of an institute in which "rising young government administrators would each year spend some nine or ten months . . . studying the American future in all its aspects," to which one can only say, nice work if you can find it—the future, that is.

Why the fascination with the future at a time when so many of us are preoccupied with the roots of our not always clear cultural identity? Daniel Bell, whose knowledge of what is going on in this matter is vast, suggests two rather different forces operating in human consciousness today. There is, first, the magic of the millennial number. Men have always been attracted, Bell reminds us, to the mystical allure of the *chiloi*, the Greek word for a thousand, from which we acquire our religious word *chiliasm*, the belief in a coming life free of imperfections.

There is, certainly, no question of the power of the *chiloi* on the human, especially Western, consciousness. As Professor Bell notes, Plato, in the Myth of Er with which he concludes *The Republic*, foretold that departed souls would return to earth after spending a thousand years in the netherworld. And there were widespread expectations in the early Christian era of a Second Coming at the end of a thousand-year period. To which we might add that St. Augustine, although he was much too shrewd to assign a precise date for the ending of the world, seems to have been convinced that the inevitable holocaust would take place approximately a half a millennium after his time, which would have put it at about 1000 A.D.

(It is worth observing parenthetically that the fire which Augustine foresaw as eventually consuming the world has, in addition to Stoic intellectual roots, a certain flavor of Caltech modernity. We are told in *The Next Ninety Years* by Norman Brooks, Professor of Engineering at Caltech, that one of the prime dangers faced by contemporary society is "thermal pollution," the discharge of heat generated by technology. Professor Brooks estimates that the total amount of heat generated in Los Angeles alone is now 3 per cent of the incident solar radiation. And, independently, we are informed by two Rutgers scientists that at present rates of discharge of heat into American rivers "some of the rivers could reach their boiling point by 1980 and

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* *Toward the Year 2000: Work in Progress.* This is a special issue of *Daedalus* reporting the first study papers and proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences' Commission on the Year 2000, of which Daniel Bell is chairman. *The Year 2000*, by Herman Kahn and Anthony J. Wiener (Macmillan, 1967); *The Next Ninety Years* (California Institute of Technology, 1967); *The Most Probable World*, by Stuart Chase; (Harper and Row, 1968). In these books are represented some of the foremost minds today working in the sciences, physical and social.

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even evaporate by 2010." Here, surely, amid all the plights of modern man, is the most exasperating. The hotter our technology makes the atmosphere, the more we will use air-conditioning machinery to cool it, which means—under the unrepealable second law of thermodynamics—the more heat.)

By the late 17th century, Western philosophers, noting that the earth's frame had still not been consumed by Augustinian holocaust, took a kind of politician's courage in the fact, and declared bravely that the world was *never* going to end (Descartes, it seems, had proved this) and that mankind was going to become ever more knowledgeable and, who knows, progressively happy. Now, of a sudden, the year 2000 became the object of philosophical speculation. One of the more charming manifestations of this in the 18th century was a play, *L'An 2000*, written by the bohemian man of letters Restif de la Bretonne, which has been described as a heroic comedy representing how marriages would be arranged in the year 2000, at which time some twenty nations would be allied to France under the wise supremacy of "our well-beloved monarch Louis François XXII." (I almost wrote Charles de Gaulle.) A few years earlier Sébastien Mercier had written a small volume, much read and discussed, titled *L'An 2440*, in which a more or less ideal future is limned, one that we have no difficulty seeing as an extension into the future of economic, political, and intellectual "trends" that no doubt seemed as real to Mercier as current "trends" do to us at the present time.

It would not do, while still on the millennial magic of the year 2000, to forget the redoubtable Edward Bellamy in this country. His *Looking Backwards*, which deals with life as it might be expected to be in the year 2000, has just reappeared in a new edition by Harvard University Press, and has a splendid introduction by its editor, John L. Thomas. Considering the immense appeal that this book exerted for years on the minds of American citizens, politicians, and business men, it can be regarded as one more example of the occasional superiority of the "soft data" of ideas and fancies over the "hard data" of demography in shaping the future.

II

THE SECOND REASON Daniel Bell gives for the recent upsurge of interest in the forecasting of the future is technology. As he writes, there is in our society a kind of "bewitchment of technology." So many other matters have been settled by technology, so much of space —including planetary—has been conquered by technology, why should not the the marvelous skills of the computer conquer time by providing us with increasingly accurate glimpses of the future? As Bell puts it, "the possibility of prediction, the promise of technological wizardry, and the idea of a millennial turning point make an irresistible combination." There is no question of this.

What is in question, however, is whether the marvels of electronic technology, cybernetics, linear programming, systems analysis, game theory, and the like, do add anything, *can* add anything to our success in an enterprise that is at least two hundred years old in the West: the serious, conscious business of predicting the future by observation of real or imagined continuities of event, change, and circumstance in time.

The wizardry of contemporary technology notwithstanding, the essential and lasting methodology of future-predicting was set forth in the early 18th century by the great Leibniz. One sentence, taken from his "Principles of Nature and of Grace," will suffice to express the crucial elements of Leibniz's law of continuity: *The present is big with the future, the future might be read in the past, the distant is expressed in the near.*

I will come back in a moment to some of the premises and assumptions of Leibniz's law, for they are vital to our belief that predicting and forecasting are possible. For the moment, however, I want only to stress the fact that not all the marvels of computer technology and related devices have in any way supplanted our reliance upon this profound, if questionable, Leibnizian view of the relation among past, present, and future. Either the future *does* lie in the present, and hence is subject to observation through dissection, or it does not. And if it does not, all the computers and systems analysis and linear programming in the world will not help us. For it is sheer delusion to suppose that anything short of H. G. Wells's Time Machine can in fact get us into the future, as technology gets us across space to the moon.

For at least a couple of centuries, the essential meaning of Leibniz's law of historical continuity has been axiomatic in Western thought. It has been the basis of all that we call philosophy of history and social developmentalism. From it has come the widely accepted notion that there *is* an entity called civilization or culture, that this entity obeys certain immanent principles of growth in time, that the continuity of time is roughly the same as the continuity of this growth, that past, present, and future have not merely a chronological relation but a *genetic* relation, and that through sufficient study of the past and the present it is possible to foresee the future simply by extending or extrapolating ongoing processes.

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This is precisely the mode of investigation, the framework of analysis, that we find in such titans of the 19th century as Comte, Hegel, Marx, and Spencer. One and all they were operating in terms of Leibnizian assumptions about the genetic relation of past, present, and future. We call them philosophers of history. But they could as properly be called future-predicters. For, it was not antiquarianism or preoccupation with the present that generated the works of these individuals. Obviously, they were interested in the past and present—and provided their readers with a great deal of enlightenment about past and present, just as do our Herman Kahns and Stuart Chases today—but the motivating interest was the shape of the future. The vision of future society, organized around the trinity of scientist, statesman, and industrialist, that Comte gave us in his *The Positive Polity* was far from being simple, speculative utopianism. It was a vision, in its root essentials, formed of projections of trends and tendencies that Comte supposed (and not without much reason) to be sovereign in his present and the recent past. Marx spent decades in the British Museum studying economic history—of England chiefly—not because he was enamored of English economic life but because, under Leibnizian assumptions that he no more questioned than had Comte, he discerned something called "capitalism," something that was universal in type, actual or potential, and that would, he thought, obey laws of development which if correctly identified and clearly understood would make prediction of the future as scientifically unassailable as prediction of the movements of the earth around the sun. Marx and Engels, as we know, attacked the problem in two ways: *genetically*, by assessment of "iron" trends extending from past to present and, therefore, into the future; *analytically*, by study of the forces at hand, such as capitalism's supposed internal contradictions. The first gave overview; the second insight into mechanisms of change. Both, for Marx, were essential to the business of future-predicting.

There is no need of elaborating this. It is enough to stress that what Comte and Marx were engaged in exemplifies perfectly what other philosophers of history down to Spengler, Toynbee, and Sorokin (whose recent death took from us a mind matchless in this century for breadth of historical learning and insight) have been engaged in: prediction of the future in terms of extrapolation of discerned tendencies or trends in the present and recent past.

Nor are matters very different today. As one reads such a book as Herman Kahn's and Anthony Wiener's, *The Year 2000*, or their account in the *Daedalus* issue of the nature of their enterprise at the Hudson Institute, one has—if he has read the 19th-century philosophers of history mentioned above—almost the feeling of *déjà vu*. I would be the last to disparage anything simply because it has been done before, or because it exists in a line of like enterprises over a period of several centuries. The trouble is, there are so many references of a "hard data" sort, so many allusions throughout the contemporary literature on the future to all the puncture-proof, self-sealing devices of models, programming, and systems, that the unwary reader may be deceived into thinking that projections and forecasts of the future have the same secure relation to these devices that our accounting systems, traffic controls, and market analyses do. It would really be a shabby trick if we somehow left the inference around, to be picked up by the public, that computers and systems-analysts *do* look into the future in ways that were denied to a Tocqueville or a Marx.

"At the Hudson Institute," Herman Kahn writes, "we have used three interrelated devices to facilitate making systematic conjectures about the future." I will paraphrase the description of the "devices." *First*, the Institute identifies "those long-term trends that seem likely to continue," such trends as secular humanism, institutionalization of scientific and technological innovation, and steady economic growth. *Second*, the Institute personnel "cluster significant events by thirty-three year intervals, starting with 1900." The purpose of this, we are informed with a straight face—though come to think of it, it may be deadpan—is to see which combinations give rise to new clusters, and to identify "emergent properties." *Third*, the Institute constructs "significant baselines, statistical where possible, to project key variables in society—population, literacy, GNP, energy sources, military strength, and the like."

I WILL NOT GO into all the details that fill a four hundred-page book about what the future may be expected to look like. Suffice it to say that, cast in the terminology much favored by our "hard data" brethren in the social sciences today—"surprise-free projections," minimum versus maximum assumptions, "canonical variations," and the like—we have what turns out to be the by now familiar forecast of impending proliferation of bourgeois, bureaucratic, and democratic elites; continued accumulation of scientific and technological knowledge; worldwide industrialization; increasing affluence, urbanization, literacy, and education; increased capability for mass destruction; increasing tempo of change; and, capping this edifying assemblage, "the increasing universality of these trends."

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Or take the indefatigable Stuart Chase. Obviously, he assures us solemnly, "this present book is not in the Utopian tradition . . . It takes a hardheaded look at ten current trends, all deriving from science since Galileo, and then attempts to project them into the next few decades, say to the year 2000." Mr. Chase admits that he is compelled to use his imagination like any writer of Utopias, "but there is very little that is imaginative about the description of the trends." No, indeed. Perish the thought. Let no contemporary apostle of the hardheaded look be thought guilty of imagination when there are computers and linear programmers to transpose old-fashioned imagination and guesswork into hard science. After all, look at the remarkable predictions regarding the course of events in Vietnam that the hardheaded Secretary McNamara furnished us with through the wizardry of technology.

Let me now state two equally important points: (1) contemporary forays into the future are no better, and generally worse, *ceteris paribus,* than the forays into the future that our great grandfathers—Tocqueville, Comte, Marx, *et al*—made; (2) the only real utility of these fast accumulating reports and books on the future is the often enlightening, generally informative, sometimes brilliant perceptions they contain about the *present.* No doubt this point alone makes "future-predicting" worthwhile, for there is nothing like an assignment to gaze into the future for sharpening one's awareness of what lies around him in the present.

IT IS IN these terms that the *Daedalus* volume and the Caltech symposium are especially fascinating and worthwhile. Why shouldn't they be, given some of the participants: in the first-named, Daniel Bell, Karl Deutsch, Theodosius Dobzhansky, Erik Erikson, Fred Iklé, Ernst Mayr, Wassily Leontief, Wilbert Moore, Roger Revelle, David Riesman, Herman Kahn—these are but a few; and in the Caltech symposium, Harrison Brown, James Bonner, J. George Harrar, Norman Brooks, John Weir, Thayer Scudder, Athelstan Spilhaus.

What we have in these two volumes is a great deal that is important to know about *present* conditions, *present* structures, and *present* rates and their apparent relation to the recent past. We have much speculation about what the future might be, we have a good deal about historical "trends," and of course vast amounts of material on rates: birth rates, death rates, production rates, rates of air miles flown, entries into the national parks, investment rates, rates of just about everything in any way amenable to quantity-statement.

Reading all of these volumes, we can thrill with repressed horror at the thought of the mantle of too too solid flesh that will one day cover the earth (a mantle that the physicist-population expert, Sir Charles Darwin, once told an audience, much in the manner of the old fashioned temperance lecture, would reach, present rates continuing, one mile in height by the year 3500, or was it 2500?). One can feel his toes trampled on as he reads that by the year 2000 there will be two people for every foot of waterline in the U.S. One can hypnotize himself into a state of driver-fury by merely reading about the 250 million automobiles (we now have about 59 million) on American streets and highways. The thought of 225 billion passenger miles to be flown by the airlines in the year 2000, in contrast to a 1960 figure of 35 billion, is enough to keep everyone home, which would indeed be a change. But change is not, alas, what these books are predicting; they are only extrapolating present rates, many of which remind one of a mad physiologist predicting giants at age twenty on the basis of growth rates at age ten.

ONLY THE unwary will be deluded into thinking that any of this is in fact the future. There have been statistician-soothsayers, I am certain, in all ages. In ancient Egypt there must have been such individuals to compute the number of pyramids there would be on the earth two thousand years later; before that someone to compute the number of pterodactyls; after that, to compute the number of knights on horseback, wayfarer chapels, not to mention witches. It is a great game for the statistically-minded (like predictions year by year in the Pentagon of that infinitesimally small chunk of time represented by our engagement in Vietnam), and, as I say, I do not for a moment disparage it. It tells us about the present.

But to pretend, as many will pretend, that we are being treated to a look into the future —a look that is "hardheaded," that is technologically beyond what lay in the capacity of a Marx or Spencer—is to pretend nonsense. We do not even, apparently, have it in our technological power to make "predictions" that will themselves remain steady within the computer-priesthood for more than the shortest periods of time. Thus, when Daniel Bell opened one of his sessions by referring to the quite recent Rand projections of what the year 2000 would be like, he was promptly counter-punched by Fred Iklé with the horrendous disclosure that Rand predictions "already look a little foolish"; that among other inaccuracies, the population of the world will be "seven or eight billion" by that year instead of the "five billion" projected by Rand. Well, one could, of course,

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write quite an essay, if he were sufficiently bad-tempered, about the predictions made, the *hard data* predictions, during my short lifetime by the demographers.

III

LET ME BE very clear. I am not finding fault with, much less depreciating or scoffing at what demographers and other statistical analysts do by way of explicating the world we live in, its structures, processes, and rates. It is indeed important to know sometimes *how* big "big" is, *how* fast "fast" is. These activities are valuable, as are the technological devices that today accompany and reinforce them. They will not, however, (and Daniel Bell makes this point in one of the frequent observations—aloof but committed, skeptical but engaged—with which he interlards the proceedings in *Daedalus*) supplant speculation, raw speculation, when it comes to predictions that go more than a very very short time from the immediate present.

And the reason for this—I now go back to the Leibnizian law of continuity which remains as powerful today in its impact upon future-predicters as it did in the 18th and 19th centuries—the ineffaceable, unconquerable reason for this is that the present is *not* big with the future. Nor, let it be well understood, was the past ever big with what is now the present. We are confusing continuity of chronology with continuity of circumstance and event. We are mistaking our metaphoric reconstructions of the past, by which we assauge the pain of need for temporal order, for causal connection.

In the 18th century a distinguished physical philosopher (Laplace, I believe it was), declared that if he could but know *everything* in the present—every thought, motive, reflex, need, etc.—he could with ease and accuracy predict *everything* in the future. The surface plausibility of this is matched only by its lurking naivete. Since it is precisely the kind of naivete that reigns today, however, I do not apologize for introducing it. Nothing, I assume, could seem more certain to the individual for whom reality consists of the hard data of atoms, molecules, reflexes, social-security numbers, and the like than that absolute knowledge of the hard data of the present should yield—properly processed in the machines—knowledge of the future. But it won't and it never will. And the reason, I repeat, is that the present does not contain the future, the far is not to be found in the near, nor was our present ever contained in the past. Not if what we are concerned with is *change*.

True, institutions, structures, established ways of behavior, will extend themselves into the future just as geographic terrain will. There will be, barring catastrophe or the appearance of the Genius, or the Prophet, or the Maniac, or the Random Event, technology, schools, kinship systems, magazines like COMMENTARY, and so on. This is safe predicting, for all we are predicting is persistence. And I do not depreciate this, for we would be a lot farther along in our understanding of the actual dynamics of change if there were real understanding, real *acceptance*, in the theoretical terms of social science, of the phenomena of stability and persistence of ways of social behavior. Wilbert Moore, in a wise utterance in the *Daedalus* issue, calls attention to our typical exaggeration of change in society and to our common confusion of change—actual, significant change—with mere motion, activity, and movement.

For some reason it is difficult to discuss stability and fixity with most social scientists. They do not believe in it. I am invariably told, gently, condescendingly, that what I mistake for *hard, unchanging persistence in time is my in*ability to discern the actual changes—subterranean, microscopic—that go on incessantly, in the form of minute adaptations, conflicts, stresses, and strains which in the long view might be seen to be as directional and cumulative as the infinitesimal variations studied by the geneticist. But conflicts, stresses, and strains do not by any means bespeak change; all they can confidently be said to be are—conflicts, stresses, and strains! It is remarkable, as Lewis Coser has shown us in his classic study of the functions of social conflict, how much conflict actually turns out to be not merely containable within social structures but actually supportive of such structures. How many billions of role tensions and conflicts there have been in the long history of Western kinship it would be impossible to guess; but changes, basic, fundamental changes, in kinship structure in the West have been few and far between, and these changes have clearly had far more to do with the external and adventitious impacts of the Random Event, the Prophet, the Genius, and the Maniac in history than with any accumulation of minute role—or status—changes within the *kinship* system or with what are generally called trends of change in society.

"Trends" are particularly suspect. A trend, the dictionary tells us, is the general direction taken by a stream, a shoreline, etc.; it is an underlying or prevailing tendency or inclination. These are all tempting words for the historian or predicter of societal development. How easy it is, as we look back over the past—that is, of course, the "past" that has been selected for us by historians and social scientists—to see in it trends and tendencies that appear to possess the iron necessity and clear directionality of growth

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in a plant or organism. We think of these "trends" as cumulative movements, as genetic sequences, as actually *causal.* We forget that they are, one and all, *a posteriori* constructs, frequently metaphoric in character, always *post hoc, propter hoc.*

But the relation among past, present, and future is chronological, not causal. As one looks at the various sequences of events—"clusters," as Herman Kahn calls them—there is not a sequence or linkage that would not make just as much sense in causal terms were it in fact the obverse, were it any one of the literally hundreds of "patterns" that events and changes might as easily—and, in causal or genetic terms as "rationally," "logically"—have taken.

What Emile Durkheim wrote on all this is profound and, obviously, still relevant: It is said, writes Durkheim, "that history has for its object precisely the linking of events in their order of succession. But it is impossible to conceive how the stage which a civilization has reached at a given moment could be the determining cause of the subsequent stage. *The stages that humanity successively traverses do not engender one another.*

"All that we can observe experimentally . . . is a series of changes among which a causal bond does not exist. *The antecedent stage does not produce the subsequent one, but the relation between them is exclusively chronological.* Under these circumstances all scientific prevision is impossible." (Italics added.) *Pace* Marx, Comte, Spengler, Toynbee, and, with them, any of those currently concerned with the year 2000 who might believe that sufficiently intensive analysis of the present will yield knowledge of future change.

THAT ONE CAN, through religious or philosophical metaphor, summarize, encapsulate, on the basis of skillful selection of a few events and changes from the past, is not to be doubted; that one can form in his mind, through this type of selection and through one or another metaphor, "trends" that have vivid meaning to his mind is not to be doubted either. We may with Tocqueville see Western history in the terms of a leveling that sweeps away all class differences; with Marx we may see the same Western history in terms of class conflict that sweeps away all equalities. Or we may see history in terms of magnification of power, rationalization of power, emancipation from power. All of these are philosophical constructions with which we seek to impose meaning upon the essentially meaningless. To confuse "trends," whether Marx's, Tocqueville's, Stuart Chase's, or Herman Kahn's, with processes that have in fact genetic continuity and causal connection in time is, however, to take the metaphor of growth much too seriously in its application to human behavior in time. The hypothesis of growth is useful only in the understanding of entities that do actually grow and develop—such as plants and organisms—and for all else it is either naive or dangerous.

As one who enjoys an occasional roll of the dice at Las Vegas, I have a model of change in time that seems to me much better than models drawn from organic growth. My model is based on what happens with the throw of the dice. I may, in a given evening, fancy all manner of trends and tendencies present in my dice-throwing. Hypnotized occasionally by either surpassing good luck or bad luck, I may imagine the existence of continuities too extraordinary to be explained by chance. Such continuities can even seem genetic. But my good sense usually comes quickly to the rescue. I know that such continuities are random and chronological, not causal. Even if I were to throw twenty naturals in succession I would know that no genetic trend existed; only that the laws of probability had been stretched. I would know that twenty or a hundred naturals would not, either in the experience or in retrospect, have, in their unbroken succession, the slightest influence upon what the next throw would yield. To predict anything on the basis of my five or twenty naturals in succession would be, plainly, impossible.

Could we therefore predict nothing? Not at all. We could confidently predict that the dice game would go on and on (we could make this prediction on the basis of surprise-free assumptions with, I should think, quite a high coefficient of probability), that the gambling casino would also go on and on, that Las Vegas would continue to sprawl ever farther out into the desert (just as the pyramids once went sprawling over the Egyptian desert), and that the number of Americans visiting Las Vegas, at present annual rates of increase, would by A.D. 2100 reach the point where there would be twenty-eight little old ladies in front of each slot machine in contrast to the two invariably there now.

Somehow this kind of predicting isn't very exciting once your hopes have been raised by apparent continuities of the dice, but it is still prediction, isn't it?, and it is the kind of prediction, like it or not, that you will get in books on the year 2000.

The crucial point, though, is this: What is significantly different and novel about American society in 1968 did not "grow out of" American society of 1868, fond though we may be of the lovely, thought-narcotizing metaphor of growth with all its comfortable words regard-

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ing genetic continuity, trends, causality, and the like. (One of the *Daedalus* participants observes that what is new and vital in science today—that is, what has *changed* in time—could not possibly have been predicted a generation ago. Of course not. What is manifest today was not then latent, was not "in" the science of that time. Why should matters be different elsewhere in culture?) True, a really surprising amount of what existed in 1868 is with us still, and it is this similarity that leads us to think of it all in terms of growth and continuity of change. But it is not continuity of change that has operated; only continuity in the sense of continuity of the river's *bed*, that is, persistence of the unchanging or the only slightly and infrequently changed. This is continuity too, but not the kind that is summarized in visions of trends and tendencies.

LET US BE clear on two points. (1) Events do not marry and have little events that grow into big events which in turn marry and have little events, etc.; (2) small social changes do not accumulate directionally and continuously to become big changes. We pretend in our histories and sociologies that such is the case, but it is all *a posteriori*, suffers badly from an affliction known as the pathetic fallacy, and does more to assuage the pain of intellectual disorder than it does to throw light on the actual processes of social change. Yes, the theory of natural selection might also be called *a posteriori* and poor in predictive power, but somehow the evolutionary biologist has been more successful at linking micro-changes in their additive and cumulative succession to macro-changes of speciation than we in the social sciences have (or ever will!).

And, of course, the biologist doesn't have to deal as we have to with the Random Event, the Maniac, the Prophet, and the Genius. Maybe there are equivalents in the timeless, structureless, typeless world of the biologist's "population thinking," but I doubt it.

It is very different with studies of change in human society. Here the Random Event, the Maniac, the Prophet, and the Genius have to be reckoned with. We have absolutely no way of escaping them. The future-predicters don't suggest that we can avoid or escape them—or ever be able to predict or forecast them. What the future-predicters, the change-analysts, and trend-tenders say in effect is that with the aid of institute resources, computers, linear programming, etc. they will deal with the kinds of change that are *not* the consequence of the Random Event, the Genius, the Maniac, and the Prophet.

To which I can only say: there really aren't any; not any worth looking at anyhow.

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Baldwin: The Prophet As Artist

John Thompson

JAMES BALDWIN's new novel, *Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone*,* arrives at a crucial moment with a new installment of that expert testimony his fiction and his essays have given us for more than twenty years on the relations of black Americans and white Americans. Like everything Baldwin writes, it is beautifully formed. The mind that tells us this story wishes us to understand, to see clearly; so that we may do this, we must for certain periods be involved emotionally, we must be perhaps confused or left in suspense for certain periods, but we can be sure that this mind will resolve these matters for us. Baldwin's essays are models of exposition. Fiction, of course, is not based on logical deployment; yet in this novel, from its first dramatic sentence and throughout its many shifts of time and locale, a strong intelligence holds each of the elements in place—in a place, in a form, that keeps each scene alive in our memory as we read. The story, in itself straightforward and clear, is told in the way that seems to appeal most to our modern kind of narrative interest, so similar in many ways to the oldest kind we know, the epic, beginning in the middle and then working back and forth—yet having, truly, a beginning and a middle and an end.

The voice that tells us this story is entirely at the service of the mind that wishes us to understand. Baldwin's language from his first writings has been distinguished. Precise, well-ordered, very sophisticated, it could describe extreme experiences with chill casualness, and apparently trivial experiences with a simple but effective use of extreme language that conveyed the underlying importance of the apparently trivial. In *Notes of a Native Son*, he can sum up a matter of the greatest importance thus: "The story of my childhood is the usual bleak fantasy, and we can dismiss it with the restrained observation that I certainly would not consider living it again." The hero of the new novel observes two black laborers, strangers to him: "They were drinking rye and water. The darker one was laughing and talking—easily and slowly, even intimately, but absolutely onstage. The light had hit him early—that unspeakable light; he would be onstage until the day he died. And the proof of his authority was that the young one, uneasily, chuckled, with his head down."

The material of *Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone* is not sensational in itself. In a particular and important way, violence is ever present and very important in the book, but there is no relishing of it, no gory details. Still, the material is that of our present great social crisis; and I suppose we had better consider that crisis for a moment, not in order to inform you of anything you don't know, but to consider certain views which must affect a view of Baldwin's book.

His book of course does inform us, will inform everyone who reads it, but not with the kind of information that will really affect the crisis. This is a book filled with powerful protest, with hatred even, but it is not what Baldwin called, years ago, an example of "Everybody's Protest Novel." Baldwin has changed a lot since those days, no doubt he knows a great deal more about the difficulties of doing what he seemed to be advising Richard Wright to do rather than to protest—to accept, to understand, so that he might not, like the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, be forced "to depend on the description of brutality—unmotivated, senseless—and to leave unanswered and unnoticed the only important question: what it was, after all, that moved her people to such deeds."

The author of *Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone* is concerned with what moves his people. He is able to show us what moves them, on the very deepest levels. The fear and hate and the profound love that move his characters will also, I believe, be "moving" to any reader. Baldwin avoids melodrama, but he seizes again and again on the simple basic human relations of child and parent, male and female, friend and lover, that give us whatever our hearts have of human emotion. This is a very important thing to do; but it will not, it cannot, be of much use in the current crisis.

Because whether or not those of us who are "white" Americans understand "black" Americans makes no difference whatsoever now. Our future will surely be decided without understanding. Those who rule America do not understand themselves, they do not understand those they rule, and if they did understand either themselves or those they rule, they would be incapable of ruling. Much the same thing could be said of black Americans, or of our millions of other poor Americans: if they understood themselves, they would be incapable of being ruled.

SHOULD IT happen that the very rich (or those who conduct their affairs for them) decide that they must count the blacks in, as hitherto they have decided that the blacks must be counted out, then the blacks will be in, whether, by that time, they like it or not. The rich will decide to make it possible to enrich themselves further by manipulating the tax and finance structure of the country so that investment in jobs, housing, education, medical care, and transportation for the poor will make money. Should they decide this, it will not

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be because they understand that black Americans are human too. It will be because of earlier decisions they made, equally without understanding. Some years ago they decided to collectivize and mechanize agriculture, thus driving uncounted millions of farm workers into the cities. The uncalculated result is that poor black people are now in the position of being able to seize political control of the cities. They will do this, sooner or later, unless the rich decide to take them into the community. Our leaders have stocked our cities with majorities who at present have nothing to gain from remaining passive and nothing but their lives to lose by taking violent action. Soon, perhaps this summer, or perhaps later when our war against Vietnam is over, they will realize this.

No view of our crisis can avoid prophecy, even the most uninstructed kind. My own is that there will be serious uprisings, including widespread seizures of public and private buildings; that if, as seems likely, these are repressed with violence rather than allowed to peter out, there will be major riots; and the riots will be repressed. Our government is extremely powerful. Black Americans are easier to confine than the Vietcong, for one tragic reason, that they are identifiable at sight. Yet it does not seem likely that prolonged direct repression—a police state—could work now. Too many people would oppose it. And it is hard to believe that those who at last gave in to the understanding that a majority of Americans have repudiated our cruel folly in Vietnam would find the heart to launch a new and open onslaught on the American poor. Either our system of government will change completely, or those poor will soon vote themselves into control of the cities. Then the rich will have to see that things must be done if they wish to remain rich. It will not be the millennium. But there is no reason why our black citizens cannot reach at least the status won by organized labor—and then, given the spirit, the style of life, of our university youths and its inevitable influence, there is no reason why blacks cannot be members of the community. Many of them will not want it; it will have been by their not wanting it, finally, that they will get it. Perhaps they will even see then that in our kind of community nobody really belongs, in the sense that people do in more unified cultures. In a competitive, atomized, and thus "free" society like ours, we are all outside. We grow fat, some of us, but there is no social feast. Racism, of course, has been among other things one of the ways that some of us have deluded ourselves into thinking we had a community. But racism is now as empty of real conviction as religion or patriotism—even if it can, like patriotism, and like religion, still commit vast murders for its own sake. We are now killing people because some of our leaders are unable to stop believing that these people are Communists. But this will stop and we will have to find other reasons for killing people, just as Christians had to do when the heart went out of what had seemed to them their crusade for eternity.

Thus, although much of the worst is still to come, I think the heart has gone out of racism; and under the surface of Baldwin's novel, I think, he is saying this too. The book is also a deeply personal statement of how Baldwin recognizes that he has driven himself to the dreadful eminence of being representative.

THE HERO and narrator of *Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone* is a very successful actor named Leo Proudhammer. As the story begins, he is thirty-nine years old, at the height of his career, and he is being stricken by a heart attack. As he lies in the hospital, he recalls his childhood in Harlem, his loving mother, his fierce, tragic father, his adored older brother Caleb; he recalls his struggles as a youth, his love affair with a white girl, who, like Leo, goes on to become a great figure on the stage; and his black lover, Christopher. Basically, the story is of Leo Proudhammer's struggle to become what he regards as a man. To him, a man is someone who can protect those he loves—who can allow his woman to have children in safety, and can help his sons to become men. This, he says, has been all but impossible for black Americans.

I don't expect that I can make any summary of this position that could be acceptable to black people. But as I understand it, Baldwin's story tells me that white society has forced black men to withdraw into impotent rage, like Leo's father; or into a totally-armored religiosity, like his brother Caleb; into crime; into irresponsibility; or very often it has simply and literally murdered them. The police in this book—although, as I said, there are no pieces of melodrama in it—are a constant and genuine danger to every black person. Black people can be humiliated, beaten, or simply killed with no redress at all. White Americans of good will have always and blindly found this difficult to believe. Now it is easier to understand, now that our own sons and daughters are being assaulted by the blackjacks and clubs of these same police. We never understand anything until it happens to us—until, that is, it is too late.

Thus for generations, black Americans had to live somewhat as all enlisted men have to live in the caste system of our American army. They live in constant danger, since their very existence in this system is a threat to the ruling caste—and defines that class, so that at the same time, they are necessary to it, to do the dirty work and, by their exclusion, to make the Officers' Club possess value. Denied responsibility, they cultivate the virtues of the irresponsible, and pride themselves on their superior sense of reality, on their spontaneity, on the genuineness of their personal relations as opposed to the class values of their rulers. Their language is a code of jargon and obscenity and the key to the code is hatred. It is a self-perpetuating system.

BUT NOW many black Americans, in one way or another, have denied this code. To do this can be extremely dangerous, in a country like this where it is very hard to grow up—where, for all of us, to become a man may well mean that one must with terrifying directness strike out against whatever it was we had for a father. The danger

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for black men of course is not only internal but external. A black man can still be killed—with impunity—for refusing to act like a child. Baldwin's hero, at dreadful cost to himself, and to those around him, became a man. This is why he is so much loved by those who have survived or by those he has later drawn to him. (Because of the personal allegory involved in this story, perhaps some may find these expressions of love, and the power of the hero to attract them, excessive or even unseemly. But they are necessary to the tale and to its meaning, and I find them convincing.)

I realize that I have not given more than a very slight account of what is in this book, but I intend this review not to serve, as reviews so often do, as a way of not reading the book. You will probably want to read this one for yourself. *Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone* is a masterpiece by one of the best living writers in America. Which is not to say, naturally, that it will comfort or cheer you much. Very often, unless you are much different from me, the book will move you to tears.

At the end, Leo Proudhammer leaves the hospital with his young protégé and lover, "black Christopher." This ending is summary, visionary, and perhaps more convincing as personal allegory than as the resolution of a complicated fiction. Yet this too I found moving. Proudhammer, out of it now by his age and his illness, sees the new young and their dangerous mission:

> "If you don't want me to keep going under the feet of horses," Christopher said, now with his dreadful distinctness, his muffled urgency, "and *I* know that you love me and you don't want no blood on my hands—dig—but if you don't want me to keep on going under the feet of horses, then I think you got to agree that we need us some guns. Right?"
>
> "Yes," I said. "I see that." He parked the car. I looked out over the water. There was a terrible weight on my heart—for a moment I was afraid that I was about to collapse again. I watched his black proud profile. "But we're outnumbered, you know."
>
> He laughed, and turned off the motor. "Shit. So were the early Christians."

TV Specials

Neil Compton

According to Robert Jay Lifton, the 20th century is fostering a new breed of human beings whose dispositions are so indeterminate that such old-fashioned terms as "character" or "personality," with their implications of stability and continuity, can no longer be invoked to describe them. Appropriately, the article in which he heralds the arrival of "Protean Man" appeared in *Partisan Review* (Winter 1968)—that onetime monolith of liberal-left orthodoxy which is now somewhat protean itself.

Lifton attributes this momentous and almost universal (i.e., not purely Western) mutation to two main causes—the dislocation of history (or psycho-history), which has cut men off from the past, including their own youth; and the new media of communication, which inundate everyone in a seemingly limitless flood of novel and fragmented images from a thousand cultural traditions, past and present. Contrary to received opinion, the new man does not find his successive shifts of role a strain. As Lifton points out, the mythical Proteus was able to change form only too easily: What was hard was getting him to commit himself to a single form long enough to utter a prophecy. The article goes on to discuss the protean heroes of novels by Sartre, Bellow, and Günter Grass, and coins a marvelous phrase to describe their common style—polymorphous versatility. Such men characteristically (if I dare use so archaic a term) perceive the world in terms of absurdity. Their favorite mode is mockery.

I must apologize for leading off with so blatant a piece of intellectual appropriation, but I came across the article just as I was contemplating some rather protean features of television, and the parallel between Lifton's man and his quintessential medium seemed too apt to ignore. Although, as a popular art, television is in some respects extremely conservative—Westerns, quiz-shows, and situation comedies we shall surely have always with us—in other respects it is amazingly oversensitive to minor shifts in the intellectual and social climate.

Since I began, less than three years ago, to keep an eye on what the major American networks were up to, I have seen nearly all the hawkish TV newsmen turn into at least off-white doves; the Saturday-morning children's cartoons, which used to be oases of wit and sophistication in a desert of mediocrity, have given way to crudely drawn and morally repellent pseudo-scientific space fantasies (many of them produced north of the Canadian border, thus undermining the attitude of supercilious superiority with which Canadians tend to regard the American media); teen-age rock shows, camp, and Batman have risen and fallen from favor; and drama has returned to the schedules after years of near-exile from prime time. Most improbably and coincidentally of all, protean television has suddenly begun to produce programs which assume the absurdity of existence and dedicate themselves to mocking it.

During the past quarter, I devoted most of my viewing time and energy to the minor renaissance of TV drama. Although it may seem ungrateful after years of lamenting the vanished (alleged) glories of *Studio One* and *Producers' Showcase*, I regret to report that the rebirth has been largely abortive in spite of relatively large budgets, enlightened sponsorship, and freedom from the double tyranny of the fifty-four-minute hour and the regular weekly schedule. Not one of the ten dramatic specials that I managed to catch (out of a possible baker's dozen) was an unqualified success.

To begin with, television's parasitic relationship to other media is revealed in the fact that only two of the programs were based upon original scripts. Of the rest, two were adaptations from prose fiction,

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two from plays, two from novels that were subsequently made into movies, one from an autobiography, and one perennial retread that had seen service as novel, play, and movie *(Of Mice and Men)*. Presumably, television's small cadre of regular playwrights are too fully engaged upon scripts for profitable series to waste time on one-shot specials, while most serious writers feel little temptation to get involved with so difficult and evanescent a medium, in spite of the money. The way things are, one can hardly blame them.

Of the two originals, the most successful was Truman Capote's *Among the Paths to Eden* (ABC, December 17; directed by Frank and Eleanor Perry). Filmed on location in a New York cemetery (the soundtrack somewhat noisy and blurred by wind and passing traffic), this low-keyed study of loneliness focused upon an encounter between a widower and an unmarried woman pathetically seeking a husband among the recently bereaved. Excellent photography and first-rate performances by Maureen Stapleton and Martin Balsam kept production from lapsing into sentimentality.

Flesh and Blood by William Hanley (NBC, January 26; directed by Arthur Penn) featured a strong cast and a script which fairly bristled with symbolism including a clock which struck sixteen, a desiccated Christmas tree, a squeaky swing door, and (you guessed it) a totally impassive wheelchair-ridden paralytic amputee. Hanley obviously intended this study of manhood and remorse in a family of New York steel construction workers to be judged by the highest standards. However, the undigested influences of O'Neill, Miller, and Williams were not enough to make the heightened action credible when viewed on a small livingroom screen. Not that NBC gave poor Hanley much help. At the climax of the play, when Della (Kim Stanley) realizes that John (E. G. Marshall) has revealed a guilty secret to their daughter, the camera zooms in on her agonized face as she cries, "you TOLD her!" Immediate commercial break: "THE HEARTBREAK OF PSORIASIS." Even Sophocles might have had difficulty in keeping his audience tolerably possessed by pity and terror if the revelation of Oedipus's parentage had been attended by reminders of such other forms of human frailty.

Capote (who seems to be the only American writer of stature willing to devote much time to television) had a hand in two other productions—the worst and the best of the bunch. He wrote the teleplay for *Laura* (ABC, January 27; produced by David Susskind, directed by John Moxey) and allegedly persuaded Susskind to allow Lee Radziwill to make her television debut (and, as it now seems likely, farewell) in the title role. I mention this spectacular turkey, too easy a target to waste critical ammunition on, only for the sake of documenting the current season.

A Christmas Memory (a 1966 production rebroadcast by ABC last December 19) was the product of another collaboration between Capote and the Perrys, and featured the author as narrative voice. If anything, the television version was even more poignant than the excellent short story upon which it was based. This was due not merely to beautiful camera work and superb performances by Donnie Melvin as the young Truman and Geraldine Page as his eccentric, unmarried cousin, but also to an almost perfect adjustment of theme to medium. Pastoral nostalgia, childhood, Christmas, dogs, lovable simpletons, moonshiners with hearts of gold, and tyrannical elders—these are symbols which touch the great subversive heart of the popular audience, and quite rightly too. When they are exploited with restraint and discipline as in this production, the result can be intensely moving, even to those who would prefer to resist Capote's only too effable charm.

THE UNFORTUNATE corollary of this generalization is that works which aim to disturb or challenge the conventional preconceptions of the great audience face almost insurmountable resistance, particularly when they are dropped without warning into a schedule largely determined by interaction between the profit motive and the public's lust for relaxing and reassuring entertainment. This essentially sociological factor may partly explain why two quite admirable and adventurous productions cannot be considered unqualified successes.

Diary of a Madman (CBS, December 20; produced and directed by Eric Till), based on Gogol's classic, featured a virtuoso solo performance by the French actor Robert Coggio, who learned his part phonetically, since he speaks no English. There were no commercial interruptions, the direction was expert—yet I, who of all people ought to have been excited and involved, remained detached and unmoved. In the theater, the same production would no doubt have been strongly empathic, but the casual, unbuttoned ambiance of the living-room TV set was too much even for the combined talents of Gogol, Till, and Coggio to counteract.

Somewhat similar circumstances inhibited enjoyment of another experiment in relatively highbrow programming, a British production of John Osborne's *Luther* (ABC, January 29, produced by Michael Style and Trevor Wallace). Robert Shaw as Luther, Robert Morley as Leo X, and a strong supporting cast all did their best, but the play came over as nothing more than 16th-century *Look Back in Anger* with a monkish hero whose rage was just as inchoate as Jimmy Porter's but, unlike Porter's, almost totally incomprehensible to 20th-century viewers. Not that the ignorance of the audience ought to be blamed for this: even someone who recognized the echoes from *Young Man Luther* and *Life Against Death*, and appreciated the modishness of lines like "Are you dead, God?" might have had difficulty deciding what the play is all about.

Honesty compels me to write dampeningly of these rare evidences of high-mindedness on the part of program planners, but perhaps it will not seem too quixotic to plead that similar experiments should continue to be made. However, their scheduling should be determined by more complex motives than a desire to fill up time during the post-Christmas commercial lull. It is wrong to preempt, more or less without warning, a popular lightweight program in favor of some difficult, gloomy drama which presupposes a good

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deal of knowledge or intellectual sophistication on the part of the audience. But there is no reason why specific stretches of prime time could not be used more or less regularly for this sort of thing, so that people will know what they are in for if they tune in. (There *are* reasons why this doesn't happen—commercial ones.)

The four productions which remain to be discussed approximate more closely the middlebrow norm of "prestige" drama on television. Two were failures. *Elizabeth the Queen* (NBC, January 24; produced and directed by George Shaefer) had the moribund air of a double period piece—romanticized history mediated through the dated tepidity of Maxwell Anderson's verse. However, this effort was positively Shakespearean compared with the total nullity of *A Case of Libel* (ABC, February 12; directed by Charles Jarrott). I shall omit the names to protect the eminent but innocent actors who took part in this fictional version of Louis Nizer's role in the Quentin Reynolds-Westbrook Pegler libel case. It is enough to say that the drama was politically, psychologically, and sociologically absurd—and I use the term in its pre-existentialist sense.

Of Mice and Men (ABC January 31; directed by Ted Kotcheff) was a thoroughly competent and sensitive translation into television terms of Steinbeck's almost mythically economical theme. It featured excellent performances by George Segal as George, and Nicol Williamson as Lennie. In fact, all that prevented this from becoming one of the most memorable productions of the season was the over-familiarity of the vehicle itself. ABC scored again with its large-scale version of another hardy perennial, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (January 24; produced by Charles Jarrott), with Jack Palance in the title role(s). If anything, the relative restraint of the direction intensified the horror and raised the tone above the level of melodrama. Like most modern productions, this one was strongly psychological in its emphasis. One day I should like to see a version in which two different actors play Jekyll and Hyde. As Jorge Luis Borges pointed out in a recent lecture, Stevenson's pre-Freudian imagination conceived of "them" as different physical as well as psychological types: the mode of the tale is dream rather than psychoanalysis.

Until February, the efflorescence of drama appeared to be the most interesting feature of the current season—news hardly exciting enough to justify invoking a witness so apocalyptic as Lifton. Then it suddenly became apparent that something new was stirring in the ultra-conservative field of variety entertainment—most of which hews to a basic formula worked out during the 30's on the radio shows of Rudy Vallee, Fred Allen, and Bing Crosby. The improbable pioneers of new-wave variety were an innocuous looking pair of pop singers, the Smothers Brothers, whose youth-oriented show (CBS) has consistently featured jokes and skits of a social, political, and sexual frankness never before seen on TV—in prime time, anyway. However, in spite of this difference in tone, the program has not yet departed too far from the classic pattern.

That cannot be said of the Rowan and Martin *Laugh In* (NBC) which made a startling debut in late January. This furiously paced and anarchic presentation features a new young, versatile, and energetic crew of comics supported by what must be a whole battalion of writers. Prodigal of material on a scale that seems reckless even for television, *Laugh In* manages to take the fullest possible advantage of the medium at the same time that it mines some of the oldest lodes of American comedy. On the one hand, it exploits quick cuts, zooms, trick photography, ticker-tape news flashes, and tachistoscopes; on the other it plunders burlesque, Hellzapoppin, knock-knock jokes, locker-rooms, graffiti, and pre-television radio for traditional humor.

It seems hardly possible that *Laugh In* can maintain its present frenetic pace. If the program lasts long enough, I hope to write about it at greater length in a later review. For the moment it is pleasant to welcome a show which dares to be irreverent about censorship ("Let's clean up honeymoons!") and draft-dodgers ("Support our boys in Canada!"), and can feature a skit on doctored news in which a collision off the coast of Labrador between a U.S. destroyer and a Soviet trawler, with a loss of fifteen Russian lives, emerges as an encounter between a Russian submarine and an American vessel one mile off Boston harbor, with fifteen American casualties.

Kit Carson In Peru

Paul Cowan

IQUITOS, PERU, a port on the Amazon River, is one of the last frontier towns in the hemisphere. The thick, extensive jungle that separates the town from the rest of the continent has never been penetrated by rail or road; it takes four days to travel by water to Iquitos from the nearest Peruvian city. The only way to get there quickly is by air, on planes that seem to wobble dangerously over the sharp Andean peaks below. Yet 100,000 people live in the river town, natives and foreigners alike. Their plans and hopes are very much like those of the pioneers who settled the American West a century back, who also spent decades in virtual isolation from whatever civilization existed on their continent.

At the turn of the century Iquitos was the world's rubber capital—an Amazon port through which the rich produce of the inland jungle could be shipped—and it still resembles one of those places you read about in Joseph Conrad's novels. As you see the large, solid buildings that line the spacious center of the town you sense how hard the European colonialists must have strained to keep their sanity in the alien world: Iquitos must have had more than its share of potential Kurtzes. They had to use every means available to escape the steamy tropics that had them imprisoned and return, in their imaginations, to the settled atmosphere of European clubs and office buildings. But they stayed in the town

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they despised, always hoping to earn the fortune that the jungle seemed to offer.

In the end the colonialists failed. The rubber trade died when the large investors back in Europe discovered that Asian coolies provided a cheaper, more docile work force than Peruvian Indians. The few Europeans who remained began to lead the sort of seedy lives that one associates with movies like *The African Queen*: derelicts and hopeless romantics playing out their last days in a deserted port town. Natives took over Iquitos. A building that had been designed for the rubber merchants by Charles Eiffel became the local police station within a decade, and now, just a generation later, seems alien territory to any European who enters.

But Iquitos is beginning to change—it is just now becoming linked to the United States. The Indians, who remained upriver for a generation after their first encounter with the Europeans, are pouring into the city. They are responding to a promise. While the European colonialists treated them like beasts—threatened to kill them unless they harvested their assigned quotas of rubber—the United States government seems to be telling them that soon they will enjoy a better life. The Indians have, in this decade, just begun to acquire the transistor radio and the outboard motor, and through these two media they receive America's hopeful message every day. The young men travel down river and see wondrous new inventions, their wives sit at home and hear marvelous promises. Now, on the city's flanks, thousands of Indians huddle together in squalid settlements, waiting patiently for someone to offer them work.

Although there is no industry in Iquitos, it still has the air of a boom town. There is always talk of exciting projects—a highway across the Andes, a jet strip that will service all airplanes bound for Europe, a huge investment in tourism by Braniff airlines. People even say that if the United States decides to pull out of Vietnam and reduce its presence in Southeast Asia, the Amazon jungle will again be the focus of the world's rubber trade. But rubber is not the only product people discuss—there may be oil somewhere in the jungle, or gold, or copper. Prospectors are always passing through town on their way to what they hope will be a major strike.

Iquitos is like what Texas must have been in the decades after the civil war. All sorts of people are drawn there. If the extension of civilization into the wilderness gives a little bit of hope to a great many poor people, it also offers adventure to men who feel trapped in more settled regions and a last chance for success to those who have been defeated at home. Soon the wealthiest, boldest of the speculators will control Iquitos and its native work force as completely as their North American counterparts control Texas. But not quite yet—not until modern forms of transportation and communication tie the town more tightly to the rest of the hemisphere. All the elements are there—lust for money, a large native work force, large deposits of mineral wealth—but it's not quite time for the compound to form. For the moment Iquitos is still open to the wild men and strays that want to tame the wilderness.

Pioneer societies are always composed of escapees and exploiters. They are just now arriving in Iquitos, and it is fascinating to see alliances form and personalities change as the process of modernization gets underway.

MARCEL IS A REFUGEE from the Belgian Congo who could play the hero in any grade-B movie about the savage wilds. Physically, he is well cast: tall, wiry, with long blond hair he continually flicks out of his eyes and a wonderfully lopsided smile. The most striking feature of his narrow face is his uneven teeth, which slope downward—together with his grin—to give him an air of slightly rakish restlessness.

He was chased out of the Congo with the rest of the whites when Lumumba came to power. The coffee plantation which his family had owned for several decades was expropriated. His entire bank account was seized by the native regime. Now, whenever he speaks of Africa, it is with a rich, rolling bitterness that only his fellow exiles can understand. The world that once seemed so secure has unaccountably gone spinning from his grasp.

"Don't talk about it," he says, slashing his hand downward abruptly: a machete's arc. "Africa. It's all finished." He pauses for a minute, as if to recall the continent in specific physical detail, and then talks about its new rulers. "Lumumba. What a madman he was. Totally insane. You know he bribed his army with promises and excited them with drugs. They used to sit up at night, drinking and dancing, and talk about how they would tear each of us apart limb from limb, and march through Africa with our dismembered bodies waving like flags above their black legions.

"You know, the Belgians talk about Tshombe as their savior now. They're hypocrites. They want to prove to the rest of the world that there are some blacks they like, but they're lying. In the old days Tshombe wasn't any better than Lumumba. Except that he was always playing the clown, while Lumumba was serious. And he was our man, you know, in our pay. But he was a moron like the rest of them. They're a breed of morons."

For several years after Marcel left the Congo he knocked around Belgium, trying to find work that satisfied him. But, like most ex-colonialists, he felt useless in Europe. It seemed too cold there, too confining. He hankered after the unmannered wilds to which he'd been born.

In Brussels he met a Peruvian diplomat whose ancestors, conquistadors, had been granted title to hundreds of miles of land in the country's wildest interior region. Now the Peruvian wanted to tame the territory. He offered Marcel copartnership in a coffee plantation there. Of course Marcel would do all the work.

It was certainly better than suffocating in Belgium for another year. So, without knowing a single word of Spanish or a single fact about Peru, Marcel set out for the jungle. "I've never seen anything like that country," he remembers. "It was terrifying. There was nothing in the Congo that was so wild. The first few days I spent there were the most frightening of my life. I had

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to walk for ten days from the place where my plane landed to the place where I was supposed to start the plantation. Ten days and I was all alone. The only people who lived there were some Indians who didn't like white people at all. Later somebody told me that I was the only gringo ever to go in that deep and come back alive."

He was, for the moment, like Kit Carson and Etienne Provost, Jim Bridger and Bill Sublette, those pioneers who set out from the eastern States and from Europe to tame the North American frontier. Like them, Marcel realized that he had to befriend the natives and even imitate them—it was the only way to survive—although another part of his mind told him that they were still more primitive than the Africans who had chased him out of the Congo. Within a few months he could speak their language, something no other white man had ever managed. He decided that the best way to maintain their respect was to become a jungle doctor, so he immediately began to employ the little medical knowledge he'd picked up in the Congo and in Belgium. It was very dangerous—if any of his patients had died, angry kinsmen would have killed him immediately—but he was careful to select injuries he knew he could cure. In time hundreds of Indians began to trust him. No one ever threatened to do him harm.

It took him about a year to clear all the land he needed for planting and two more to reap full and regular harvests. During that time he built an airstrip nearby and began to receive supplies regularly. His Indian friends had taught him how to hunt and fish in the jungle, so he rarely lacked good food. He considered himself quite comfortable, very lucky.

Sometimes he would accompany the Indians on long expeditions after big game, bear or cattle. On one such trip he found a child nearly dead on a deserted jungle trail. He treated it, fed it, organized a search for its parents. When they couldn't be found he took the lad home. Now he had a son.

But he could not, for all these accomplishments, make a life for himself in the Peruvian wilds. There he had even less control over his own destiny than he'd possessed in the Congo. His future was still determined in the European cities he hated. During Marcel's fifth year on the plantation, quotas on the world coffee market changed drastically, and Peru was badly hurt. There was nothing a farmer and jungle doctor like Marcel could do about that: success or failure had little to do with wit, and nothing to do with hard work. He saw his harvest rotting month after month, in the silos he had so patiently built. For the second time in ten years he was flat broke.

The same thing had happened to the American mountain men, the Kit Carsons and Jim Bridgers. They were able to survive anywhere in the wilds, to conquer nature, but they couldn't survive economically. So they gave up their dreams of independence and joined large organizations that needed their special talents: became government Indian agents or scouts for trading companies. They could no longer enjoy their old, respectful relationship with the natives.

Now Marcel works for a tourist agency in Iquitos, guiding foreigners up and down the Amazon River. Soon, he hopes, he will be in charge of the office.

His attitude toward Peruvians has changed drastically. Now he always talks behind their backs: "These people don't know how to do the simplest piece of work. When I take over the tourist agency I won't give any of them responsible jobs." And he has his own plans for the Indians he once regarded as friendly neighbors. "I think that the tourists who come here will be as curious about them as I was at first. But they will never travel that long distance to see them, and they certainly won't take the risks I took. So what do you think of this idea? I want to bring them all here, nearer the city, and build a sort of human zoo. Maybe I can use some of the people who are already living here looking for work. Each tribe will be a separate exhibit, and each exhibit will feature one unusual local custom. I know I can make a lot of money that way. A man who is going to Europe on a Braniff jet can stay here overnight when the new airport gets built, and see things he'll never find anywhere else in the world."

Of course when Marcel is around Peruvians he is still friendly, even fawning. And he is also willing to ally himself with all sorts of foreigners in Iquitos. His two closest friends there are artists from San Francisco, refugees from the hustle and bustle, who would look far more in place in Haight-Ashbury than on a coffee plantation. Suppose that Marcel were to meet Josh and Esther Burbank on the streets of Pretoria, South Africa, where he really belongs. Most likely he would greet the pair with bully-boy catcalls, and perhaps even a drubbing. Yet set adrift in the Peruvian tropics hippy and racist have had to rely on each other. In the process they have become good friends.

The Burbanks didn't come to Iquitos to escape failure. Josh, a goldsmith, had been doing quite well for himself in San Francisco. A tiny man, less than five feet tall, he has the sort of sparrow-like habits that people who buy gold jewelry like to associate with craftsmen. As he talks he is always hopping from place to place, alighting nervously, playing cat's cradle with his wispy little beard. He no longer knows whether it was his manner or his skill that earned him fifteen thousand dollars in each of his last five years in California.

"But it doesn't really matter," he says. "The question of whether Americans really like art or artists doesn't interest me any more. I hate it so much back there that I don't even care what they think of my work. You know the problem. They always write about it in those magazines. It's not enough to earn money in the States, even at a trade you like. No matter what you do you're trapped.

"My parents were Oakies who came to California after the dust storms to pick crops. I was only a kid then, but I spend more time now thinking about the people who traveled with us, worked with us, than I do about the nice life I had later on. I have this clear picture of myself back then: how I used to walk around the camps where we lived, talking with everyone, wondering how I could get loose from those knots that had all the people

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I knew tied up. I never made it. You can't in California, no matter what you try. Your friends are trying, too, and you learn your lesson when you see what happens to them —they use drugs, maybe, or sleep around, or try to bury themselves in some sort of art. They never make it. The only way to get free is to isolate yourself from your entire past."

The Burbanks knew that they wanted to leave California long before they settled in Iquitos. For several years they had taken vacations in Latin America, reconnoitering, searching for a spot that would fertilize their ideas about art. At first they thought of moving to the Ecuadorean Andes to learn how the Indians there do their craft work, but the climate seemed a bit chilly. Then they considered Lima and its suburbs, where they could share their ideas with other artists.

But Esther, who had apprenticed herself to Josh in San Francisco, had specific ideas about the sort of work she wanted to do which could not be explored in the city. She wanted to see whether it would be possible to develop a totally new kind of jewelry by using jungle animals and wild herbs as her ingredients. The notion had haunted her for years. Josh saw no reason not to share her experiment. He was tired of living around artists anyway.

"We decided that what we were looking for was material and not theory," he says. "Do you know what I mean? Almost anywhere you go in the world you can find people who want to talk about art, who come out of a certain tradition, and who have theories about their inherited past and their age. But they get boring after awhile. There isn't that much you can say about art, you know. Esther and I decided that we wanted to feel something new with our hands, to create out of materials that had never been used."

WHEN THEY FIRST came to Iquitos the Burbanks built themselves a shack in the jungle, about two hundred miles downriver from the city. They believed that no sort of civilization should intercede between a man and his materials. The idea they had was metaphorical, of course, the kind of vision that leads pioneers to explore hungrily, dangerously, before they finally set hammer to wood. They wanted to hunt jungle animals with their own weapons: knives and bows and arrows which they had planned to fashion from the trees and rocks around their house. They would use the beasts they killed as the substance of lovely objects. Then, for dyes, they would employ plants that grew wild. They would get whatever else they needed by trading with the Indians, valuable item for valuable item.

But the experiment failed within weeks; they decided it was too impractical. For one thing the cost of boating a month's supplies up the Amazon River was at least twice as much as a month's rent in Iquitos. Besides, the materials they wanted were not so readily available as they had imagined. Esther had had an idea for a bracelet made of eagle's bone, for example. Although there were quite a few eagles in the jungle, you had to be a pretty skilled hunter to catch one. It wasn't like catching lobster off the coast of Maine. Even for an adaptable white man like Marcel the act of surviving in the jungle was all-consuming. So the Burbanks decided that if they wanted to devote themselves to craftwork they would have to pay money to people who knew how to get the material they needed.

Besides, the jungle was a very lonely place. After a few weeks there the Burbanks began to feel like those musicians who subject themselves to days of silence in totally soundproofed rooms. It wasn't so bad when there was light and they could see the people who lived near them. But the nights were horrible. "We could hear the monkeys screeching and the owls crying," Esther remembers. "The lapping of the river was constant, terrible. We felt jailed by those sounds."

But the worst thing was their fear of illness. There were those awful nights when one of them would have a headache or stomach cramps. The pain would dilate in the membrane of their fear as noise dilates in a vacuum.

"I don't know how Marcel survived out there all those years," Josh says now. "I know that I really admire him. The training he got in Africa serves him wonderfully. After a few weeks with no one to talk to but Esther I thought I would go wild."

So they moved back into Iquitos and rented a house. They managed to train Indians from all over the jungle to bring them what they wanted. They work on a huge, rumpled table in the midst of a room nearly overflowing with plants and animals. On one side of the table are the delicate tools with which they extract the teeth, bones, and scales they plan to put into the object they're making. Some mystery novels lie stacked nearby. They provide distraction while the husband and wife await inspiration.

The materials for the jewelry are everywhere else, lying about in no intelligible order — feathers here, berries there, little pots of dye scattered all around. There, side by side with thumb tacks and rubber bands, are monkeys' teeth, bat bones, beetle wings; the scales of a crocodile, an armadillo, of a prehistoric fish called *peiche* which can be found only in the Amazon; Tagua nuts, the tip of an owl's wing, mushroom stalks, the toes of a jungle rat. The devil only knows what spell this brew could arouse if Esther were a witch, given powers of incantation. Spells to twine with the strange drugs that grow deep, deep in the jungle: a snuff, for example, which you blow through a hookah into your partner's nose. The smallest speck is said to summon visions unbelievably rich and powerful.

BUT ESTHER is no witch and Josh no warlock. They are skilled craftsmen who have traveled a long way to master a method. And the effort is beginning to pay off. Jewelry crafted from exotic animals is becoming a popular item in semi-hip communities throughout America, and you can even find it on Fifth Avenue. Josh and Esther are already earning more money than they did in San Francisco.

As a result they are becoming interested in Iquitos's future. They are especially concerned with tourism. Large sums of outside capital will be invested there soon, they think, and they want to be in a posi-

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tion to profit. Like Marcel they are busy devising schemes to make Indian tribes and wild jungle scenes more accessible to the traveler. Their friendship with Marcel has developed into a business partnership.

Now they are more interested in talking about the hotel that has just been built in Iquitos, the restaurant that is being planned, than in recalling the reasons they escaped from the United States. They talk with more passion about the crew of television photographers who passed through town several weeks ago than about the ideas of art that caused them to build their shack in the jungle. They consider themselves forward-looking people. When an outsider comes to town they take great pleasure in hearing his views of the different tourist agencies, and ask eagerly for suggestions about how the business might be improved. They are most impressed with Marcel's agency, for they feel he is more trustworthy than his Peruvian competitors.

Soon they will begin to wonder how they can invest the profits from craftwork and tourism into the industry that will inevitably come to Iquitos. Perhaps Josh, Esther, and Marcel will be the first members of the town's Chamber of Commerce. Certainly the Burbanks are skilled enough artists to design an attractive brochure. And as they begin to think about their city as a site for investment, they will have to regard the Indians who live in town and upriver as one of its natural resources—not only an interesting tourist attraction, but a cheap source of heavy labor. The Burbanks will justify such thoughts on the grounds that they are pumping money into the local economy and offering primitive people a chance to make a better life.

For all their idiosyncracies people like Esther, Josh and Marcel are very much like that collection of wanderers who, just a century ago, gave up whatever comforts they possessed to settle North America's virgin land. Homeless exploiters like Marcel, dreamers like Josh, they made their alliances out there on the frontier where their actions counted far more than their ideas. And what those pioneers did to America, their descendants are now doing to the world.

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The Chairman

A SENSE OF THE PRESENT. By WILLIAM PHILLIPS. *Chilmark. 241 pp. $5.75.*

Reviewed by STEPHEN SPENDER

AS A FOUNDER of *Partisan Review*, William Phillips is assured of a place in the literary history of our time. This magazine still maintains its high standard and continues to publish work of great distinction. *A Sense of the Present*, his book of essays, stories, and reviews, makes one regret that he has published so little. Editing tends to canalize the creativity of editors into their interest in the writers they publish. It may also give to their own work the all-too impartial character of the editorial chair. Both things have perhaps happened with Mr. Phillips, with the result that he has been too modest in developing his own gifts. His criticism is a bit too much that of a chairman who states the views of others almost too insistently and says too little about his own. However, it is rare to read a writer who not only expresses himself quietly and succinctly but who is polite. And if one gives Mr. Phillips's own views the same attention he gives to others, one is rewarded. For quietly and with assurance he has authority.

His recent essay, "Writing about Sex," is typical of his way of going about things. In the opening paragraphs, he lays down the lines of debate between those who believe in a "freedom that goes all the way, turning everything on" and those who cling to the idea of "civilization," by which they mean, among other things, some kind of restraint in what is discussed or described in literature. He then sets going a debate in which George P. Elliott, George Steiner, Susan Sontag, Norman Mailer, Henry Miller have their points of view stated, and D. H. Lawrence, Genet, Burroughs, Frank Kermode, and others are, as it were, called on as witnesses. It is rather like the Trial of Lady Chatterley all over again, and the reader is almost bound to feel that he is being invited to act as juryman. Nevertheless, en route, Mr. Phillips has interesting things to say. He points out that there is a disguised conservatism about both Mr. Elliott's and Mr. Steiner's point of view. Mr. Elliott fears that the whole body politic will be torn down if there is too much discussion of sex in literature, and Mr. Steiner believes that "nothing short of human freedom . . . is at stake when fiction loses its earlier reserve in handling sex and goes in for erotic detail." Mr. Phillips quite rightly wants to take the debate outside of politics. Mr. Phillips also sees that the breaking down of literary decorum about sex is part of the breakdown of traditional standards altogether. Making allowance for a good many exceptions,

> on the whole the traditional idea of sex has been associated with individual fate, that is, with human realization or destruction, through love and passion. And it is with this sexual tradition that both pornography and the new sexuality might be said to have broken, substituting for it a deflated polymorphous idea of sex divorced from love and from the institutionalized relations in which sex had in the past been located.

Mr. Phillips seems to agree with Frank Kermode (and with Harold Rosenberg, who does not, as Mr. Phillips appears to think he does, prescribe the "tradition of the new" as doctor's orders) that a complete break with tradition deprives us of standards whereby we can judge works of art, since it is from tradition that the standards derive. In his role of moderator, Mr. Phillips agrees with Professor Kermode that total novelty means a total break with all standards for judging things, and recommends, reasonably enough, a compromise, "a proper balance of the new and the old, though, admittedly, it is not always easy to keep in mind that one is changing one's tastes in the act of applying them."

It is tempting here to state my own views about descriptions of sex in literature which "turn everything on," and as I have never expressed them before, and as Mr. Phillips chairman's manner stimulates one to speak up, I will yield to the temptation.

I BEGIN by considering it as axiomatic that the use of reporting of any kind of human experience is justifiable so long as it is transformed into literature.

The only thing that ought really to concern us about pornography or predominantly erotic writing is literature and, if so, how good it is as literature.

I think that all the moral issues and issues of politics which bedevil the question can be removed if one considers books of this kind which one likes, and asks oneself how, considering them as literature, one would rate them. To me, good examples are *Fanny Hill*, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and the novels of Genet. I consider all of these as literature (and I would throw in here the works of Henry Miller), but literature only of the second class. They really belong to that class of literature which deals with fishing, big game hunting, and adventure. In the last analysis all of these have to do with hygiene. Like those books, they only deal with certain aspects of life as it is lived between puberty and old age. We live in multiple worlds and they deal in a world which is only valid if one has a normal temperature and at least standard sexual equipment. Nothing shows this better, and more inadvertently, than Lawrence's portrait of Sir Clifford Chatterley, the impotent husband

STEPHEN SPENDER *is the eminent English poet and critic.*

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who is paralyzed from the waist down and goes around in a wheelchair. He is treated with contempt by D. H. Lawrence and his happy pair of lovers, the reason being that Sir Clifford's invalidism invalidates their health. But a moment's thought will show us that Sir Clifford might inhabit worlds of experience far more significant than those of Connie and Mellors. He might be Jesus Christ; in fact I wonder whether somewhere in Lawrence's consciousness Sir Clifford isn't, dimly, Jesus Christ, being spat on and mocked because the crucifixion exhibits his impotence.

Jokes about fishermen's tales are lies, especially when told by Ernest Hemingway. They are lies because although the fish may have weighed as much as the fisherman says, what he is really trying to convey is the sensation of hooking and catching the fish, an experience which can only be communicated by exaggeration, by exciting in the reader feelings of emulation, envy or, at best, a kind of connivance. In the same sense all stories about sex, unless they lead to a completer knowledge of ourselves not as sexual objects but as people who experience sex together with a lot of other things, as part of the suffering of life, the whole human condition, are lies. The reader cannot experience the physical sensations of another person: all he can do is feel inferior in face of them or superior, or admiring, or scoffing, or he may attempt to emulate them. Pornography is the situation in which the reader tries to emulate them by turning to his own body or to someone else with whom he plots to be Lady-Chatterley-and-her-lover. Emulation is the feeling schoolboys get when they read about exploits, and all should agree that to provoke this is the mark of the second-rate in literature. It is the department—for sickness or health—of hygiene. And it is only logical that today it should be "sick" hygiene.

The standard of great literature is comprehension. Comprehension is divine, and reading Dante and Shakespeare when they describe love we do not ask questions about the performance of the author. The standard of second-rate literature is performance. We would be perplexed if we discovered that Hemingway had never caught a fish, and the fact that he made the hero of his first novel impotent cramped his style for the rest of his life. The authority of Lawrence on love is made shaky by our suspicion that his own sexual life was a failure. And we would experience a sense of profound moral shock if we discovered that Henry Miller had never had an orgasm.

There is another important consideration which makes me suspect that perhaps the reason why there is today so much of this kind of no-holds-barred writing is that we have so few writers who are not second rate.

For self-aware people there are possibly two aims in life. One aim is self-realization, to fulfill yourself, to study that as far as possible (and this may be very far out) you are not inhibited in word or deed. You regard the satisfaction of your own impulses as a sacred trust imposed on you by your subconscious mind, your physical body, and by Freud, and you believe that everyone should fulfill himself in the same way. If you are an artist your art then becomes a vehicle of your self-fulfillment which you have already achieved, so far as possible, in your life, and it conveys the message of self-fulfillment through uninhibited expression to your readers.

This is what I would call the Gospel of the Sacred Second-Rate. It is the attitude which casts a terrible doubt over nearly all the work of D. H. Lawrence, and which prevents Ernest Hemingway from being a great writer. It is the doctrine which, in the last volume of his great novel, Proust—I would have thought—finally exposed and exploded. Basically it is a doctrine of health, which begins with books for boys who are advised to cultivate healthy minds in healthy bodies and ends with William Burroughs advising them to cultivate unhealthy minds in unhealthy bodies. These opposites meet because what is agreed is that the cultivation of the organism, the total realization of the physical and unconscious self, should be the propaganda of art as it is the purpose of individual life.

The opposite view, of course, is that the work is all that matters and the artist should subdue all

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aims of self-realization to realization of the work. By the work I don't mean of course just form and technique. I mean realizing in art perceived human experience, and this has very little to do with the need to advertise sex, although experience of sex is, of course, a very important part of this truth. The difficulty about sex as a subject for literature is that it so easily becomes the symbol not of the truth confronted and told but of self-realization. All those witnesses at the Trial of Lady Chatterley were arguing that this novel was moral and "literary" because the author faced the fact that people must be uninhibited about sex—and this is just hygiene again. But art does not realize itself through sex. If it did, there would be no need for art. Having been told what to do by D. H. Lawrence, no more novels need be written.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS's essays are, as I remarked, a bit chairmanly, and I hope the fact that I have been stimulated by one of them to add my point of view to those he summarizes, is a tribute. There are others which provide occasions where this member of the meeting would like to say a word, if he had not already said too many: about What Happened in the 30's, about Eichmann, about The American Establishment. There are also stories in which Mr. Phillips's wry humor, grasp of characters and ideas, and unexpected gifts for describing the physical appearances of people, make one regret that he did not do more of these, and that they are not developed beyond the point of being highly entertaining anecdotes.

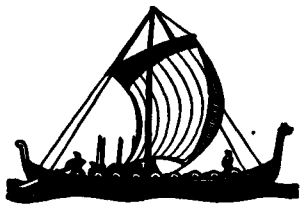
Identities

ELDER AND YOUNGER BROTHERS. By A. ROY ECKARDT. *Scribner's. 188 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by ARTHUR A. COHEN

IT IS NOT gratuitous to consider A. Roy Eckardt's *Elder and Younger Brothers* as a clinical depiction of the problem of Jewish

ARTHUR A. COHEN *is the author of* The Natural and the Supernatural Jew *and* The Carpenter Years, *a novel.*



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and Christian self-identity. For the identity of *both* Jews and Christians has been undermined by events of the 20th century, by the Holocaust and its aftermath, far more profoundly than by "erosive" secularism. Indeed, secularism has become rather a point of convergence and concord between Jews and Christians, because both suffer (though in varying ways and in varying degree) from an aggrandizing public domain and from a growing willingness of the religious to deliver to Caesar more and more of the prerogatives historically reserved for God. No, Eckardt is on target when he takes the Holocaust as his point of departure, for it was there that the shattering of identity—Jewish and Christian—took place.

The extraordinary distinction of *Elder and Younger Brothers* derives from the fact that Eckardt has taken seriously the imperatives of that common sacred history which unites and divides Jews and Christians in their understanding of the biblical dispensation. In their apologetic literature, Jews have tended to minimize by historicism, or to dissolve in vitriol, the Christian belief in Jesus as the promised Christ; Christians for their part have regarded the Hebrew Bible as a flawed and ultimately imperfect prefiguration of their Savior, accurate to the extent that it points the way, false to the extent that its particularist emphasis disciplines the Jew in his stubborn unbelief. The history of apologetic literature, even that literature which is post-Holocaust and post-Conciliar, is by and large marred by intellectual intransigence. Jews remain suspicious and reluctant (not without justification) to enter into theological communication with the Christian world, and Christians insist (after duly acknowledging their undeniable historical guilt for anti-Semitism) that, after all, Jesus Christ should make a difference for Jews. Eckardt passes between the horns of this dilemma: Jews, he says, have a theological obligation to maintain their uncompromised religious identity; Christians are no less justified in bearing witness to their rebirth in Jesus Christ. But once the animus of history is admitted, once Christian culpability for sowing and reaping the harvest of hate is duly acknowledged and documented, the crucial theological issue, especially for a thinker of Eckardt's integrity, becomes this: if God has created two communities, successive in time, the latter dependent upon the former, the former refusing to acknowledge that it has been, in any way, rendered obsolete or nullified by its successor, the latter insistent that its vision and teaching be given to the whole world including the community from which it has grown, how shall the Christian ever avoid theological enmity toward the Jew—the more so when that enmity, in the course of history, has assumed social, psychological, and political implications of the most terrifying immensity?

Eckardt's analysis of Christian theology *vis-à-vis* the Jews and the Jewish rejection of Jesus Christ is unavoidably simplistic and hypostatic. The belief of a believer is for Eckardt the most profound index of his life; next to a man's theology (assuming he regards himself as a Jew of practice or a Christian of faith) every aspect of social or historical condition becomes secondary. The identity of the Christian or the Jew is defined by what he believes. But what if one's belief happens to incorporate certain untruths of the world which in ages past were smuggled into sacred teaching? It is perhaps no wonder, according to such a definition of belief, that so many Christians should have believed for so many centuries that the Jews were a congerie of demonic deicides. But in that case the primary task of a modern Christian theologian—and it is the task which *Elder and Younger Brothers* undertakes to perform—is nothing less than the cleansing and purgation of Christian teaching.

PRIOR TO the murder of six million Jews, Christian anti-Semitism enjoyed an energetic and vigorous support. Theologically founded anti-Semitism, stemming from the Gospels and the literature of the Church Fathers, took on, as well, the explicit psychological forms of a vindicated and justified ego; a neatly controlled aggressiveness

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(either socialized into missionary activity or, as was often the case, directed in times of political or economic unrest into explosions of massacre and pogrom); and the *mysterium* of a divinely instructed, ecclesiastical "super-ego" which supplied structure, obligation, and discipline.

The Christian has known who he was for many centuries. The one thing of which he was absolutely certain was that he was not Jewish—to paraphrase Erik Erikson's observation about the young Martin Luther, the Jew and Judaism defined the "negative identity" of the Christian. The Christian, abetted by the often strenuous anti-Semitism of the Gospels, could locate a real difference between himself and the alien, inhospitable world. The Jew was of that world, of the camp of reality, militant in his conviction that neither he himself nor the world was saved. As "reality principle," the Jew was the enemy of any theology of actualized redemption, of the community of the saved. The presence of the Jew was thus a reproach to Christian self-identity. (It is interesting to note that Muslim anti-Judaism never took the specifically psychopathological forms of Christian anti-Semitism, but restricted itself primarily to the more reasonable arguments of truth and error, polity against polity, *hadith* against *masorah* and *halakha.)* For the Christian, more or less until the time of the Emancipation and the gradual secularization of the churches in post-Napoleonic Europe, the Jew was used as a standard against which to measure the strength or flaccidity of Christian faith.

It should not be imagined that Jewish self-identity did not derive benefit from the hostile presence of the Christian. If the Christian employed the Jew to locate and define his own righteousness and purity, the Jew assimilated the Christian as the scourge to repression. The Jew—even in the security of the *shtetl*—still knew that the Cossacks were about, that the Christian masses could at any time be aroused against him, that the pogrom was always a reality. Such a permanent condition of intimidation could not help but alter the

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grounds of identity and in time erode as well the sure grasp on reality which Jews had historically maintained. Is it any wonder that after the expulsion from Spain, Jewish life became militantly conservationist and insistently halakhic? Reality was no longer to be found in interaction with Gentiles, with that strenuous barter of ideas and imagination which had made the Spanish-Jewish symbiosis so profound and beautiful. Nothing Gentile was secure; everything Jewish spelled security. Spinning the logic of election and revelation, a Jew could not imagine that God wished His people to perish; reading His purpose aright, any Jew might conclude that the persecutions of the past would end if the believer returned wholeheartedly, totally to God. The Law became reality and the traditional ego garnered its strength by making disciplinary conscience the whole of its life. Unfortunately people do not live by superego alone. Appropriately enough, the Jewish breakout into the secular world—painful, tortured, ambivalent though it was—began in the late 18th century, in the age of reason, and continued unchecked until the malignancy of Nazi anti-Semitism destroyed it.

THE CHRISTIAN can no longer behave as though the reality of the Jew is not also his own. The death camps have made unmistakably clear that the Christian message, to the extent that it is only a message of love and salvation, cut off from the actualities of history, enables, even if it does not permit, a rationalization of secular demonism. Gordon Zahn and Guenter Lewy have shown what happens when the human conscience becomes remote from the immediacies of history: in the name of *Das Volk*, wholesale murder can be rationalized without effective protest. Now A. Roy Eckardt has put us in his debt by demonstrating the consequences which this trauma must have upon any reconstruction of the Christian understanding of the nature, historical function, and vocation of the Jewish people within the order of transconfessional salvation. Christian though Eckardt is, believer though he remains, he has set forth the possibilities of a tough-minded theological humanism which stands beyond and against the dogmatic narrowness of Christian arrogance and Jewish exclusiveness. He has made all the right points regarding the difficult problem of continuity and discontinuity in the historical and theological relation between Judaism and Christianity; he has exploded the fashionable self-justification of many Christians that, however much Christian tradition may have been infiltrated by anti-Semitic attitudes, the Gospels are free of hard-core anti-Semitism; he has examined and put to criticism the doctrines of the major Christian and Jewish thinkers on the question of the relation of Church to Synagogue; and, finally, he has unfolded a dialectical interpretation of the covenant of salvation according to which Jew and Christian, despite their ongoing confrontation, are also turned outward to the world. Jew and Christian, in this interpretation, are both immanent faces of God. They turn and move not only in relation to the God in whom they have their origin but in charity and honor to each other. The mechanism of such a triad is complicated, but it can work, and if it works, the combined impact may exceed the individual momentum generated by each constituent.

Elder and Younger Brothers is sadly concluded by an Appendix written by the author and his wife in dismay at the attitude of official American Christendom to the recent Israeli-Arab war. In a curious way the Appendix makes one rueful about the intrinsic merit and success of Eckardt's luminous argumentation. For if it was not possible for American Christians to realize that the Israeli alternative to victory was annihilation, then what confidence can we repose, as Jews, in all the myriad efforts at dialogue and exchange? Eckardt is right in crying out against the silence of the Churches, in recognizing, as he says, that "the causes of silence lie deep in the Christian soul"; but equally it should not surprise him that from the Jewish side this new epidemic of silence can only suggest the appropriate-

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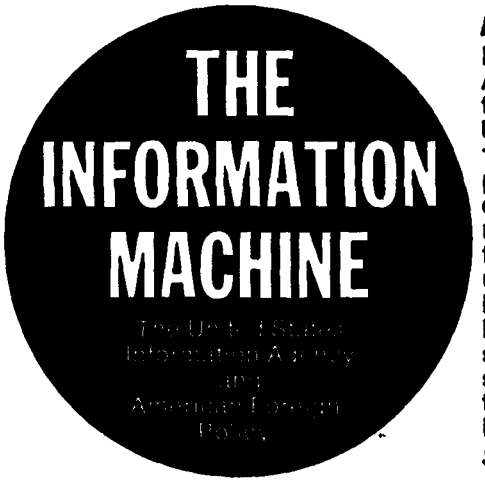

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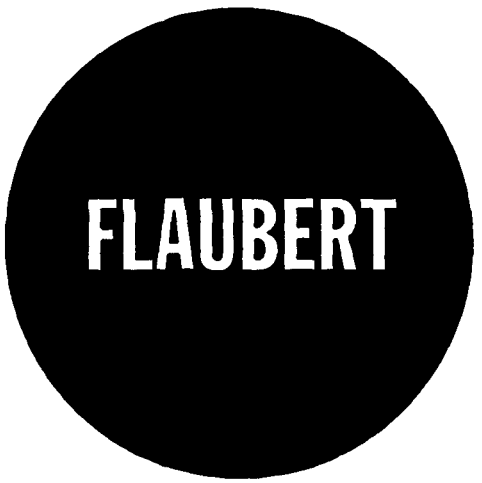

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ness, however temporary, of a disengagement from ecumenical conversation.

Capturing Reality

STOP-TIME. By FRANK CONROY. *Viking. 304 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by PETER SHAW

THE LEAST important things in a novel are its made-up parts, for true imagination lies not in plot invention but in the realization of actuality. Novels that depend on amazing twists or fantastic characters have always been in the second class; the great writers specialize in reality. Thus, James Joyce's *Ulysses*, which triumphs in imagining the actual details of its hero's day-to-day existence, is without "interesting" characters and may be said to have no plot at all. And the recent popularity of autobiography and the "non-fiction novel" seems to be part of a new attempt to get back to recording reality. But where Frank Conroy's contemporaries have tried to deal with important real events—a slave rebellion, a murder, the author's own interesting life—Conroy in his youthful autobiography has had the originality to deal with a life absolutely lacking in public significance: he has not met famous or interesting people, witnessed important events, or become himself so famous that an account of his early life would be an event eagerly awaited. And yet, because he does perfectly what he sets out to do, Conroy's book will be lasting and significant.

Stop-Time is as unpretentiously original in treatment as it is in conception. Having decided to take seriously his own youth, and having decided to use the devices of fiction in treating it, Conroy has not let himself be trapped by formal considerations. In the telling of each stop-time, or vignette out of his life, his primary commitment is to rendering the experi-

PETER SHAW *teaches at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. He is currently at work on a book about the Adams family of Boston.*

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ence itself (reality, like fiction, is unparaphrasable). But also Conroy does not hesitate to comment on what he has written, to say, once he has rendered his experience, whatever he can about it. He does not deny himself resources for the sake of form, or worry about whether he is writing an autobiography or some kind of fiction. He is a man speaking to other men, as Emerson would have said, and so he speaks in his own voice when he has something to say.

Conroy grew up a kind of orphan with parents. He saw his institutionalized father only a few times, living most of his childhood with his mother and her boyfriend (later husband), "Jean," equally superficial in his good looks, opinions, and emotions. (His mother's only genius was for building enduringly superficial relationships.) Left alone to grow up—his mother and stepfather imposing themselves on him only when they needed him to take out the garbage or clean up after the dog—Conroy received not the slightest emotional or intellectual guidance.

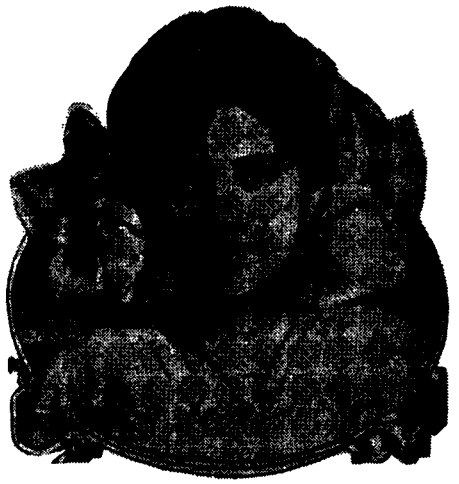
He participated with the other children at a progressive boarding school only in their general defiance of authority, and, once, joined in the cold-blooded community beating of a sullen fat boy—"although I've worried about it off and on for years, all I can say about it is that brutality happens easily. I learned almost nothing from beating up Ligget." The chronicle of formative events in his youth includes life in New York City and in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, where he reached the end of childhood in company with his only friend, a local redneck. In New York, he ran away; later, he got a part-time job after high school at a chemistry lab; he went to Europe at seventeen, was accepted at Haverford College on the strength of high college-board scores, and with that acceptance became free of his past, "and that was all I ever wanted." The book ends as it began, with a glimpse of the adult, married, but still unanchored Frank Conroy ten years later. No final answers are given,

He was probably innocent.

After the lynching, people came from miles around Atlanta to embrace the tree from which he was hanged...

THE LEO FRANK CASE

By Leonard Dinnerstein



In April, 1913, the body of fourteen-year-old Mary Phagan was found in the basement of the pencil factory where she worked. Leo Frank, a northern Jewish industrialist who owned the factory, was accused of the murder. After a trial highlighted by sensational newspaper coverage, popular hysteria, and legal demagoguery, Frank was sentenced to death. Some of the "best citizens" of Mary Phagan's home town cancelled—in their own way—the subsequent commutation of his sentence.

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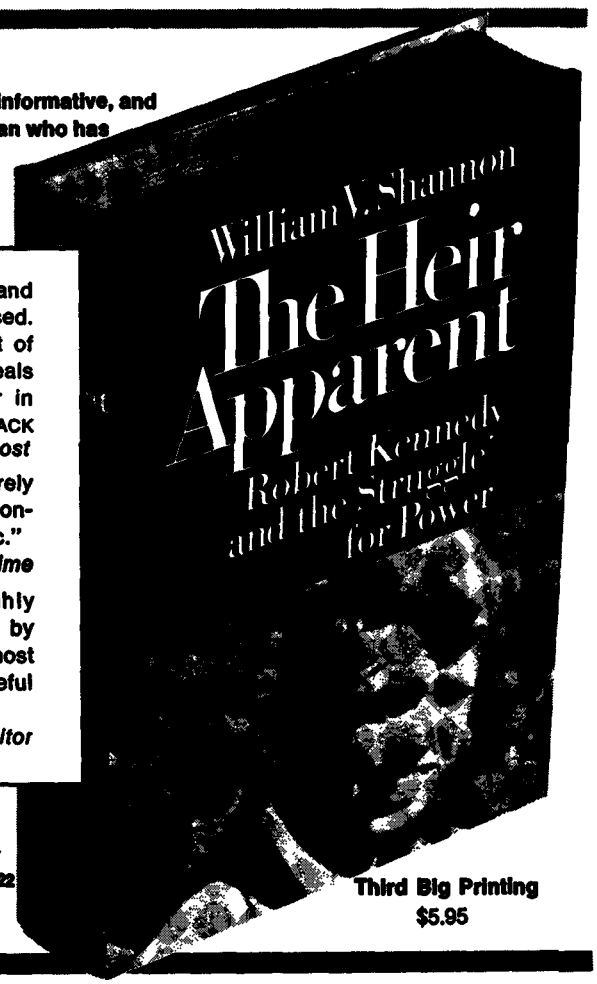

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but the act of writing this autobiography at the age of thirty has permitted its author finally to come to terms with, if not to free himself of, his past.

IN THE PROCESS Conroy has almost offhandedly evoked the vacuity of ordinary America in the 40's and 50's. The conversations and concerns of his mother and Jean are so familiarly dull that it is startling to see them in print. Their speech is not literary speech, for it has absolutely no reverberation. Taking a short cut on their way to night work at their "cottages" on the grounds of an insane asylum,

> Jean leaned over the wheel, craning his neck to watch for the cutoff through the black truncated trees. "It's along here somewhere."
> "We have to pass that boarded-up farmhouse," my mother said. "Here it is."

The dreariness of these people's full-time absorption in the mundane is the boy's environment. Seen as the stuff of his experience, their familiar language patterns come to appear hideous. When Mark Twain captured such speech there was release in laughter, but in *Stop-Time* you are not let off from what is soul-destroying in it. In concentrating at high intensity on memories of his own impressions, Conroy has succeeded in recording the drabness of an entire generation's experience.

Given the utter ordinariness of his stepfather's mind, Conroy's depiction of him is a triumph which calls to mind Faulkner's Jason Compson. Less colorful and less bitter, Jean Fouchet shares Compson's obsessive, warped insight into the conspiracy on the part of "them" to defraud the public. Jean is a Jason Compson of the ordinary:

> Half his life had been spent wandering like some profane messiah telling people not to eat white bread and they had gone right on doing it.

Usually the purveyor of self-taught half truths is a popular and delightful figure in American fiction—one thinks of what Saul Bellow would

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have done with Jean as a theoretician. But to Frank Conroy his stepfather was not a "character," and so he has conveyed him without dramatic heightening, leaving his reader with the experience of having listened to him over the years:

> Jean's intellectual touchstone was clarity. All problems were reduced to a simple proposition—race prejudice was exclusively an economic problem, dentists refused to tell people not to eat sugar because in doing so they would put themselves out of business, religion was nothing more than superstition, if you ate the right foods you would never get sick, there was no such thing as heredity . . . no one could learn to play the piano except by practicing eight hours a day. . . .

Frank's mother and Jean simply go on existing without a sign of variation or growth; they live in "total isolation from the rest of humanity"; they argue droningly on through the years about Carlton Fredericks; they are like characters in a Beckett play, only they are real. The overwhelming loneliness felt in the great American books is felt here too, not spectacularly as in Hawthorne, but as the most unremarkably commonplace condition of existence.

Conroy's resources for sustaining the self are skills, and, when he grows into adolescence, humor. ("Your days are numbered," says his boss, joking, and Conroy replies, implying by the kind of dialogue that his age in this stop-time is about sixteen, "'Don't joke about it. Please. This job is one of the few decent things in my life.' I paused. 'You can imagine what the rest of it is like.'") The best writing in the book is devoted to exquisitely accurate celebrations of his few moments of success in life, each of them a triumph of training and expertise. On buying his first yo-yo, "I knew that I was going to be good at it," Conroy remembers, and he goes on to detail the principles of the kind of yo-yo that can be used for tricks, painstakingly telling how he mastered its technique. Later, he gives an equally fervent technical account of the squirt gun he secretly constructed for the daily backroom water pistol fights at his after-school job; then,

> When I started arching long, curving streams that almost struck the ceiling before raining down on the far aisle, everyone caught on. Jimmy turned, expecting an ally, but filled with a sense of reckless power I let him have it. . . . "Intelligence wins again," I shouted.

Without constructing a philosophy or a life-style, Conroy makes of games and skill a revelation of character. His refusal to gang up on the third man in a squirt gun battle brings out his perverse integrity and his preference for lonely distinction.

Yet, Conroy's dependence on his skill has a note of desperation. Like so many American accounts of growing up, *Stop-Time* is a series of experiences

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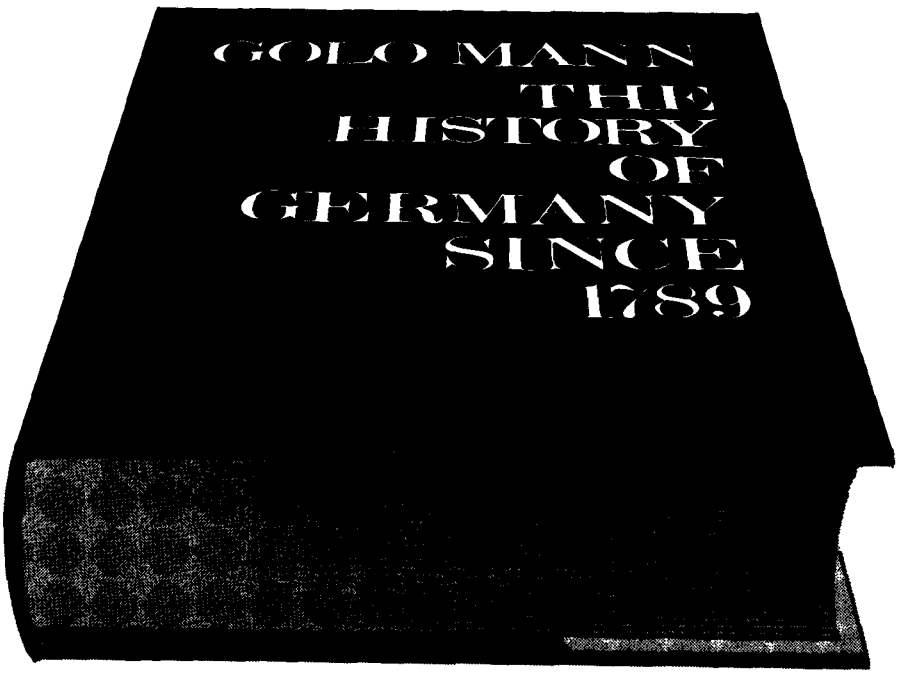

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of violence, followed by an escape. And this flight from society, as in *Huckleberry Finn* or in Hemingway's book about growing up, *In Our Time*, is accompanied by an entire dependence on the self, on craft and the expertise of survival; there is not a glimmer of faith in what society and traditions might have to teach. More than violence or terror, it is the vacuousness of ordinary America that forces Conroy to run away. In the few scenes in which we see him as an adult, he remains drawn into himself, and it is clear that his triumph has been a negative one: he has survived.

There is something somber in the way Conroy refrains from any announcement or implication of triumph over the intractable stuff of his life. The book does not end with the acquisition of a new sense of meaning, as did, for instance, Alfred Kazin's *A Walker in the City* (in whose distinguished company this work belongs); rather, at the end of *Stop-Time* Conroy's soul is barely intact. Yet what it lacks in uplift the book makes up in the perfection of its negative virtues—its author does not feel sorry for himself, he is neither self-damning nor self-justifying, he bears no resentments, and he does not try to cut a figure in the world. At the same time, as with most memorable autobiographies, *Stop-Time* becomes meaningful not only as a record of life, but as an act of life as well. When an author has accomplished this there is an added pleasure in anticipating his next writings.

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THE DOUBLE HELIX. By JAMES D. WATSON. *Atheneum. 226 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by PETER CAWS

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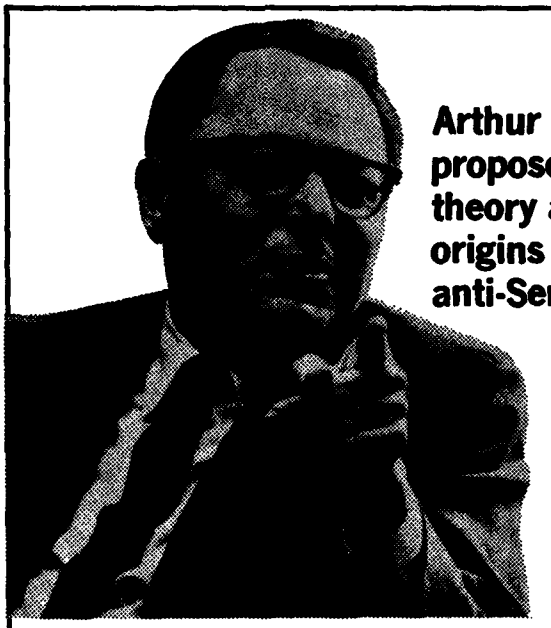
1912, after a long and difficult journey, he found the Norwegian flag there. It had been planted a month earlier by Roald Amundsen, who, setting out to be the first at the North Pole, but learning that Peary had got there before him, turned south to see if instead he could beat Scott. He knew Scott was making the attempt, but managed, by using a new and shorter route and a fast team, and by concentrating on winning instead of burdening his expedition with too much scientific observation and specimen collection, to arrive, depart, and return to his base before Scott struggled to the goal. The defeat had a badly demoralizing effect on the English party, which was wiped out by a blizzard a few miles from its supply depot on the return home.

This episode, familiar from the days of schoolboy hero-worship, has (its tragic ending apart) been called to mind by a reading of *The Double Helix*. The book is a story of exploration and competition; its subtitle ("Being a Personal Account of the Discovery of the Structure of DNA, a Major Scientific Advance Which Led to the Award of a Nobel Prize") indicates that in Watson's mind the fact of winning was quite as important as what was won—indeed he describes himself as "racing [Pauling] for the Nobel Prize." The point of the analogy is that (at least to English schoolboys—the Norwegians no doubt felt differently) Amundsen always seemed to have been an opportunist, even a spoiler. Nobody could deny that he had in fact done what he did, or that it was an important achievement, but the manner in which it was done was slightly distasteful, the motivation slightly suspect. Amundsen was not a hero.

Watson's achievement is genuine enough; the structure of DNA is the key to the mechanism of heredity, and getting it right has been of incalculable importance for genetics and indeed for biology in general. As a step in the history of science the discovery fully warrants the by now standard comparison to Darwin's theory, which provided a mechanism for evolution. But its manner and motiva-



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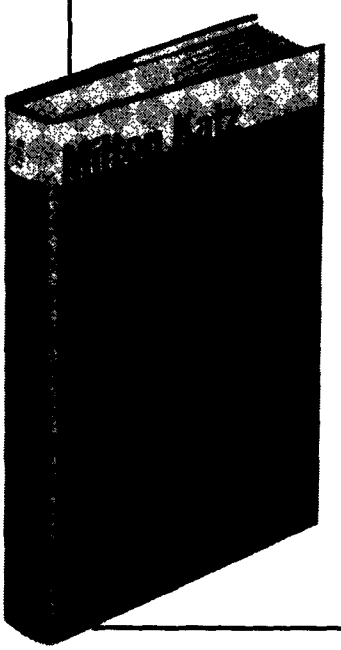

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tion, as they are described in this book, cannot support such a comparison. Darwin's carefulness, his modesty, his patience, his generosity, belong in a scientific world utterly different from Watson's, in which excitement, arrogance, an anxiety for results, and an almost total self-regard are the dominant characteristics. These are not all negative qualities, of course, but they give an undeniably different tone to the enterprise. One mark of the change is that while Darwin worked on his evidence for years before reluctantly allowing his hypothesis to go forward, Watson published a brilliant conjecture, which required several years of *subsequent* work by Wilkins and his collaborators before it was "established beyond any doubt that the essential features of the double helix were correct."

Mention of Wilkins reminds one, of course, that this was no singlehanded triumph for Watson. The original paper in *Nature,* which announced the double helical structure of DNA, was co-authored by Francis Crick, and he and Wilkins shared the Nobel prize with Watson. It would not be fair to apply the foregoing remarks to them, and indeed they may be unfair to Watson too, but if that is the case then it is his own fault. He should have written a different book. This one is pervaded by a kind of smugness, by a sense of satisfaction at the minor misfortunes of others, by an atmosphere of adolescent one-upmanship. Watson was, it is true, very young when the events in the book occurred, as a number of photographs of himself (some completely irrelevant to the main story—Watson in the Alps, Watson in Paris) make clear, and much may be forgiven him in his attempt to "convey the spirit of an adventure"; but in addition to making himself appear intolerable he has also been at pains to make a number of other people appear foolish, and this is less excusable. "Those who figure in the book must read it in a very forgiving spirit," says Sir Lawrence Bragg in the foreword—a generous remark, considering that Bragg himself comes over in the narrative as a near-senile stuffed shirt. One wonders what Wilkins, or Pauling, or (if she had lived) Rosalind Franklin would have said in *their* forewords, if Watson had asked them to write one.

THERE ARE, it is true, some chapters toward the end, where the scientific development is nearing its climax, in which one forgets all this and becomes completely absorbed in the story. This is a tribute less to Watson's literary skill than to the innate fascination of the dialectic of theory and experiment. Watson himself—and he is frank to admit it—was neither a particularly good theorist nor a particularly good experimenter; in fact one of the remarkable things about this story is the almost complete dependence of the principals, Watson and Crick, on the work of others. Wilkins's X-ray pictures showed that DNA could crystallize; Franklin's showed that it was helical and yielded certain essential parameters; Franklin, again, insisted that the phosphate groups should be on the outside rather than the inside; Chargaff provided the evidence for, although not the hypothesis of, base-pairing; Donohue pointed out that the bases had been given the wrong tautomeric forms: the list could go on and on. The technical details are, to give Watson his due, spelled out with admirable clarity, and the neophyte in molecular biology will be able to follow without much difficulty.

The key element of the story, indeed, which was Watson's independent contribution, is breathtakingly simple. Cut-out models of the four base groups had been made, and Watson was pushing them about on a flat tube when he found that, though each was a different shape, they could be arranged in two paired configurations of the same shape. A child, given a pile of assorted red, green, blue, and yellow sticks and two long side pieces, and required to make a regular ladder-like pattern, could hardly fail to get it right if he were also told that all the red sticks are one inch long, all the green sticks two inches, all the blue and yellow sticks respectively three and four inches, and also that the number of reds and yellows is the same, and the

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(different) number of blues and greens the same. The ladder will be five inches wide; some rungs will be red and yellow, some green and blue (the order of the colors in a given rung doesn't matter, nor does the order of the rungs). Now let red sticks stand for adenine, yellow for thymine, blue for guanine, and green for cytosine, twist the side-pieces (which stand for sugar-phosphate chains) around one another, and you have a plausible picture of a DNA molecule. The truth, as Watson had predicted, turned out to be simple as well as pretty.

Arriving at a simple truth (and of course it really isn't quite that simple) can of course be a complex business, and Watson and Crick had to pose the problem in these terms as well as solving it—indeed, once posed in *these* terms, it is already solved. The question which remains is: How did it come about that it was Watson, the brilliant but (again by his own account) rather patchily educated American—in his letter announcing the discovery, reproduced in facsimile at the end of the book, he misspells "van der Waals" as "van der Walls"—and Crick, the English academic misfit with the irritating laugh, who pulled off this great coup, while Pauling, the world's most distinguished chemist, missed it? Pauling in fact made a simple mistake, and that explains why he lost, but it doesn't explain why Watson and Crick won. In the answer it implicitly offers to this question *The Double Helix* provides a fascinating commentary on scientific education and the organization of research.

The problem of DNA crossed a number of fields, and, as commentators on the academic scene have so often been heard to lament, mastering even one field is nowadays such a formidable task that no individual can really manage it—everybody starts to specialize at a progressively more tender age. Watson's real scientific greatness—and in spite of his shortcomings as an author it cannot in the end be denied him—lay in the fact that he took no notice whatever of these laments; he never really even tried to become a specialist at anything in particular, but, having settled very early on the importance of DNA, pursued it in spite of all the scientific proprieties, and with a good measure of luck and some inspired collaboration followed it to eventual success.

The lesson for scientific research is plain. The pundits have got it all wrong about specialization; the individual can master as many fields as he likes, provided he doesn't have to do the real work in any of them. The work which consists in taking other people's results and building splendid new edifices with them is not necessarily any easier than myopically grubbing in some corner of science; it doesn't necessarily take any less intelligence. But one thing is certain: it is much more visible. Nobel prizes do not follow people into corners. And perhaps for the public understanding of science a bit of showmanship is not a bad thing either. *The Double Helix* isn't particularly

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well-written or well-constructed, but as often happens with science fiction also, the intellectual and social complexities of science itself more than compensate for that, and as a vehicle for them the book deserves its great popular success.

Eminent Historian

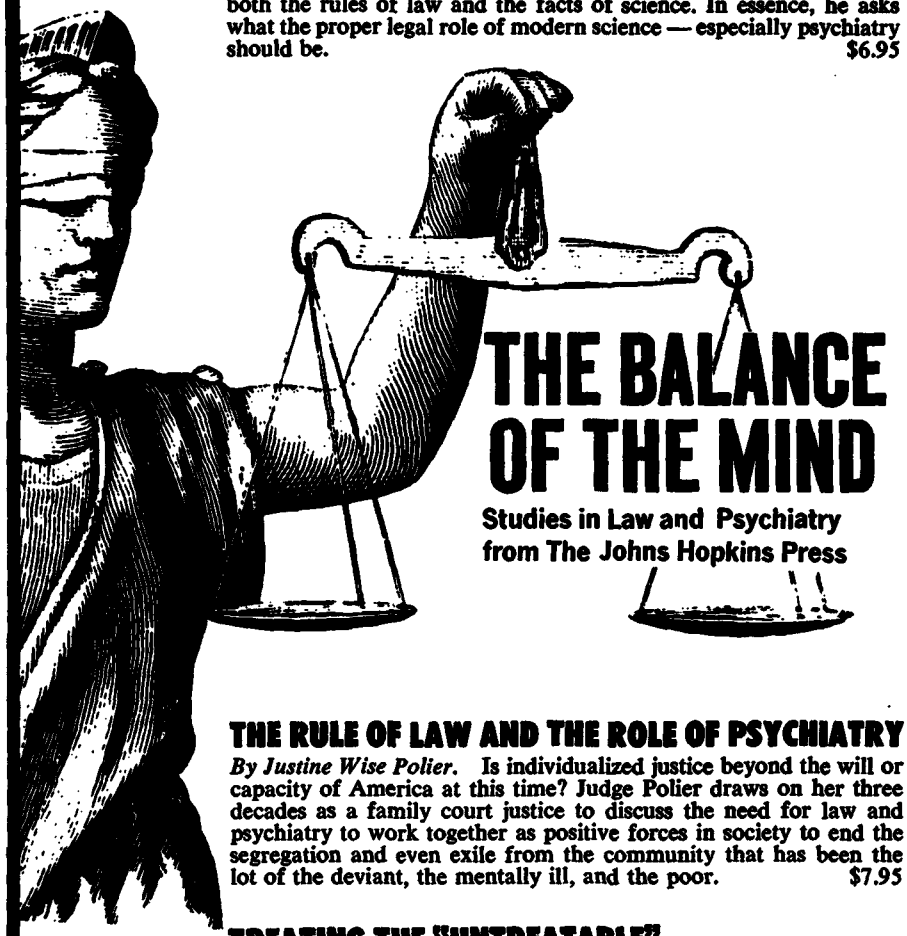
GLEANINGS: ESSAYS IN JEWISH HISTORY, LETTERS, AND ART. By CECIL ROTH. *Hermon Press for Bloch Publishing Company. 321 pp. $7.95.*

Reviewed by DAVID DAICHES

MANY YEARS AGO, when I was a schoolboy in Edinburgh, Cecil Roth came up from London to give a talk to the Edinburgh Jewish Literary Society. The chairman of the meeting, an ill-informed and not very literate young man, introduced the speaker as "the editor of the *Jewish Yearbook*." Roth, for whom editing this Anglo-Jewish reference book had been the merest *parergon*, was understandably indignant that the chairman was totally ignorant of his distinguished achievement as a historian and regarded him merely as a sort of hack compiler of reference books, and he prefaced his talk with a few icily ironic comments designed both to chasten and to inform the chairman. This incident is symbolic on two counts: the range and distinction—and the uniqueness—of Roth's contributions to history have been insufficiently realized by the majority of the British Jewish community, and Roth himself is a proud and somewhat touchy man who does not suffer gladly either fools or *am ha'aretzim*.

Roth went up to Oxford in 1919, fifteen years before I went up. Yet when I was there, there were still admiring stories going around in Oxford about his undergraduate achievements. It was said—and I have no reason at all to believe that this is not true—that as one of his final examinations was on a Saturday and the university au-

DAVID DAICHES, *a veteran contributor, is Dean of the School of English and American Studies at the University of Sussex.*



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thorities refused to alter it, Roth, as an Orthodox Jew, simply refused to take that paper. Yet his work in the other papers was so brilliant that he obtained the rare distinction of a first-class honors degree on the basis of his performance in the final examinations as a whole, even though he had had to be given a fail mark on the one he refused to take. Twenty years after his first arrival in Oxford as an undergraduate, the university appointed him Reader in Jewish Studies, a post which he held until his retirement in 1964. He now lives in Israel, although just now he is Visiting Professor of History at the City University of New York.

Roth began his career as a historian as an expert on Italian history ("my first and most constant love," he says in the preface to this new volume). His first book was *The Last Florentine Republic*, published in 1925 and in an Italian translation in 1929. And then he began to bring together his historical research and his Jewish interests and knowledge to produce a series of works which give him a unique place in Jewish historiography. He has always been a practicing Orthodox Jew, and he has had the advantages of Jewish and Hebrew learning that a living Orthodox tradition on good terms with a healthy secular culture can provide. Indeed, I am tempted to believe that Cecil Roth is a product of a phase of Anglo-Jewish history now fast declining, a phase in which it was possible to combine Orthodoxy, secular scholarship, and Jewish learning known from within and regarded as a natural part of one's personal heritage. It is this inwardness with, for example, the history of Jewish liturgy or the structure of Jewish community life in different ages that enables him to read a medieval or Renaissance Hebrew manuscript with an easiness about its terms of reference, an almost effortless familiarity with the hinterland of language and custom and cultural behavior that lies behind the words of a given document. That he has the languages—Hebrew, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German—goes without saying. More significant is the fact that he has a kind of commitment to the material with which he is dealing that gives a certain tone, a certain authority, an air of what might be called domestication in the material, which exists side-by-side with the historian's objectivity in the establishment of facts and even a dryness in the handling of subjects calculated to make Jewish blood pressure rise. Roth is not one of those who needed to be shocked by Hitler into an awareness of the tragic nature of Jewish history. In an essay on "European Jewry in the Dark Ages" which first appeared in 1950 he presents evidence that throws grave doubt on the conventional view that in the Dark Ages European Jews suffered from few or no disabilities, labored under no economic restrictions, and had little to fear from violence, and that it was only with the First Crusade in 1096 that the "Age of Martyrdom" began. In a dry, objective style, he adduces evidence about the ritual stoning of Jews at Easter (*abolished*, not *begun*, in some places during the epoch of the Crusades) and investigates the significance of an early 14th-century petition asking that Jews condemned to be hanged should be hanged by the neck and not in the traditional and customary way with Jews in Christian countries—by the feet ("not because the said Jews claim to have the same honor as Christians, but because a man hanged by the feet delays death two or three days, whereas if he is hanged by the neck he dies at once").

ROTH DOES not labor the horrors revealed by such a document, he merely coolly draws our attention to the obvious inference. Similarly, when in other essays he looks for sources that will throw light on the life of the ordinary Jew of the Middle Ages—as distinct from the scholars and the teachers and the martyrs—he shows that Jews could be fornicators and drunkards as well as the *goyim*. But he sees these things in perspective. In his account of the famous disputation about the truth of Christianity between Fray Pablo Cristiá and Nahmanides he makes no bones about the irrelevance and meaninglessness of the arguments on *both*

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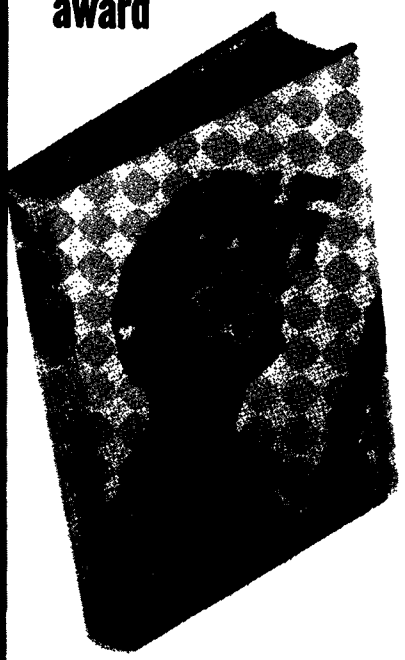

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sides. But this does not disturb him. Superstition, confusion, ignorance, plain silliness, on the part of Jewish religious leaders in the past are recorded with quiet exactness; but underneath there is the implication that the writer can do this because he knows what the true Jewish tradition is, is confident of its survival, and himself adheres to it.

THESE ARE but a few examples, taken from the book under review, of Roth's role as a historian of European Jewry, whose development can be traced through a rich variety of works, including *History of the Jews in Venice* (1930), *History of the Marranos* (1932), *A Short History of the Jewish People* (1936 —his most widely known work), *History of the Jews in England,* (1941), *History of the Jews in Italy* (1946), *The Jews in the Italian Renaissance* (1959), and many more, including biographies and family histories, local histories, and several editions of the *Haggadah.* In spite of his origins in a golden moment of Anglo-Jewish culture, Roth is essentially a European as well as deeply and almost aggressively Jewish. He is at ease in European history, yet always as a Jew, looking at that history from his own special perspective. We see Spaniards, Venetians, Florentines, Englishmen, Germans moving through his pages with the precision and accuracy that only exact historical knowledge can yield, but sooner or later we are made aware of how they look from the doorway of a house where the Sabbath lights are being kindled (perhaps secretly), from the rabbi's study, the Jewish merchant's counting house, the ghetto window. This, it seems to me, is the point of view maintained in the bulk of Roth's wide-ranging historical work, even when Jews do not directly enter into it. It may of course be a personal prejudice of my own, but I imagine him, when I read his account of events and situations in Italy or Portugal or Holland or wherever it is, looking at the scene with the eyes of a Jewish traveler of the time, who takes note of the great world around him but who knows where he comes from and where he will have to return to. It seems natural that in the end Roth should have settled in Israel.

The volume under review is a very miscellaneous collection indeed, some fifteen essays written at different times over a period of nearly forty years, and all previously published in periodicals. In addition to those already referred to, there are essays on "Jewish Intellectual Life in Medieval Sicily," "The Religion of the Marranos," and "Forced Baptisms in Italy." There is a description of the Kennicott Bible, that "masterpiece of medieval Spanish-Jewish art," with some fine plates (unfortunately not in color), the text of a Hebrew elegy on the Martyrs of Toledo (1391), and an account of a very ordinary rabbi, Menachem Navarra (1717-1777), presented as "a chapter in the history of the Jews of Verona." From many of the essays there emerges Roth's concern to recover and depict for us the life of ordinary people—not just the distinguished and memorable —of the past.

Yet this is not a book to be recommended as an introduction to Roth's work: its range is too limited and its material often too scrappy. We are given here little more than the shavings from the carpenter's bench, or, as the title puts it, "gleanings" from fields already harvested. And though I hate to end on a sour note, especially as this review is intended as a tribute to a great Jewish historian, I must say that as a piece of physical bookmaking it is shocking. Apparently each article has been reproduced photographically from the periodical in which it first appeared, with the result that there is no uniformity of type or style. The varieties of Hebrew type found in the book are even greater than of English. The result is ugly and distracting. The publishers have not even bothered to straighten out some of the footnotes—for example, on page 180 we have a footnote reading "See below, p. 80" and other references on the same page to "below" pages 81 and 78. These, of course, referred to the pagination of the periodical in which the essay first appeared. It is a pity that a distinguished historian should be so badly served by his publishers.

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